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ART. 1. ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A BRIEF abstract of the remarkable facts, in regard to the power of fascination in serpents, related in the following letters, was made in our Magazine for November last, in the report of the Transactions of the Philosophical Society of New-York. But, from the nature of that department, the inferences drawn from those facts, by Mr. Garden, could not be given in detail, and they are so ingenious and interesting that we presume our readers will coincide with us in thinking them worthy of publication.

For the copy of the letters, we are indebted to the politeness of Dr. Francis, of this city.

To Dr. David Ramsay.

DEAR SIR,

Before I read the Essay of Dr. Barton (so strongly recommended by you to my attention) on the Fascinating Power attributed to Serpents, it is my wish to deliver my own sentiments in writing, that I may more explicitly declare my reasons for believing—that it proceeds from a power possessed by the snake, of emitting, at pleasure, from its body, a very subtle effluvium, which, acting on the delicate organs of the smaller animals, deprives them of every power of exertion, and renders them incapable of flight.

Nature has endowed every animal with an instinct, which at once points out the enemy it has cause to dread. The agitation of the mouse on the appearance of a cat, the confusion in a poultry yard if a hawk directs its flight towards it, will

sufficiently prove this. How then are we to account for it, that the rabbit, squirrel, or wood-rat, which, on the approach of a dog or fox, immediately flies to its lurking place for shelter, should, on the appearance of a serpent, lose every disposition to remove from it, and remain in a state of torpidity till it become its prey. It is my wish to prove the existence of this effluvium, and the power of the snake to communicate it at pleasure to the surrounding atmosphere, so as to extend it to the object it wishes to destroy. From the number of facts related to me, I shall select a few, giving the authority from which I received them.

The late colonel Thompson of Belleville, mentioned to me, many years ago, that riding on his estate in search of game, he came unexpectedly on a snake in coil, of so monstrous a size, that he believed it, in the first instance, a buck of the first magnitude; that, recovering from his surprise, he fired at, and killed the reptile; but, at the same instant, was assailed by an overpowering vapour, that so completely bewildered his senses, that it was not without the greatest difficulty that he could guide his horse and return to his dwelling,—that a deadly sickness at his stomach followed, and a puking more violent than he had ever experienced from the operation of the most powerful emetic.

By Mrs. Daniel Blake, of Newington, I was informed, that an overseer on one of her southern plantations, being missed and sought for by his family, was found

in a state of perfect insensibility, in a field near his dwelling, who, on the recovery of his senses, declared, that waiting the approach of a deer that had been troublesome to his crop, he had heard the rattle of a snake, and that before it was in his power to remove from the threatened danger, he perceived a *sickening effluvia*, which deprived him instantaneously of sense.

From the president of our senate, Mr. John Lloyd, I received the following fact:—A negro working in his field, was seen suddenly to fall, uttering at the same instant a dreadful shriek. On approaching him it was found that he had struck off the head of a very large rattle snake, the body of which was still writhing with agony by his side. When restored to sense, which it took much pains to accomplish, he declared that he shrieked with horror as he struck the snake, and at the same instant fell, overpowered by a *smell* that took away all his senses.

From these instances I think it would appear, that, although at all times possessed of the power of throwing off this effluvia, that it is only *occasionally* used by the snake; had it been otherwise—if *always* perceptible, *Renty*, the overseer of Mrs. B. and the negro of Mr. L. would have been apprised of their danger, and had an opportunity of avoiding it. But of its actual existence I have still stronger proof, since it has been well ascertained that a negro belonging to Mr. Nathaniel Barnwell, of Beaufort, could, from the acuteness of his faculty of smelling, at all times discover the rattle snake, and, with unerring accuracy, trace its movements; and I have heard my friend colonel Edward Barnwell frequently declare, that he had seen him quit his work, telling his companions that he smelt a rattle snake, and at a distance of two *fathoms*, (210 feet) point out the animal *fascinating*, and always in the *very act* of seizing its prey. If such be the effects on the senses of *man*, may it not be supposed that the delicate organs of the smaller animals may be operated upon with equal or still greater effect. We know full well that a profusion of odours will not only impair health, but in many instances occasion *death*. Life has been repeatedly destroyed by the confined air of a bed chamber being overcharged by the fragrance of the sweetest flowers; it will not, therefore, be deemed improbable that odours noxious and offensive in themselves, should be productive of as deadly effects.

In page 74 of Vaillant's Travels in Africa, vol. I. part 2, an interesting ac-

count is introduced of a fascinated bird, which died in convulsions in sight of the author, although the distance betwixt it and its enemy was three and a half feet, and upon examination no trace could be found of the slightest wound or external injury. Another instance follows, where a small mouse expired in convulsions, although two yards distant from the snake which caused its destruction. In the same work the following interesting anecdote will be found, as related by a captain in Gordon's regiment, then quartered at the Cape:—"While in garrison at Ceylon, and amusing myself in hunting a marsh, I was suddenly seized with a convulsive and involuntary trembling, different from what I had ever experienced, and at the same time was strongly attracted, and in spite of myself, to a particular spot in the marsh. Directing my eye to the spot, I beheld, with feelings of horror, a serpent of an enormous size, whose look instantly pierced me. Having, however, *not yet lost all power of motion*, I embraced the opportunity before too late, and saluted the reptile with the contents of my fusée. The report was a talisman, and broke the charm—my convulsions ceased—I felt myself able to fly, and the only inconvenience was a cold sweat, which was doubtless the effect of fear, and the violent agitation that my senses had undergone."

It is evident that Vaillant, in the two first cases, believed that death was occasioned by *fright*; yet I cannot subscribe to his opinion, for the removal of the cause would necessarily destroy the effect; and he tells us, "that at his approach the snake glided off, and that it was not till some time afterwards that the mouse expired as he held it in his hand." In the case of the officer, fear could not have had the influence attributed to it, for his convulsions and tremblings took place *before* the serpent was discovered by him, and it would be the height of folly to suppose its existence where no cause appeared to excite it. Allow me then to say, that I consider these instances rather as confirmations of my opinions than militating against them; for as no external injury was received, no wound inflicted, and death the result of the fascinations, it is not unreasonable to conclude that the inhaling of the deadly effluvia, the existence of which I have endeavoured to prove, was *the certain cause of it*. That the officer escaped does not surprise me, for I cannot suppose the power given to every serpent in equal degree, and the quantity of effluvia

emitted, though sufficient to bewilder and stupify, was not in its nature so completely baneful as to produce death.

I shall now read Dr. Barton with attention, and having candidly stated my opinions, without a hesitation give them up, if I find (as you say I shall) his doctrines conclusive on the subject.

I am, Sir, with great respect,
&c. &c. &c.

ALEX. GARDEN.

To General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney.

DEAR SIR,

The opinions expressed in my letter to Dr. Ramsay, on "the existence of an effluvium, which enables the rattle snake, without any extraordinary exertion, to secure its prey," resulted from a candid consideration of the instances therein adduced in support of them. I had never read a line on the subject, nor imagined that similar ideas had been entertained by any other person; it is, therefore, particularly grateful to me, to find, from the perusal of the books you had the politeness to put into my hands, that so distinguished a naturalist as Monsieur La Cèpele cherished such sentiments on the subject as give sanction to my own. He speaks with confidence "of the existence of the fetid effluvium emanating from the rattle snake, and ascribes to it the effect of suffocating or at least stupifying the animal on whose senses it is designed to operate." He even asserts—"that it is so offensive, that it will occasion dizziness and head-ache in persons who continue long in the apartment in which the reptile is confined;" but although he believes it the foundation of all the stories which have been related with regard to the fascination of animals by the snake, he expresses his opinion, "that in most cases the animal which becomes a victim, has been *previously bitten*." I subscribe cheerfully to this opinion—though not *in toto*. Colonel Thompson was not bitten, yet his declaration proves, that his senses were thrown into such a state of confusion, by the effluvium emanating from the snake which he killed, that he was nearly deprived of ability to guide the horse which he rode, while his subsequent sickness evinces its injurious effects on his constitution, and that it *threatened life*, although it was not sufficiently powerful to destroy it. On Renty, Mrs. Blake's overseer, and the negro of Mr. Lloyd, no wound was inflicted, yet *both* from the effect of the effluvium were deprived of sense; in these instances, the *strength* of the organs on which it operated, may pro-

bably have saved from destruction; and as the little bird and mouse mentioned by Vaillant, with organs of more delicate texture, perished in convulsions, though considerably removed from the snake, and never bitten, I think it reasonable to conclude, that death was occasioned by the *noxious quality of the effluvium alone*. Before I touch on the theory of Dr. Barton, permit me to remind you that in my opinion, "the power rests with the serpent to emit at pleasure the effluvium which secures to it its prey; that it is rarely perceptible but when the snake is either anxious to obtain food, or provoked to anger,—and that the free possession of its health and strength is necessary to its being able to use it with effect." "If," says Dr. Barton, "the vapor emanating from the snake, had the effect attributed to it, it would be a kind of *Avernus* which animals would avoid,—but this is not the case, as frogs and birds are frequently found near them uninjured and undestroyed." Now their security in this case, is, in my opinion, owing to the snake's being previously sufficiently supplied with food; for—from its sluggish habits—its inability to make at any time great exertion, it is probable that Providence has caused it to be satisfied with little nourishment, and that it should never endeavour to paralyze where it did not mean to destroy, and I am confirmed in this belief from the perfect recollection of one having been kept alive for upwards of twelve months at Glasgow College, which during that period never took any food whatever. But although Dr. Barton has little or no faith in the existence of the effluvium, yet he says—"My friend Mr. Wm. Bartram assured me, that he had observed horses to be *sensible of, and greatly agitated by it*, showing their abhorrence, by snorting, whinnying, and starting from the road, and endeavouring to throw their riders in order to escape." To prove that the vapor, if it *did exist*, was *not prejudicial*, he put a snow bird into a cage with a rattle snake;—the little animal exhibited no signs of fear, but hopped from the floor to the roost, and frequently sat on the back of the snake; it ate seeds which were put into the cage, and by all its acts demonstrated, that its situation was not uneasy. To account for this, it is of consequence to observe, that the rattle snake seldom eats when caged. Monsieur Bosc says, "when confined they for the most part suffer themselves to die of hunger;" and it is of still greater import to recollect, that when the experiment was made by Dr. Barton, the season was not arrived, when

rattle snakes were accustomed to leave their dens—the state of the reptile was little removed from absolute torpidity; and I am more inclined to believe it from the indifference shown by the bird, which from the never failing power of instinct, might at once perceive the want of ability in its enemy to molest or injure it. If Dr. Barton's opinion was accurate—"That at the season alone, when birds were employed in hatching their eggs, or nourishing their young, the uneasiness observed in them on the approach of the snake was perceptible, and that their cries and agitation, was occasioned by a desire to defend and protect them," I should be doubtful of the accuracy of my own opinions, and join in the belief, that their destruction was frequently occasioned by their exerting themselves beyond discretion, and persisting in their attacks till they became the victims of parental anxiety; but this is by no means the case, and particular inquiry justifies me in saying—"that till the snake makes his retreat to his den, for the winter season, the power is completely his, of securing his prey, and producing all the effects on the animal destroyed, which are perceptible at an earlier season." My friend, capt. Wm. Cattel, at a late period, saw a rabbit so completely bewildered by the power of the effluvium emanating from a large snake which was about to devour it, that after driving the reptile off, he was compelled repeatedly to strike it smartly with his whip before it sufficiently recovered the use of its faculties to move away.—Capt. Fuller and Mr. Miles, very lately, also took up from before a rattle snake, a large rabbit, that was too much bewildered to show the smallest desire to escape. Monsieur Beauvois denies the existence of the effluvium, and declares, in all the experiments made by Mr. Peale of Philadelphia, and himself, neither the one nor the other could ever perceive that any was emitted by the snake subjected to their observations. *He also* put a bird into a cage with a rattle snake, but found that the reptile remained perfectly tranquil and the bird altogether at ease; nor did the air appear to it, to judge from its behaviour, different from that which is found in an ordinary close cage;—but, as in the case mentioned by Dr. Barton, the snake had been dug from the ground in a torpid state, and still remained without

vigour or activity, in that stupor *when it is never known to emit any odour whatever.* He had procured in Jersey, eight rattle snakes, which he had shut up in a box as soon as dug out of the earth, and forwarded to Philadelphia. Three weeks after, the box was opened and the snakes taken out, when no odour whatever was perceived, and in my opinion, for this plain reason, that being dug out of the ground when torpid, no disposition to gratify appetite existed in them,—that they were too languid and insensible to be susceptible of anger, and that the power was denied them of emitting the effluvium, which at a more advanced season, and in possession of health and vigour, had undoubtedly been theirs. The opinion of Monsieur Bosc, differs widely from that of Dr. Barton: "Nature," says he, "while she refused to the rattle snake activity, to warn man of his danger, has given to the reptile a pestilential effluvium and rattles." But this effluvium, according to *his* ideas, arises from the putridity of the food contained in the stomach of the reptile, while subject to the operation of digestion. Now, if this position be true, the snake, while gorged with food, would prevent the approach of all other animals by warning them of their danger, for, independent of his will, the pestiferous odour would be emitted, and when the stomach is empty it would emit no odour whatever; whereas, I believe the fact to be diametrically opposite—that the snake, when gorged with food, is quiescent, altogether disinclined to exertion, and in no instance prone unnecessarily to waste the effluvium on which it depends for support; but, on the other hand, when its stomach is empty, impelled by hunger to seek for food, that it freely emits the effluvium, which prevents the escape of the animal it wishes to devour, and by stupifying, causes it to become an easy sacrifice to its rapacious appetite.

I am sensible, sir, that you would have blamed me, had I feigned a conviction of error which I did not feel. The arguments which I now offer in support of my pristine opinions, may prove little satisfactory to you, but will, I hope, have sufficient plausibility to excuse me for subjecting them to your consideration. With grateful recollection of your politeness,

I remain,

Yours, &c.

ALEX. GARDEN.

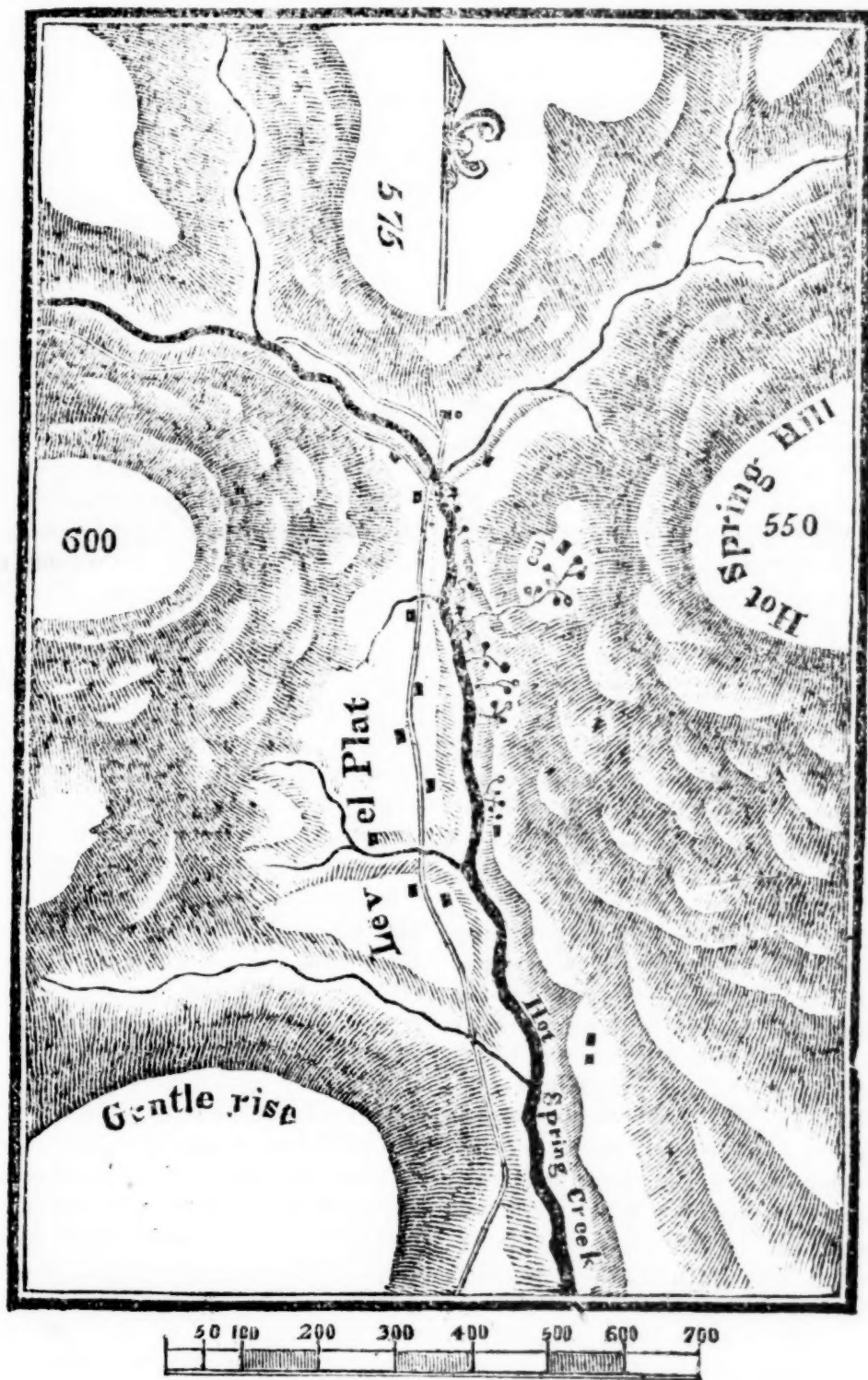
A Description of the Hot Springs, near the river Washitaw, and of the Physical Geography of the adjacent country; in a Communication from Major S. H. Long, of the U. S. corps of Engineers, to the hon. Samuel L. Mitchill, dated St. Louis, Missouri, February 23, 1818. (Read before the Lyceum of Natural History at New-York, 20th April, 1818.)

MY DEAR SIR,

I take the liberty of communicating upon a subject which you will no doubt consider somewhat interesting, not only

because it relates to a curiosity of the first magnitude, but because it is connected also with a profession which is greatly indebted to yourself, for its respectability and advancement in this country. The subject alluded to, is the Hot Springs of the Washitaw, which I visited on the first day of January last, on my return from Red river. Together with an unvarnished description of the springs, I herewith present you a rude sketch of the adjacent country, which will enable you to form some idea of their locality.

HOT SPRINGS OF THE WASHITAW.



Scale of yards.

N. B. The Numbers 550, 575, and 600, represent the probable height of the hills.

These remarkable springs are situated in N. lat. $34^{\circ} 14' 7''$, upon a small creek of the Washitaw, bearing their name, and uniting with that river at the distance of 12 or 14 miles from the springs. The country in which they are situated is extremely hilly and broken, the highlands being divided into numerous ridges and knobs by creeks, runs, &c. The rocky formations, in this neighbourhood, are both various and interesting, exhibiting various orders of concretion, from the softest state to the hardest flint. On the Washitaw, slate of an excellent quality for tiling is found in abundance. Near the springs I observed several varieties of this formation, one of which appeared well adapted for writing slates, and a second, sufficiently hard and fissile for tiles. On Hot Spring creek, and several other water courses in its vicinity, are extensive quarries of stone, resembling, in colour and texture, the Turkey oil stone, which, by numerous experiments, has been proved equally as useful in sharpening tools, &c. On the hills, tuff and other mineral sines abound. The stones in many places are strongly impregnated with iron, and rich ore of this metal is frequently to be met with. Upon the hill from which the Hot Springs issue, the rocky formations are different in many respects, from any I have observed upon the other hills. By the operation of heat, as also of the water which holds in solution a large portion of the carbonate of lime, no where else to be seen upon the surface of the ground, various changes have been wrought upon them. In some instances the works are so incrustated with calcarious concretions, that it is difficult to ascertain their original character without a minute examination. In others, pebbles and stones of various forms and complexions, are so strongly cemented together with iron and calx combined, as to constitute large masses of compact and solid stone. The rocks and stones generally upon the hills, are extremely ragged and favillous, vast bodies of them, in many instances, having the appearance of being composed entirely of the calcarious matter once held in solution by the hot water of the springs. In regard to the natural growth, I observed nothing peculiar to the hill whence the springs flow, that was not common also to the other neighbouring heights. The high lands generally, in this quarter, are covered with forests of yellow or pitch pine, and support an exuberant growth of vines, furze, bramble, &c.

The course of the creek in passing the springs, is nearly south. The quantity of

water running in it, is, at this time, (Jan. 1,) about one thousand gallons per minute. Hot Spring hill, or mountain, (as it is more frequently called,) is situated on the east side of the creek, and is about 550 feet high. The extent of its base along the creek is about six hundred yards. The hill is of a conical form, and has a base not exceeding 1 1-2 miles in diameter. It is completely insulated from the other hills by which it is environed, by creeks, brooks, and ravines. Directly north of it, on the same side of the creek, is another hill somewhat higher, separated from the former by a small brook. On the west side of the creek, directly opposite to Spring hill, is a third, considerably higher than either of the last mentioned, and situated a little distance from the creek, leaving an area of considerable extent between its base and the creek, upon which cabins are built for the accommodation of those who visit the springs.

There are said to be sixty different springs or fountains of hot water, occupying a distance of about four hundred yards along the east side of the creek. On the west side there is but one, situated immediately upon the shore, and discharging but a moderate quantity of water; while on the other side, they are variously situated, some of them near the edge of the creek, upon the same level, and others on different parts of the declivity, elevated from 10 to 150 feet above the water level, and discharging from one to fifteen or twenty gallons each, per minute. Immediately in the vicinity of some of the hot springs, are fountains of cold water, in some instances, gushing out of the ground within a very few feet of the Hot Spring.

There have been 14 or 15 rude cabins constructed along the creek, by persons who resort hither, occasionally, for the benefit of the springs. They are situated mostly on the west side, and are calculated merely for a summer residence, very few of them having chimneys. At present none of them are occupied, except one, in which a family took a temporary residence a few days since. There are no settlements yet made nearer than the Washitaw, where there are three at the distance of about eight miles from the springs. From these settlements, residents at the springs obtain provisions by paying a high price; but, to the credit and generosity of the settlers, it may be said, that they are equally as ready to supply the poor, as the rich, although they run the risk of never receiving payment for their produce. There have been

instances where they have refused to take double their selling price for their corn, but have chosen rather to divide it between the poor and rich, not according to their ability to pay, but in proportion to the necessities of the purchasers, and the quantity of provisions absolutely required for their subsistence.

During my delay at the springs, I made the following observations relative to their respective temperatures, &c. commencing in the creek immediately below the springs, and passing up along its eastern shore as far as they extend. The numbers annexed to the springs are merely accidental, indicating the order in which I examined them.

Temperature of the creek below the springs, 64 deg. Fahrenheit, probable discharge 1100 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 1, being the lowermost on the creek, 122 deg. probable discharge per minute, 4 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 2, a few feet from No. 1, 104 deg. probable discharge per minute, 1 gallon.

Temperature of spring No. 3, about 25 yards above the last, 126 deg. probable discharge per minute, 2 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 4, after uniting with a spring of cold water, 124 deg. probable discharge per minute, 2 gallons.

Temperature of springs Nos. 5, 6, and 7, rising very near each other, the hottest, most elevated, 126, 94, and 92 deg. probable discharge per minute, 8 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 8, elevation 50 feet, after mingling with a cold spring, 128 deg. probable discharge per minute, 10 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 9, elevated 60 feet above the water level, 132 deg. probable discharge per minute, 2 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 10, elevated 40 feet, *bushes growing in the waters edge*, 151 deg. probable discharge per minute, 5 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 11, issuing near the margin of the creek, elevated 3 feet, 148 deg. probable discharge per minute, 14 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 12, 20 yards from the last, having a sweat house upon it, 132 deg. probable discharge per minute, 20 gallons.

Temperature of springs Nos. 13, 14, and 15, all excavations for baths, situated just above No. 12; 124, 119, 108 deg. probable discharge per minute, 6 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 16, an excavation also, near the last, 122 deg. probable discharge per minute, 2 gallons.

Temperature of spring No. 17, uppermost on the creek, and has a sweat house and bath, 126 deg. probable discharge per minute, 5 gallons.

Temperature of springs Nos. 18, 19, 20, 21, and 22, all rising near together on a level area, 126, 128, 130, 136, and 140, deg. probable discharge per minute, 9 gallons.

The last mentioned cluster is situated upon a prominent part of the hill, elevated at least one hundred feet above the level of the creek. In the same area are several others,—and what is particularly remarkable, several springs of cold water rise in the same plat, one of them within a very few feet of the hottest spring. In some of these springs, I observed bubbles rising in rapid succession, but could not discover any remarkable scent emitted from them.

Temperature of the creek immediately above the springs, 46 deg. probable discharge per minute, 1000 gallons.

Besides the springs enumerated above, there are many others situated on the same side of the hill, at different elevations above the water level.

The heat of the water in the summer season, is said to be much greater than at present, and the discharge somewhat less. The water is then hot enough to draw tea or coffee, cook eggs, and even meat. In the hottest of the springs, I observed bushes growing, as also an abundance of beautiful moss of a deep green colour, and of a vegetating appearance;—and what is still more wonderful, a kind of water insect, something longer than the wood louse, but resembling it in shape, lives and sports in the heated element.

There is a spring of cold water about 3 miles from the hot springs, in a northeasterly direction, which has obtained some notoriety from the circumstance of its having occasioned the death of a man who had heated himself in pursuing a bear, and drank too freely of its water, and has, therefore, obtained the name of the Poison Spring. From the description given me of this spring, I am inclined to think it a chalybeate, pretty strongly impregnated,—and containing, possibly, some arsenic. Its waters deposit an abundance of ocreous earth, adhering to the stones in the bottom and sides of the channel through which they flow.

Believe me, dear Sir, with sincere regard, your most obliged, humble servant,

S. H. LONG.

Hon. S. L. Mitchill.

ART. 2. *The Corsair. A Melo-Drama, in four Acts, collected and arranged for the Stage, from Lord Byron's Poem. By EDWIN C. HOLLAND, Esq. of Charleston, South-Carolina. 18mo. pp. 54. Charleston, A. E. Miller.*

THE character of this production is truly set forth in the title page. It is nothing more than an attempt to dramatize Lord Byron's poem of the Corsair, preserving almost literally the language of his lordship, and strictly adhering to his plot. The poetry of the original has, however, suffered much, in the soldering of it into a new frame,—and though it was little indebted to its rhymes for its effect, it loses much of its force and dignity, in its present denudation into blank verse. Mr. Holland, in a very pretty preface, has avowed his unbounded admiration of Lord Byron's genius, and particularly as it is displayed in the poem which he has endeavoured to adapt to the stage. We hardly know how to reconcile the kindred glow of enthusiasm, which seems to have animated Mr. H. in his undertaking, with the humble and servile transcriptions which constitute his greatest merit.

The story of the Corsair is familiar to most of our readers—still it may not be superfluous succinctly to recount it. Conrad, the Corsair, was the chief of a band of pirates, in possession of one of the Ægean Isles. He had been driven, by the unrelenting persecution of the world, to the desperate resort of waging indiscriminate warfare with his species. But still, his heart was not wholly dipped in the Stygian flood;—he had one vulnerable point,—and there, love had infixed his shaft. He loved Medora—she was almost the only being that he did not hate. Medora was his wife, and loved him, in return, with a tenderness of which our sex is incapable. The poem opens with the arrival of a bark, which brings secret information to Conrad. On the instant, he orders his fleet to be equipped, and sets sail for the neighbouring continent. He enters the bay of Coron unobserved. It was a night of revelling among the Turks, preludatory to their meditated attack on the strong hold of the pirates. Conrad disguises himself—lands—and is introduced, as a dervise, escaped from the enemy, into the banqueting room of the Pacha Seyd. Whilst in conference with the Pacha, his comrades fire the Turkish gallies. The flash of the sudden conflagration arouses the suspicions of the Turk, who proclaims the dervise a traitor and a spy. At this critical moment, Conrad throws off his disguise, unsheathes his sabre, and gives a blast upon his bugle.

His followers rush in on the signal—a combat ensues—the Turks are routed, and Seyd betakes himself to flight. The Corsairs now proceed to fire the town. Conrad perceives that the flames have enveloped the Haram. He rushes to the rescue of its inhabitants, and bears out, in his arms, the favourite queen Gulnare. In the mean time Seyd has rallied his troops, and returns to the attack. The crews of Conrad are overpowered by numbers; and he remains wounded in the hands of the conquerors. Seyd dooms him to impalement, but spares him till he is sufficiently recovered to *feel* the punishment to which he is sentenced. Gulnare, influenced by sentiments of gratitude, which had ripened into love, visits Conrad in his prison, and soothes him with hope. She essays to persuade Seyd to ransom him, by appealing to his avarice. He peremptorily refuses to listen to the proposition, and intimates his suspicions of the motives which prompted her suggestion,—he even utters a menace against her life. The result of this fruitless endeavour to save the life of Conrad by her powers of persuasion, decides Gulnare as to the course she is to pursue. At midnight, by virtue of the signet ring of the Pacha, she again enters the dungeon of Conrad. She holds in one hand a lamp—in the other a poinard. She prompts him to his revenge and to her vindication. Conrad refuses to murder his enemy in his sleep—but no consideration can withhold Gulnare from the execution of her purpose. She perpetrates the deed herself. The guard is bribed. Conrad is hurried from his cell, and embarks with Gulnare on board a xebec. In a little while a vessel of Conrad's encounters them. It contains his faithful followers hastening to avenge him. They hail their chief with joyful acclamations; and when they learn the mode of his deliverance, are ready to prostrate themselves before Gulnare. Towards her, Conrad had hitherto observed a sullen silence. He felt a horror at the recollection of her crime. But when he saw her relapsed again into the woman—when he saw, that in having achieved his deliverance, all her wishes were accomplished, and that she had again resigned herself to that gentle and suffering mood, from which nothing but the implacability of a tyrant had excited her—he saw the proper light in which to estimate her conduct, and folded her to his bosom with all the fervor

of grateful sentiment. Conrad and his friends now approached their own fastness. The hopes of all were alive to the reception which awaited them. There were some destined to severe disappointment. After the departure of Conrad on his expedition, Medora had impatiently awaited his return. As the allotted time expired, her solicitude increased. Unable to restrain herself in her apartments, she wandered anxiously on the beach. A boat at last drew nigh. She learned—not indeed her Conrad's death—but that he was left, bound and bleeding, in the hands of the foe. Her fortitude was overcome, and she sunk upon the strand. She was delivered into the care of her female attendants—but she could not survive the shock. When Conrad, with all the ardour which absence can add to affection, hurried to the abode of Medora—he found it dark and silent. A fatal forboding which he would not recognize, struck upon his soul. He knocked—and no one appeared. He knocked again, more faintly—a slave bearing a light presented herself. He rushed past her—he entered the saloon—he saw Medora stretched upon her bier!—and the hand-maids strowing flowers over her. He cast one long, enduring look upon the corpse—he tore himself suddenly away. In the morning it was discovered that a boat had been broken from her fastenings—and Conrad was never heard of more.

How far Mr. Holland has succeeded in transfusing the spirit of lord Byron into his dialogue, will be best made to appear by the comparison of parallel passages.

The poem opens with an ejaculatory burst, from the lips of the Corsair.

“ ‘ O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot
please—

Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
And turn what some deem danger to delight;
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
And where the feeble faint—can only feel—
Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,
Its hope awoken and its spirit soar?
No dread of death—if with us die our foes—
Save that it seems even duller than repose:

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Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—
When lost—what reck's it—by disease or strife?
Let him who crawls enamoured of decay,
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;
Heave his thick breath; and shake his palsied
head;

Ours—the fresh turf and not the feverish bed:
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control:
His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
And they who loath'd his life may gild his grave:
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
For us, even banquets fond regret supply
In the red cup that crowns our memory;
And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
When those who win at length divide the prey,
And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each
brow,

How had the brave who fell exulted *now*!”

The play commences with a “Chorus of Pirates.”

“ Far o'er the Ocean, and free as the breeze
That glides o'er its billows of brightness and foam,
Our Flag is the sceptre that governs the seas,
And fixes the limits that circle our home.

Wide o'er its waters we fearlessly range,
We sweep with the tempest, we rest with its close,
The wave is our empire—we joy in its change,
And triumph tho' dead, if we die with our foes.”

Juan pursues—

“ Hail to the Ocean! nurse of noble deeds!
Hail to thy waters, tempest-tost or still!
What spirit wakes not with exulting sense,
That pauses in its gaze upon thy wild
And solitary waste!—Thine is the realm,
The charter'd empire of the brave and free!
The barrier, by the God of nature thrown
Between the oppressor and his victim.”

A sail is descried, and is hailed with shouts. It is “a home returning bark.” Her approach to the shore is thus described in the poem:

“ How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying—never from her loes—
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck—
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?”

In the play, Lillo exclaims—

“ How gloriously her gallant course she bears!
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
Braving the warfare of the sternest storm,
Of battle-fire and of wreck.”

We will adduce the parting scene between Conrad and Medora, as related by the poet, and by the dramatist.

Conrad is approaching the apartment of Medora, when his attention is arrested by a song.

“ ‘ Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,
Then trembles into silence as before.

‘ There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp
Burns the slow flame, eternal—but unseen;
Which not the darkness of despair can damp,
Though vain its ray as it had never been.

'Remember me—Oh! pass not thou my grave
Without one thought whose relics there recline:
The only pang my bosom dare not brave,
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

'My fondest—faintest—latest—accents hear:
Grief for the dead not Virtue can reprove;
Then give me all I ever asked—a tear,
The first—last—sole reward of so much love.'

We will let the poet speak—

'He passed the portal—crossed the corridore,
And reached the chamber as the strain gave o'er:
'My own Medora!—sure thy song is sad!—

'In Conrad's absence would'st thou have it glad?
Without thine ear to listen to my lay,
Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray:
Still must each accent to my bosom suit,
My heart unflushed—although my lips were mute.

Oh! many a night on this lone couch reclined,
My dreaming fear with storms hath winged the
wind,
And deemed the breath that faintly fanned thy
sail

The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale;
Though soft, it seemed the low prophetic dirge,
That mourned thee floating on the savage surge:
Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire,
Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire;
And many a restless hour outwatch'd each star,
And morning came—and still thou wert afar.
Oh! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,
And day broke dreary on my troubled view,
And still I gazed and gazed—and not a prow
Was granted to my tears—my truth—my vow.
At length—'twas noon—I hailed and blest the
mast

That met my sight—it near'd—alas! it past!
Another came—Oh God! 'twas thine at last!
Would that those days were over! wilt thou
ne'er,

My Conrad! learn the joys of peace to share?
Sore thou hast more than wealth; and many a
home

As bright as this invites us not to roam:
Then know'st it is not peril that I fear,
I only tremble when thou art not here;
Then not for mine, but that far dearer life,
Which flies from love and languishes for strife—
How strange that heart, to me so tender still,
Should war with nature and its better will!

'Yea, strange indeed—that heart hath long been
changed;

Worm-like 'twas trampled—adder-like avenged,
Without one hope on earth beyond thy love,
And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above.
Yet the same feeling which thou dost condemn,
My very love to thee is hate to them,
So closely mingling here, that disentwined,
I cease to love thee when I love mankind:
Yet dread not this—the proof of all the past
Assures the future that my love will last;
But—Oh, Medora! nerve thy gentler heart,
This hour again—but not for long—we part.'

'This hour we part!—my heart foreboded this:
Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.
This hour—it cannot be—this hour away!
Your bark hath hardly anchored in the bay:
Her consort still is absent, and her crew
Have need of rest before they toil anew;

My love! thou mock'st my weakness; and
would'st steel

My breast before the time when it must feel;
But trifle now no more with my distress,
Such mirth hath less of play than bitterness.
Be silent, Conrad!—dearest! come and share
The feast these hands delighted to prepare;
Light toil! to cull and dress thy frugal fare!
See, I have plucked the fruit that promised best
And where not sure, perplexed, but pleased, I
guessed

At such as seemed the fairest: thrice the hill
My steps have wound to try the coolest rill;
Yes! thy Sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,
See how it sparkles in its vase of snow!
The grapes' gay juice thy bosom never cheers;
Thou more than Moslem when the cup appears:
Think not I mean to chide—for I rejoice
What others deem a penance is thy choice.
But come, the board is spread; our silver lamp
Is trimmed, and heeds not the Sirocco's damp:
Then shall my handmaids while the time along,
And join with me the dance, or wake the song;
Or my guitar, which still thou lov'st to hear,
Shall soothe or lull—or, should it vex thine ear,
We'll turn the tale, by Ariosto told,
Of fair Olympia loved and left of old.
Why—thou wert worse than he who broke his vow
To that lost damsel, shouldst thou leave me now;
Or even that traitor chief—I've seen thee smile,
When the clear sky showed Ariadne's Isle,
Which I have pointed from these cliffs the while;
And thus, half sportive, half in fear, I said,
Lest Time should raise that doubt to more than
dread,

Thus Conrad, too, will quit me for the main:
And he deceived me—for—he came again!

'Again—again—and oft again—my love!
If there be life below, and hope above,
He will return—but now, the moments bring
The time of parting with redoubled wing:
The why—the where—what boots it now to tell?
Since all must end in that wild word—farewell!
Yet would I fain—did time allow—disclose—
Fear not—these are no formidable foes;
And here shall watch a more than wonted guard,
For sudden siege and long defence prepared:
Nor be thou lonely—though thy lord's away,
Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee stay;
And this thy comfort—that, when next we meet,
Security shall make repose more sweet:
List!—'tis the bugle—Juan shrilly blew—
One kiss—one more—another—Oh! Adieu!

She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,
Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face.
He dared not raise to his that deep blue eye,
That downcast drooped in tearless agony.
Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his arms,
In all the wildness of dishevelled charms;
Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt,
So full—that feeling seem'd almost unfelt.
Hark!—peals the thunder of the signal-gun!
It told 'twas sunset—and he cursed that sun.
Again—again—that form he madly pressed,
Which mutely clasped, imploringly caressed,
And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,
One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more;
Felt—that for him earth held but her alone,
Kissed her cold forehead—turn'd—is Conrad
gone?

XV.

'And is he gone?'—on sudden solitude
How oft that fearful question will intrude?

'Twas but an instant past—and here he stood!
And now—without the portal's porch she rushed,
And then at length her tears in freedom gushed;
Big—bright—and fast, unknown to her they fell;
But still her lips refused to send—'Farewell!'
For in that word—that fatal word—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes de-
spair

O'er every feature of that still, pale face,
Had sorrow fixed what time can ne'er erase:
The tender blue of that large loving eye
Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,
'Till—Oh, how far!—it caught a glimpse of him,
And then it flowed—and phrenzied seemed to
swim

Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes
dewed
With drops of sadness oft to be renewed.
'He's gone!'—against her heart that hand is
driven,

Convulsed and quick—then gently raised to hea-
ven;

She looked and saw the heaving of the main;
The white sail set—she dared not look again;
But turned with sickening soul within the gate—
'It is no dream—and I am desolate!'

Our author has copied the two last
verses of the song. He proceeds—

“CONRAD.

“Thy song Medora, breath'd a strain so sad,
So wild and melancholy soft, it seem'd
A requiem, such as best might suit
The tomb of love ill-fated!

MEDORA.

Thus must it ever breathe, without the joy
Thy presence sparkles o'er its lay—it must,
It will give utterance to such thoughts as these.
Oh! many a night, upon my couch reclin'd,
When solitude had set its silent seal
Upon the world, the slightest breath that mov'd
The bosom of the deep, seem'd to my fears
The prelude of a storm—Oh! I have gaz'd
Upon thy element of war and strife,
Till every star had sunk within its wave:
And yet thou cam'st not—still upon the main
Would that these days of tumult were at end—
Sure thou hast wealth enough—yet strange, that
heart

So gentle in its loves, still flies from peace,
To seek the perils of uncertain fate.

CONRAD.

Yes—strange indeed—yet nature made it soft—
Betray'd too early and beguil'd too long.
The world hath warp'd it to the shape it bears—
'Twas crush'd and trampled like a worm in youth,
In manhood, like an adder, 'tis aveng'd.

MEDORA.

Conrad—dearest?

CONRAD.

Nay, look not thus—tho' every hope of heaven
Were startled from its cherub seat of smiles,
I hate mankind too much to feel remorse.
My very love to thee, is hate to them—
I cease to love thee, when I love mankind.
Yet dread not this—the love that hath loved on
Thro' years of tried temptation and distress,
Must love as truly to the latest throb
That wakes existence in the soul—'twill last,
And rising o'er the wreck of life's decay,
Shine with the lustre of a light in heaven,
Still will some momentary cloud of gloom,
Its sky of gladness sometimes overcast—
This hour, Medora, once again, we part—
This hour, tho' not for long.

MEDORA.

This hour?—it cannot, must not be—the bark
Hath hardly anchor'd and her weary crew
Require allotment of sufficient time,
To brace their spirits for a further cruise.
Nay, trifle now no more with my distress;
Thy mirth hath sadness even in its smile.
Be silent dearest—come—our board is spread;
'Tis frugal, but Medora's hands prepar'd it.
Come!—

CONRAD.

Nay, dearest, we must part—the hour of stay
Hath near expir'd—Gonsalvo brings report
Of gathering prowls along our coast, arm'd
By the Pacha Seyd! we must to sea,
And meet the tempest, e'er its thunders burst
Upon our Isle. Fear not, my band are true,
Tried to the dangers of the fiercest fight.
One kiss, and then we part—when next we meet,
Security will make repose more dear.

MEDORA.

Thus wilt thou ever leave me for the main,
In helpless, hopeless brokenness of heart.

CONRAD.

Again—again—and oft again, my love,
If there be life on earth, or hope in heaven,
I will return—be this thy comfort then!
Fear not, these are no formidable foes—
Here, in thine island home, thou wilt be safe.
A more than wonted guard shall watch its peace,
And hover round its shores.

(The signal gun is fired.)

Hark!—'twas the thunder of the signal gun
That peal'd the hour of departure—Farewell!

MEDORA.

One moment, Conrad!—stay!

(She faints in the arms of Conrad, who bears her
to a couch—he gazes for a moment with strong
agitation.)

CONRAD.

One kiss—one more—oh! adieu!— (Exit.)
(Music soft and plaintive—Medora revives and
throws a hurried glance around the apartment.)

MEDORA.

And is he gone?—'twas but an instant past
And here he stood—Oh! solitude of heart,
It is no dream, and I am desolate!

The sensations of Conrad, when he
finds himself a captive and incarcerated,
are thus depicted by the poet,—

“'Twere vain to paint to what his feelings grew—
It even were doubtful if their victim knew.
There is a war, a chaos of the mind,
When all its elements convulsed—combined—
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,
And gnashing with impenitent Remorse;
That juggling fiend—who never spake before—
But cries, 'I warned thee!' when the deed is o'er.
Vain voice! the spirit burning but unbent,
May writhe—rebel—the weak alone repent!
Even in that lonely hour when most it feels,
And, to itself, all—all that self reveals,
No single passion, and no ruling thought
That leaves the rest as once unseen, unsought;
But the wild prospect when the soul reviews—
All rushing through their thousand avenues.
Ambition's dreams expiring, love's regret,
Endangered glory, life itself beset;
The joy untasted, the contempt or hate
'Gainst those who fain would triumph in our fate;
The hopeless past, the hasting future driven
Too quickly on to guess if hell or heaven;

Deeds, thoughts, and words, perhaps remembered not

So keenly till that hour, but ne'er forgot;
Things light or lovely in their acted time,
But now to stern reflection each a crime;
The withering sense of evil unrevealed,
Not cankering less because the more concealed—
All, in a word, from which all eyes must start,
That opening sepulchre—the naked heart
Bares with its buried woes, till Pride awake,
To snatch the mirror from the soul—and break.
Ay—Pride can veil, and Courage brave it all,
All—all—before—beyond—the deadliest fall.
Each hath some fear, and he who least betrays,
The only hypocrite deserving praise:
Not the loud recreant wretch who boasts and
flies;

But he who looks on death—and silent dies.
So steeled by pondering o'er his far career,
He halfway meets him should he menace near!"

In the play, Conrad is made to utter the following soliloquy:—

"CONRAD.

A captive! and in chains?—but an hour since
A Chief on land, an Outlaw on the deep,
Free as the breeze that sported on its wave!
'Tis well!—my foe if vanquish'd, had but shar'd
A fate, as dark and terrible as mine!—

(He pauses thoughtfully.)

There is a war, a chaos of the mind,
When all its elements convuls'd lie dark
And jarring!—impenitent remorse then
Pushes thro' the thousand avenues of thought,
Sounding the 'larum bell, unheard before—
Vain voice to me!—the weak alone repent!—
E'en in this lonely hour, when most I feel,
Feel to my writhing bosom's inmost core,
Tho' stern reflection doth unsepulchre
Each buried crime, and scan with with'ring look
The blood-stain'd record of my life—e'en now,
I hear its voice as one who heard it not!—
One thought alone, a madd'ning image forms,
One image only in the wild prospect
Which my soul reviews, I cannot, dare not
Meet and gaze upon!—Oh!—Medora! how
Will these tidings greet thy widow'd heart!
To-morrow, and thy dream of hope expires!

(Conrad veils his face and appears agitated with the deepest emotions.)

'Tis past!—and now come torture when it will,
I've need of rest to nerve me for the day.

(He throws himself upon a sofa, apparently exhausted.)

The last prison interview between Gulnare and Conrad, where she is instigating him to redeem them both by a single blow, is thus rehearsed by Lord Byron:—

"The midnight passed—and to the massy door,
A light step came—it paused—it moved once more:

Slow turns the grating bolt and sullen key:
'Tis as his heart foreboded that fair she!
Whate'er her sins, to him a guardian saint,
And beateous still as hermit's hope can paint;
Yet changed since last within that cell she came,
More pale her cheek, more tremulous her frame.
On him she cast her dark and hurried eye
Which spoke before her accents—'thou must die!
Yes, thou must die—there is but one resource,
The last—the worst—if torture were not worse.'

'Lady! I look to none—my lips proclaim
What last proclaimed they—Conrad still the same:

Why should'st thou seek an outlaw's life to spare,
And change the sentence I deserve to bear?
Well have I earned—nor here alone—the meed
Of Seyd's revenge, by many a lawless deed.'

'Why should I seek? because—Oh! didst thou not
Redeem my life from worse than slavery's lot?
Why should I seek?—hath misery made thee blind

To the fond workings of a woman's mind!
And must I say? albeit my heart rebel
With all that woman feels, but should not tell—
Because—despite thy crimes—that heart is moved:

It feared thee—thanked thee—pitied—madden-
ed—loved.

Reply not, tell not now thy tale again,
Thou lov'st another—and I love in vain;
Though fond as mine her bosom, form more fair,
I rush through peril which she would not dare.
If that thy heart to hers were truly dear,
Were I thine own—thou wert not lonely here:
An outlaw's spouse—and leave her lord to roam:
What hath such gentle dame to do with home?
But speak not now—o'er thine and o'er my head
Hangs the keen sabre by a single thread;
If thou hast courage still, and would'st be free,
Receive this poniard—rise—and follow me.'

'Aye—in my chains! my steps will gently tread,
With these adornments, o'er each slumbering head!

Thou hast forgot—is this a garb for flight?
Or is that instrument more fit for fight!

'Misdoubting Corsair! I have gained the guard,
Ripe for revolt, and greedy for reward.
A single word of mine removes that chain:
Without some aid how here could I remain?
Well, since we met, hath sped my busy time,
If in aught evil, for thy sake the crime:
The crime—'tis none to punish those of Seyd.
That hated tyrant, Conrad—he must bleed!
I see thee shudder—but my soul is changed—
Wronged—spurned—reviled—and it shall be avenged—

Accused of what till now my heart disdained
Too faithful, though to bitter bondage chained,
Yes, smile!—but he had little cause to sneer,
I was not treacherous then—nor thou too dear:
But he has said it—and the jealous well,
Those tyrants, teasing, tempting to rebel,
Deserve the fate their fretting lips foretell.
I never loved—he bought me—somewhat high—
Since with me came a heart he could not buy.
I was a slave unmurmuring; he hath said,
But for his rescue I with thee had fled.
'Twas false thou know'st—but let such augurs rue,

Their words are omens Insult renders true.
Nor was thy respite granted to my prayer;
This fleeting grace was only to prepare
New torments for thy life, and my despair.
Mine too he threatens; but his dotage still
Would fain reserve me for his lordly will:
When wearier of these fleeting charms and me,
There yawns the sack—and yonder rolls the sea!
What, am I then a toy for dotard's play,
To wear but till the gilding frets away?
I saw thee—loved thee—owe thee all—would save,

If but to show how grateful is a slave.

But had he not thus menaced fame and life,
(And well he keeps his oaths pronounced in strife)
I still had saved thee—but the Pacha spared.
Now I am all thine own—for all prepared:
Thou lov'st me not—nor know'st—or but the
 worst.
Alas! this love—that hatred are the first—
Oh! could'st thou prove my truth, thou would'st
 not start,
Nor fear the fire that lights an eastern heart,
'Tis now the beacon of thy safety—now
It points within the port a Mainote prow:
But in one chamber, where our path must lead,
There sleeps—he must not wake—the oppressor
 Seyd!

'Gulnare---Gulnare---I never felt till now
My abject fortune, withered fame so low:
Seyd is mine enemy: had swept my band
From earth with ruthless but with open hand,
And therefore came I, in my bark of war,
To smite the smiter with the scimitar;
Such is my weapon---not the secret knife---
Who spares a woman's seeks not slumber's life.
Thine saved I gladly, lady, not for this—
Let me not deem that mercy shown amiss.
Now fare thee well---more peace be with thy
 breast!
Night wears apace---my last of earthly rest!

'Rest! rest! by sunrise must thy sinews shake,
And thy limbs writhe around the ready stake.
I heard the order---saw---I will not see---
If thou wilt perish, I will fall with thee.
My life---my love---my hatred---all below
Are on this cast---Corsair! 'tis but a blow!
Without it flight were idle---how evade
His sure pursuit? my wrongs too unrepaid,
My youth disgraced---the long, long wasted years,
One blow shall cancel with our future fears;
But since the dagger suits thee less than brand,
I'll try the firmness of a female hand.
The guards are gained---one moment all were
 o'er---
Corsair! we meet in safety or no more;
If errs my feeble hand, the morning cloud
Will hover o'er thy scaffold, and my shroud.'

In the melo-drama we have it thus:—

"(The door of the apartment cautiously opens.
Enter Gulnare, with a light in her hand, which
she places on the table---she casts a hurried look
around the apartment, and upon perceiving Con-
rad, hastily approaches him.)

GULNARE.

Yes!---thou must die!---there is but one re-
 source!

CONRAD.

Lady---I look to none, save that, for which
A spirit like mine own, imprison'd, sighs:
The cold obstruction of the dreamless grave!---
Why should'st thou seek to spare an Outlaw's life,
Or change the sentence of the Seyd's revenge,
Earn'd by the blood of many a lawless deed?---

GULNARE.

Why should I seek?---has misery made thee
 blind?

Hath love no impulse?---gratitude no claim?
Thou sav'd'st my life from worse than slav'ry's
 lot;

I knew not, felt not, then, how deep the root
From whence compassion for thy fortunes grew---
Despite thy crimes, what first was gratitude,
Soon ripen'd into love!---

CONRAD.

Gulnare!-----

GULNARE.

-----Nay, speak not now---
Thou lov'st another, and I love in vain!---
And yet methinks, were I an Outlaw's spouse,
The busiest scenes of danger and of death,
Should find me still partaker of his fate!---
Corsair, thy doom is fix'd!---time flies apace,
Destruction 'round thee close hath wound his
 toils!---
If thou hast courage still to hazard life,
And set it on the casting of a die,
Take this poniard,
(She draws a poniard which she had concealed
 in her bosom.)

-----on---and follow me!---

CONRAD.

Aye---in my chains?---and these adornments?
Thou hast forgot!---is this a garb for flight,
Or that a weapon for a warrior's arm?---

GULNARE.

A single word of mine removes those chains.
Think'st thou I stand unaided and alone?
Ripe for revolt, and greedy for reward,
The guard are gain'd, and wait the appointed
 hour---

Well since we met hath sped my busy time!
If in aught evil, 'twas for thee I sinn'd---
The hated Tyrant---Conrad, he must die!
I see thee shudder, but I am resolv'd;
Wrong'd, spurn'd, revil'd, and not to be aveng'd?
'Tis more than meek-ey'd mercy can endure!---
He call'd me treacherous, and curst the hour
In which you bore me trembling thro' the flames.
He told me, Conrad, what thou know'st is false;
But for his rescue, I had fled with thee---
Nor was thy respite granted to my pray'r:
'Twas giv'n, that cruelty might best contrive
New torments for thy life and mine?---

CONRAD.

Thy life, Gulnare?---

GULNARE.

Mine too he threatens---but his dotage yet
Would fain preserve me for his tyrant will
'Till weary of these fleeting charms---and then,
There yawns the sack, and yonder rolls the
 sea!

What?---am I then a toy for dotard's play
To wear so long as does its gilding last?---
Corsair, I saw thee---piti'd---madden'd---lov'd
 thee!

To thee my all of life on earth I owe!
This should have sav'd thee, if 'twere but to show
How grateful is the heart of e'en a slave---
Had he not menac'd with such kindling oaths,
The Pacha had been spar'd---I was his slave,
Had borne unmurmuring the wasting pangs
That bitter bondage planted in my heart,
And yet he basely trampled it in dust,
And crush'd its last, its sole remaining hope---
Compassion is at end---the thought is past---
Now I am all thine own, prepar'd for all!---
Oh!---could'st thou see this heart in all its truth,
Thou would'st not start, as if with sudden dread,
Or fear the fire that lightens o'er my brow---
Here!---take the poniard!---on---and follow me!
And in the chamber where our path must lead,
Sleeps the Oppressor---he must not wake!

CONRAD.

Gulnare!---Gulnare!---I never felt till now,
My abject fortune and my wither'd fame
So sunk and blasted!---Seyd is mine enemy,
And with a ruthless and avenging hand,
Hath swept my gallant comrades from the earth---

But, 'twas in fair and honourable fight,
In open combat and in noble daring---
The secret knife?---it suits a coward's hand,
And slumber pleads for safety, with a voice
As sacred to this worn and fretted heart,
As did a woman's cry, when flush'd with hope,
And beating warm in battle and in blood,
It paused to rescue thee from death!---Lady!
Let me not know that mercy shown amiss.
Murder in sleep?---Temptation in an hour
The most unguarded of my guilty life,
Had fled a crime like this---'Tis the curst sin,
That finds forgiveness nor in heaven nor earth.
Now, fare thee well, and gentler thoughts attend
The meditations of thy heart---farewell!
Night wears apace!---my last of earthly rest!---

GULNARE.

Rest?---rest?---by sunrise must thy quivering
limbs
Around the stake in torturing anguish writhe---
I heard the order---saw the stake prepared!
If thou wilt die, thou shalt not fall alone!
Corsair, my life---my love---my hate---my all,
Are set upon the hazard of this cast!
'Tis but a blow!---one throb, and all is still;
The wrongs and insults of my wasted years
Aveng'd, and thou, oh God! art free again!---
Yet since thou'st grown fastidious in thy crimes,
I'll try the firmness of a female hand.
We meet in safety, or we meet no more!"

The final, fatal scene of Conrad in the
death-chamber of Medora, is pathetically
related in the poem.

"He turned not---spoke not---sunk not---fixed his
look,
And set the anxious frame that lately shook:
He gazed---how long we gaze despite of pain,
And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain!
In life itself she was so still and fair,
That death with gentler aspect withered there;
And the cold flowers her colder hand contained,
In that last grasp as tenderly were strained
As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a sleep,
And made it almost mockery yet to weep:
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,
And veiled---thought shrinks from all that lurked
below---

Oh! o'er the eye death most exerts his might,
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!
Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,
But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips---
Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile,
And wished repose---but only for a while;
But the white shroud, and each extended tress,
Long---fair---but spread in utter lifelessness,
Which late the sport of every summer wind,
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind;
These---and the pale pure cheek became the
bier---

But she is nothing---wherefore is he here?

XXI.

He asked no question---all were answered now
By the first glance on that still---marble brow.
It was enough---she died---what recked it how?
The love of youth, the hope of better years,
The source of softest wishes, tenderest fears,
The only living thing he could not hate,
Was reft at once---and he deserved his fate,
But did not feel it less;---the good explore,
For peace, those realms where guilt can never
soar:

The proud---the wayward---who have fixed below
Their joy---and find this earth enough for woe,

Lose in that one their all---perchance a mite---
But who in patience parts with all delight?
Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
Mask hearts where grief had little left to learn;
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

XXII.

By those, that deepest feel, is ill exprest
The indistinctness of the suffering breast;
Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,
Which seeks from all the refuge found in none;
No words suffice the secret soul to show,
And Truth denies all eloquence to Woe.
On Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion prest,
And stupor almost lulled it into rest;
So feeble now---his mother's softness crept
To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept:
It was the very weakness of his brain,
Which thus confessed without relieving pain.
None saw his trickling tears---perchance, if seen,
That useless flood of grief had never been:
Nor long they flowed---he dried them to depart,
In helpless---hopeless---brokenness of heart:
The sun goes forth---but Conrad's day is dim;
And the night cometh---ne'er to pass from him.
There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,
On Grief's vain eye---the blindest of the blind!
Which may not---dare not see---but turns aside
To blackest shade---nor will endure a guide!

XXIII.

His heart was formed for softness---warped to
wrong;
Betrayed too early, and beguiled too long;
Each feeling pure---as falls the dropping dew
Within the grot, like that had hardened too;
Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials passed,
But sunk, and chilled, and petrified at last.
Yet tempests wear, and lightning cleaves the rock;
If such his heart, so shattered it the shock.
There grew one flower beneath its rugged brow,
Though dark the shade---it sheltered---saved till
now.
The thunder came---that bolt hath blasted both,
The Granite's firmness, and the Lily's growth:
The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell
Its tale, but shrunk and withered where it fell,
And of its cold protector, blacken round
But shivered fragments on the barren ground!"

The melo-drama concludes with the
following monologue:

"SCENE 5th.

*Music soft and plaintive---a magnificent apartment
in the interior of the watch tower---Medora ex-
tended in death upon a superb sofa---flowers scat-
tered around her---lamps burning---handmaids
kneeling on each side, weeping---Conrad impa-
tiently enters, starts wildly, and after an instant's
pause, veils his face and kneels beside Medora---
he rises, gazing distractedly upon her.*

CONRAD.

Yes, thou art nothing!---wherefore am I here?---
Thro' weal and woe, thou wert th' unerring light
That shone unwav'ring o'er my path of life---
Earth held not, such another spark of heav'n!--
What recked it how that spark were quenched or
lost?---
The love of youth---the hope of better years---
The soul that spirit'd this mould of clay,
All---all, are reft at once!--God!--it hath wak'd
A feeling until now unfelt!--a tear?---
I knew not that my nature held a drop
So pure and soft as this!--
Dark tho' the gloom

That sav'd and shelter'd it, there grew one flow'r
 Beneath the night-shade of this rugged breast!--
 That flow'r, hath wither'd in its brightest bloom,
 Nipp'd by the blasting of a cruel frost!--
 Life is a leafless desert now!--a waste,
 With all its burst of feeling unemploy'd!--
 Farewell! thou fire-ey'd soul of enterprise,
 That canopied beneath my glittering flag,
 Turn'd even danger to delight!—Farewell!--
 The link that bound me to thy hope, is rent!--

(*Looking passionately on Medora.*)

Farewell!--Farewell!--

—Silent and dark I go,

And go alone!--

(*Exit.*)"

We shall leave our readers to pronounce what praise is due to Mr. Holland for his labours. In our opinion, it was injudicious in him, to undertake to alter what he was unable to improve. He seems indeed more closely to have copied the faults, than to have imitated the beauties of his prototype. For instance, Lord Byron has the following prosaic couplet—

Thus with himself communion held he—till
 He reach'd the summit of his tower-crown'd hill.

Mr. Holland did not suffer a fancied felicity of this kind to escape him—though not tempted to the commission of it, even by the exigency of rhyme. Thus we have, in the very first scene—

Where is our Chief? We bring him tidings that
 Must make our greetings short—

Immediately afterwards is a reiteration of this happy use of the conjunctive—

On Juan—on—inform our Chieftain, that
 We bring him tidings he must quickly hear—

An approximation to the same forcible style of versification may, again, be found in the following lines—

For I am as a fragment shivered from
 The rock, that storms have shattered—

We shall dismiss the melo-drama here;—but as we have not, heretofore, had an opportunity of treating of the poem of the *Corsair*, we will devote a few moments to the consideration of the character of Conrad, as delineated by Lord Byron.

We have often objected to his lordship's taste in the selection of his heroes. He has generally endeavoured, and sometimes too successfully, to engage our sympathies in behalf of those who were unworthy of our regard,—not only from the character of the sufferers, but from the nature of their distresses. The miseries on which he has most pathetically expatiated, have, usually, been either the merited rewards of crime, or the inevitable consequences of folly,—and not unfre-

quently the result of a combination of both flagitiousness and imbecility. To attempt to hold up as objects of generous compassion those who have involved themselves, by reprehensible means, in useless disasters—which they have neither the wit to evade, nor the fortitude to bear—is to rob real misfortune of its rights, and to encroach upon the prerogative of virtuous woe. The least we can demand of such, is, that they should summon the manliness to endure that wretchedness, which they have had the audacity to provoke. There is, indeed, a due allowance to be made for human weakness, and it is not requisite that one should be perfectly innocent, nor wholly amiable, to be the subject of the warmest commiseration, when overtaken by calamity. All who have felt the force of temptation, can extenuate the guilt of those who have sunk beneath it;—but to discover a predilection for the base, to court occasions of turpitude, to exhibit ignoble daring, to challenge fate, and to set justice at defiance, is to forfeit every claim to either charity or condolence, in the hour of retribution. Yet we can believe that those who have perpetrated the greatest atrocities, have not always been those who were naturally most prone to vice. On the contrary, malicious dispositions are commonly associated with a mean capacity—and they who are continually imagining evil, are least competent to compass splendid mischiefs. There have, unhappily, been too many great minds that, in the salience of indignation, under the real or fancied injuries of the world, have

Leap'd at the stars, and landed in the mud.

Over the aberrations of these, we sigh;—regret for the perversion of talents, is mingled with mourning for the exasperation which produced it. We even form some inadequate idea of the dreadful conflict, waged by contending emotions, in the bosoms of honourable men, ere wicked counsels triumphed. We see them buffeting the torrent of adversity,

With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

We see them, at last, borne down by the unremitting vigour of the stream, till they are forced to the precipice, and make the desperate plunge.

Conrad is described as one in whom the milk of human kindness had been curdled by the acerbity of his experience. Disappointment had corroded his better feelings, and oppression and deceit had

driven him to indiscriminate retaliation. The poet pourtrays his heart and temper at the time we are brought acquainted with him—but pursues,

“ Yet was not Conrad thus by Nature sent
To lead the guilty---guilt's worst instrument---
His soul was changed, before his deeds had
driven

Him forth to war with man and forfeit heaven.
Warped by the world in Disappointment's school,
In words too wise, in conduct *there* a fool;
Too firm to yield, and far too proud to stoop,
Doom'd by his very virtues for a dupe,
He cursed those virtues as the cause of ill,
And not the traitors who betrayed him still;
Nor deemed that gifts bestowed on better men
Had left him joy, and means to give again.
Fear'd---shunn'd---belied---ere youth had lost
her force,

He hated man too much to feel remorse,
And thought the voice of wrath a sacred call,
To pay the injuries of some on all.
He knew himself a villain---but he deemed
The rest no better than the thing he seemed;
And scorned the best as hypocrites who hid
Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.
He knew himself detested, but he knew
The hearts that loathed him, crouched and
dreaded too.

Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike exempt
From all affliction and from all contempt:
His name could sadden, and his acts surprise;
But they that feared him dared not to despise:
Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake
The slumbering venom of the folded snake.”

Still was not every sentiment of ten-

derness eradicated from the bosom of Conrad. His love for Madora, was ardent, delicate, exclusive. To her he was all gentleness. Before her he stifled every pang that racked his thoughts, and even assumed a cheerfulness foreign to his nature. The intensity of his affection for her, was proportionate to his detestation of the mass of mankind; and such as phlegmatic philanthropists cannot comprehend. It is this single trait—his sensibility to female loveliness, his fidelity, his devotedness, to her whose faith he had received, that redeems him from the vile;—

“ He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.”

Whether one so steeped in guilt, so imbued in blood, as Conrad, *could* retain such fervor and purity of passion, conjoined with such scrupulousness of respect and deference for the one object of his devotion, may, indeed, be doubted;—yet *if* it were so, it cannot be denied that he is, in one regard, entitled to our reverence and admiration. We do not the less esteem the solitary flower that blows on the barren waste, for the sterility that surrounds it,—we probably prize it dearer than if it bloomed in the gaudy *parterre*.
E.

ART. 3. *A Sketch of the Botany of South-Carolina and Georgia.* By STEPHEN ELLIOTT, Esq. &c. &c. Charleston. 1817. 5 Numbers, 8vo. each of 100 pages, with some plates; to be continued.

UNDER the above unassuming title, one of the most learned and elaborate works, ever published in the United States, on Natural Sciences, is making its appearance: being at the same time the first botanical work, written in our country, in which, original, accurate and complete descriptions of our indigenous plants, are given in our vernacular language and on scientific principles. The modesty of its author can only be equalled by his talents; and the multiplicity of his discoveries and researches, by the happy manner in which he conveys to us the knowledge of their results. We have not often the opportunity to witness such a worthy association; and we feel proud in this instance to have it in our power to delineate some of its features. We, therefore, avail ourselves of it at an early period, and before the completion of the work, since the parts before us afford a fair specimen of the whole; and we entertain no doubt

that the remainder, which is in forwardness, will appear in a state of improvement rather than otherwise.

We had perceived with pleasure some late attempts to convey the botanical knowledge of our plants, in the English language: in Pursh's *Flora of North America*, and in the translation of the *Flora of Louisiana*, although the generic and specific characters are given in Latin, the old classical language of Botany, yet the occasional descriptions and observations are in English; while in Bigelow's *Flora of Boston*, and in the *Manual of the Botany of the Northern States*, the whole is in that language; but in this last work, short definitions only are given, and in the former, mere short and often imperfect descriptions. The work before us has not only entire and complete English descriptions, but also generic and specific definitions in both languages: uniting, therefore, the advantages derived from

both modes. Local Floras may always be written, with great propriety, in the vernacular language of the country for which they are intended; while general Floras, if written in such languages, ought to have the characters of at least all new genera and species, in both languages, Latin and vernacular, as Mr. Elliott has given them; or have a separate Latin synopsis, after the manner of that for Decandolle's valuable French Flora; although the French language is, next to Latin, a classical one in Europe. These additions are required in order that the works may be read by all the botanists and men of science, of different nations, spreading thereby with rapidity individual discoveries. But if the Latin language may be dispensed with in many instances, it is not so with Latin binarian names, which are the real botanical names, common to all nations of European origin: every work neglecting them must be deemed unclassical and unworthy of notice.

The southern states are richer in vegetable productions than the northern, since they approach nearer to the tropical climates, where are the seats of luxuriant vegetation, and they enjoy a lengthened period of warm temperature, fit for the support of vegetable life. We find, accordingly, that they afford a numberless variety of brilliant flowers and conspicuous plants, which have attracted, at all periods, the notice of botanists and gardeners, most of which are peculiar to their climate, and unknown to the northern states, disappearing gradually as they advance toward the pole. There are two principal nucleus in the botany of the Atlantic states, one exists in the chain of the Alleghany mountains, from which the plants springing therefrom, extend on each side to the northward, while many are confined to the mountains towards the south: the second is to be traced on the Atlantic shore, and possesses features of the most peculiar character. Its range, wider in the south, becomes narrow towards the north, and in the New England states, it is confined to the margin of the sea-shore. An investigation of this subject would perhaps be interesting, but might lead us into remote discussions. It may, however, be safely inferred, that out of 3000 species, growing in Carolina and Georgia, only 1000 are also found north of Maryland, while the remainder are peculiar to those states, except a very few common to Virginia and Maryland. Many genera are peculiar to the southern region, and unknown north of the Poto-

mac; such as, *Zamia*, *Chamerops*, *Dionea*, *Brunnichia*, *Eriogonum*, *Boerhavia*, *Pistia*, *Epidendrum*, *Tillandsia*, *Thalia*, *Elytraria*, *Callicarpa*, *Stillingia*, *Bojaria*, *Gordonia*, &c. and many more.

Notwithstanding the exuberant luxuriance of vegetation, in Carolina, which appeared to invite the attention of European travellers and settlers at an early period, we find that its vegetable treasures have not begun to be collected and investigated, until long after those of the more northern states; which may partly be accounted for, by the later settlement of the country, and the unhealthy state of the climate. Catesby appears to be the first who, nearly a century ago, began to explore that state for natural productions, and he has figured many trees and shrubs, together with some plants, in his great work on the birds and animals of Carolina, &c.; but the imperfect state of natural sciences in his time, render his unmeaning descriptions, obsolete names, and inaccurate figures, of little use at present, except as historical references. Garden and Bartram visited that country after him; but few of their discoveries were published, and a long period elapsed before Walter, who had resided a long time in Carolina, published, in London, his Flora of that state. His work was in Latin, and in the Linnaean style, containing a vast number of new plants, most of which were, however, so concisely characterised, that they could hardly be distinguished from their congeners; the existence of many was even doubted; but Mr. Elliott has since had the honour to confirm nearly all Walter's discoveries. Walter had also many new genera which were fully characterised; but for which he had not the ability to frame names! ushering them under the the term of *anonyma*. The consequence has been that they have been named by other botanists, who have reaped all the honour, since the name of the author of a new genus, is only affixed to it, when it is introduced into the nomenclature by receiving a botanical name, and a good one. Michaux resided likewise, at different times, in Carolina, and has published his discoveries in his General Flora of the United States. Many other travellers, such as, Fraser, Lyon, Englen, Kin, Nuttall, &c. have visited South-Carolina and Georgia, and their discoveries have been partly published by Lamark, Sims, and Pursh. This last author having never visited those states, is very deficient and inaccurate in the enumeration of southern plants, included in his Flora of North America.

which renders still more valuable the additions which Mr. Elliott has been able to make to our knowledge of southern botany. These additions, exclusive of the many restored plants of Walter, amount to more than we could have anticipated, and will certainly claim the best attention of all the botanists, not only at home, but in Europe likewise.

Mr. Elliott appears to have received considerable aid from many gentlemen residing in South-Carolina and Georgia: we were not aware that there existed so many zealous botanists and amateurs in those states; we hail the intelligence with high gratification; and feel a pleasure in the expectation, that this work is likely to extend the taste for the blooming objects of botanical science; a science which is continually unfolding the secret stores of divine wisdom; which nurses the best sentiments of the heart, and is constantly supplying means to increase our comforts and relieve our wants.

Among these generous contributors, we ought to notice particularly Mr. Laconte, one of our ablest botanists, who has visited all the Atlantic states, and whose labours and discoveries will soon be published in a Botanical Synopsis, upon the construction of which he has been engaged for many years: Dr. Baldwin, who has studied with attention the plants of Georgia: the late Drs. Brickell and Macbride, whose extensive acquirements have thrown much light on many natural subjects; (this latter gentleman particularly, has communicated many valuable notices on the medical properties of some plants;) Lewis de Schweinitz of North-Carolina, and many other gentlemen of South-Carolina and Georgia, such as Messrs. Herbemont, Jackson, Oemler, Pinkney, Moulins, Bennet, Green, Habersham, &c. Mr. Elliott had also kept up a regular correspondence with the late R. D. Henry Muhlenberg of Lancaster, and has acquired, by a communication of specimens with him, a perfect knowledge of the results of his unpublished labours, many of which appear now, for the first time, in this work, although they had been enumerated in Muhlenberg's Catalogue, but not described.

We have the first five numbers of this work before us, which include, from the class Monandria to the class Decandria, or about one third part of the whole labour, and contain nearly 1000 species, whereof more than 120 are new species, unnoticed by Pursh, and described for the first time in this work. Several new genera are also introduced here for the first

time, at which rate the whole work will add about 25 new genera and nearly 400 new species, to the actual knowledge of American botany, rather more than were added by the Flora of Pursh, to which this work is superior in almost every point of view. Among the new species described in these five numbers, 14 had been already named by Muhlenberg in his Catalogue; 3 have been discovered by Dr. Baldwin; 4 by Mr. Laconte; some by Dr. Macbride and Mr. Lyon; while nearly 100 have been discovered, determined, described and named by Mr. Elliott himself. These new species belong to the following genera: Gratiola 3, N. Sp. Lindernia 1, Micranthemum 1, Utricularia 4, Lycopus 2, Salvia 2, Collinsonia 2, Erianthus 2, Xyris 2, Rhynchospora 4, Cyperus 4, Mariscus 1, Scirpus 9, Dichromena 1, Paspalum 3, Panicum 20, Agrostis 3, Poa 6, Aristida 3, Andropogon 5, Aira 2, Uniola 1, Eleusine 1, Houstonia 1, Ludwigia 4, Villarsia 1, Hottonia 1, Phlox 1, Lysimachia 1, Ophiorhiza 1, Sabbatia 2, Viola 1, Asclepias 3, Hydrolea 1, Eryngium 2, Hydrocotyle 2, Ammi 1, Sium 2, Drosera 1, Tillandsia 1, Pontederia 1, Allium 1, Juneus 3, Rumex 1, Tofieldia 1, Trillium 2, Rhexia 1, Polygonum 1, Baptisia 1, Cassia 1, Andromeda 1.

Besides the above material addition of new species, we find that many genera contain the descriptions of a great number of species, becoming almost complete monographies of said genera; among those we shall mention the following genera: Panicum, which contains 45 species! Gratiola 3, Utricularia 9, Collinsonia 7, Cyperus 24, Scirpus 31, Paspalum 11, Andropogon 12, Poa 19, Ludwigia 15, Phlox 17, Asclepias 18, Trillium 9, Andromeda 16, &c.

The new genera will deserve our particular attention, since they become the types of the most important collective aggregate of individuals, which derive their name and characteristic features from them. They are scattered in the following order.

Lachnanthes. Mr. Elliott gives this new name to the *Heritiera* of Gmelin and Michaux, or *Dilatris* of Persoon and Pursh, which he proves to be distinct from the last genus, while the former denomination has now changed its object: the *Convolvulus* of Pursh, or rather *Lophiola* of Bot. Mag. is quite different from it, by the double number of stamina.

Aulaxanthus. Triandria digynia. Flowers in panicles. Calyx 2 valved, 1 flowered; valves equal furrowed. Corolla bivalve, valves nearly equal. A. N. G.

differing from *Panicum* by the furrowed calyx and absence of an accessory valve. The type of it is the *Phalaris villosa* of Michaux, which Elliot calls *A. ciliatus*, and to which he adds a second species *A. rufus*.

Monocera. Triandria digynia. Flowers lateral. Calyx 3 valved multiflore, valves awned below the summit. Herm. fl. Corolla 2 valved, unequal; the exterior valve awned below the summit. Neut. fl. Corolla 2 valved unawned. This N. G. is intermediate between *Eleusine* and *Chloris*: it is formed upon the *Chloris monostachya* of Lin. but the name is erroneous, there being already a genus of univalve shells called by a similar name by Larmark, &c. It must, therefore, be changed into *Triatherus*, meaning three bristles, since the calyx or glume has so many: the specific name will be *T. aromaticus*.

Lyonia. Pentandria digynia. Pollen masses 10 smooth pendulous. Staminal crown 5 leaved, the leaves flat erect. Stigma conical 2 cleft. Corolla 1 petal, campanulate. Follicles smooth. This N. G. is formed upon the *Ceropegia palustris* of Pursh, or *Cynanchum angustifolium* of Muhlenberg. The name happens to be as erroneous as the above, upon two evident principles: 1. because it is almost identical in sound with the genus *Allionia*; 2. because a genus was already dedicated to Mr. Lyon, in 1808, by Rafinesque, in the Medical Repository, formed of the *Polygonella* of Michaux, (also erroneous in name) which he has since rendered exact by calling it *Lyonella*. This genus might therefore be dedicated to the late worthy Dr. Macbride, and called *Macbridea*: specific name *M. maritima*.

Acerates. Differing from *Asclepias* by having no appendage in the auricles or crown. A similar name had been given previously by Persoon to a different genus: this, therefore, which ought perhaps to be a mere subgenus of *Asclepias*, must receive the name of *Acerotis*, meaning auricles without horns: the *A. viridiflora* of Rafinesque and Pursh may be united to it.

Podostigma. Corpuscle on a pedicel, pollen masses 10, &c. smooth, pendulous. Staminal crown 5 leaved, leaves compressed. Corolla campanulate, follicles smooth. Formed with the *Asclepias viridis* and *A. pedicellata* of Walter. A good name.

Lepuropetalon. Pentandria trigynia. Calyx 5 parted. Petals 5, resembling scales inserted on the calyx. Capsul free near the summit, 1 celled 3 valved. Next

to *Turnera* and scarcely distinct from it, the ovary is probably free altogether and covered by the base of the calyx at its base. Muhlenberg had united this genus with *Pyxidanthera*, which was wrong, since it has scarcely any affinity with it. The name of *Lepuropetalon* is rather too long, being in the same predicament with *Symphoricarpos*, *Anapodophyllum*, which have been shortened. This might, therefore, be shortened into *Petalepis*, which has the same meaning.

Monotropsis. Schweinitz. Decandria monogynia. Calyx 5 leaved, leaves upright hooded, base unguiculate-gibbose. Corolla monopetal campanulated fleshy quinquefid. Nectary quinquefid. Stamina 10, a pair between each angle of the nectary. Ovary 5 gone, 1 style, stigma 5 valved.—This new genus, which has been discovered in North-Carolina, by Mr. Schweinitz, belongs to the same natural family than the genera *Monotropa* and *Hypopythis*, notwithstanding the monopetalous corolla, since the stamens are not inserted thereon. The name given by the discoverer being objectionable, Mr. Elliott proposes to substitute therefor the name of *Schweinitzea*, which, we trust, will be acceded to. It contains only one species, *S. odorata*, which has the smell of the violet, the habit of *Monotropa*, aggregated flowers of a whitish red colour, &c.

Mr. Elliott might have established several other new genera, and he has, in some instances, intimated the propriety of it; but a timidity, too general among the botanists of the strict Linnæan school, has prevented him from executing what he considered advisable. The following axiom ought to become a botanical rule: *All the species differing generically from their supposed congeners, must form separate genera*, since it flows from the evident botanical laws, that, *a genus is a collection of consimilar species*, and that *consimilar objects are to be united, while dissimilar objects are to be divided*. The multiplicity of genera, far from being contrary to the correct principles of the science, as some botanists have wrongly conceived, is conducive to the gradual improvement of it, since it takes place only when new observations of characters prove the necessity of such an increase.

The shape and style of the whole work is strictly Linnæan; but in the synoptical view of the genera belonging to each class, they are deprived of their definitions, which is, perhaps, an oversight, but an objectionable one. The characters of the genera are only synoptical, they are

given in Latin and English, as well as those of the species; a selection of synonymes follows them, next a complete English description is given of all the species which the author has seen, and they are by far the greatest number. Many valuable observations are added, including their native situations and soils; times of blossoming; vulgar names; medical and economical properties, &c. Among these properties several are entitled to notice, some are new, and many have been communicated by Dr. Macbride, &c. We deem worthy of attention those belonging to the following species.

Salvia lyrata,
Tris versicolor,
Spigelia marilandica,
Convolvulus macrorhizon,
Lobelia inflata,
Gonolobus macrophyllus,
Chenopodium anthelminthicum,
Acorus calamus, &c.

The classification of this work is also Linnæan, without scarcely any variation. We regret exceedingly this general infatuation for the absurd sexual system, which is as yet prevalent in our country; however, it may be considered as an imperfect alphabet, competent for those who are acquainted with its principles and anomalies. No reference to natural affinities is made in this work; but as it is rather a species than a genera plantarum, the deficiency is less remarkable in this instance.

While a servile adherence is shown to the erroneous Linnæan systematical classification, notwithstanding its defects were well known to its author, and probably to Mr. Elliott himself, and ought to claim the serious consideration of all botanical writers, many of whom have been led thereby to reject it altogether, and supersede it by the real natural principles of classification and botanical affinities;—while we must blame such a blind compliance with errors long ago detected, our astonishment increases when we observe, that a deviation from the wise and correct Linnæan rules of nomenclature, is in some instances adopted. Certainly, if our writers will follow the steps of Linnæus, whether right or wrong, as some philosophers of yore used to follow the principles of Aristotle or Zeno, to the exclusion of any other, and sometimes even against the dictates of common sense, let them at least be consistent in their principles, and tread steadily in the footsteps of their adopted school. But to deviate from its correct principles, while they adhere to

those that are evidently erroneous, is certainly absurd. They do not consider that those errors in nomenclature, are generally adopted upon the authority of some eminent botanists, who, convinced of the blunders of the Linnæan sexual system, were often led thereby, and somewhat hastily, to condemn even his admirable principles of nomenclature. We hope, that, in future, our botanists will attend to this dilemma, and for the sake of consistency at least, will either adopt or reject altogether the Linnæan principles; although we advise them by all means, if they would improve the science, to adopt more correct principles, and exercising a careful discrimination, endeavour to reject errors and adopt truths, whether they originate with Linnæus or any body else.

We notice the following deviations from the Linnæan rules, in the numbers before us.

The generic name of *Arundinaria* Michaux, formed from the previous genus *Arundo*, is adopted instead of *Miegia*, which was properly substituted by Persoon.

Spartina, which is derived from *Spartium*, is adopted instead of *Limnetis* or *Trachynotia*; this last appears the best.

Centaurella, derived from *Centaurea*, is adopted instead of *Bartonia*, a former and better name.

Polygonatum, derived from *Polygonum*, instead of *Arillaria*.

Smilacina, derived from *Smilax*, instead of *Sigillaria* or *Mayanthus*.

Onosmodium, derived from *Onosma*, is adopted instead of *Osmodium*.

Catalpa, including *Talpa*, instead of *Catalpium*, &c. besides

Monotropsis, which, however, is proposed to be superseded by the name of *Schweinitzea*.

The absurd name of *Ammyrsine* Pursh, is however rejected for the previous and better name of *Leiophyllum* Persoon: while the posterior name of *Syena* Schreber, is adopted instead of the first name *Mayaca* Aublet; both being equally good, it would appear that the first ought to have claimed the preference.

A variety of specific observations and important synonymes are scattered through the whole; some changes in the nomenclature of species, appear to have been requisite, which are often proper; yet objections might be made to some: we shall notice here a few instances, and add some miscellaneous remarks.

The *Statice caroliniana* of Walter, is quite a peculiar species, which we have seen growing as far north as Long-Island,

it is here blended again with the *St. limonium* of Europe, which is totally different.

The *Salvia verbenaca* of Muhlenberg, &c. is properly introduced as a new species, under the name of *S. claytoni*.

Houstonia cerulea var. *minor*. is made a N. Sp. *H. patens*.

The genus *Pyxidanthra* is united with *Diapensia* in imitation of Pursh, &c. but it appears to differ essentially by the insertion of the stamina in the sinus of the corolla, &c.

Hottonia palustris of Pursh, is properly made a N. Sp. under the name of *H. inflata*.

The *Convolvulus tenellus* of Lin. and Elliott, is evidently a peculiar genus, having a 4 celled capsul, 2 cleft style, 2 globose stigmas, and a 10 toothed corolla: we propose to call it *Stylisma*, meaning cleft style. The essential distinction between the genera *Ipomea* and *Convolvulus*, far from residing in the shape of the stigma, which affords quite a secondary character, does consist in the capsul, the *Ipomea* having a three celled one, and the *Convolvulus*, a two celled one.

Atropa physaloides does not belong to that genus, but to the genus *Nicandra*.

Rhamnus minutiflorus of Mich. Pursh and Elliott, belongs probably to the genus *Cassine*.

Ceanothus perennis of Pursh, adopted by Elliott, is the *C. herbaceous* of Rafinesque, a previous name.

Viola clandestina of Pursh, is totally different from the *V. rotundifolia* of Michaux: we have seen both.

Collinsonia anisata belongs to the genus *Hypogon* of the Florula ludoviciana, having 4 fertile stamina.

Gratiola acuminata Walt. and Ell. must form a new genus, intermediate between *Gratiola* and *Herpestis*, having the corolla of the former and the stamina of the latter: it may be called *Endopogon*, meaning bearded within.

The author of the *Asclepias quadrifolia* is Jacquin, unnoticed by Elliott.

The American *Hydrocotyle vulgaris* of Mich. and Pursh, which we had long ago observed to be different from the European plant bearing the same name, is here named *H. interrupta* with Muhlenberg.

The genus *Sarothra* is correctly introduced again; but all the species of the *G. Hypericum*, with a monolocular capsul must be united to it; the character of the genus laying in the capsul, not in the stamina.

The genus *Baptisia* of Ventenat is adopted for all the North American species of the genus *Podalyria*.

The genus *Elliotia* of Muhlenberg, is adopted and described, being next to *Clethra*, &c. &c.

We have gone through this work with the utmost gratification. We feel proud that our country may now boast of such an enlightened and accurate botanist as Mr. Elliott. His labours entitle him to be ranked with some of the best European writers, and having been directed towards one of the least explored quarters of the U. S. they have greatly benefitted the science which he cultivates. This we venture to assert notwithstanding the systematical school which he follows, and the occasional errors and oversights in which he may be detected, but which are scarcely separable from extensive labours. We shall be happy to see the conclusion of this valuable and classical work, which certainly deserves better the name of *Flora*, than *Walter's*. It shall be our duty to notice the further discoveries which it may convey; and we feel inclined to believe that the remainder will equal if not exceed the former parts, as it is very likely that the author will improve as he proceeds, and the corrections of errors and omissions may probably be thrown together in the shape of a supplement.

C. S. R.

ART. 4. *The Resources of the United States of America*. By JOHN BRISTED, Counsellor at Law, Author of *the Resources of the British Empire*. New-York. James Eastburn & Co. 8vo. pp. 500.

THE author has entered upon a most extensive field, embracing, among other topics, all the great branches of industry in the United States; agriculture, commerce, manufactures, together with the diversified subjects of political economy. In what manner he has performed the task assumed will be shortly seen.

On the subject of manufactures, there

is found a coarseness of remark, a severity of animadversion, united with a reprehensible carelessness of observation, in some respects, which entitle that division of the book to particular notice.

The multiplication of manufactures in the United States, during the late war, to meet the necessary demands of the country and the public service, will be recor-

lected by all. The effect of the peace, the influx of British goods at prices unprecedentedly low, followed by the astonishing rise of the raw material of cotton, produced a state of things as distressing to the American manufacturer, as it was flattering to his foreign rival. High raised hopes were dashed to the ground; ruin came upon many, embarrassment upon all. The prospect of ruin to American manufactures was hailed, in the British parliament, as auspicious to English interests, and as yielding a sufficient compensation for the sacrifice and loss on the sales of goods sent out to America.

In this fallen condition, our manufacturers petitioned congress for relief. In 1816 it was granted; not by a *prohibition of foreign goods*, nor by bounties, nor premiums, but in the form of *protecting duties*; that is to say, by increasing the import duty on such articles as come in competition with the manufactures of the country.

In what manner Mr. Bristed has treated the distresses of our manufacturers, and what terms he has applied to their petitions to congress, will appear from the following extracts from his book. "This society (the American Society for encouraging manufactures) is continually beseeching and besieging congress to *exclude all foreign goods from the United States*, and give them a monopoly of the American market." p. 55.

"Their standing committees and *eternal clamour* about the dignity of patriotism, and the necessity of not depending on foreign nations for articles of use and convenience, are always an overmatch for the yeoman," &c. p. 56.

"Whether or not the general government is to be borne down by this *incessant clamour*, and sacrifice the interests of all the rest of the community to those of a very small portion of that community, remains yet to be seen." p. 57.

Whether this be good or bad writing, all will agree that it is writing very much like an Englishman; something like those agents of English houses, scattered through all our seaports, always true to the interests of British manufacturers, and, occasionally, condescending to enlighten unlettered Americans on the interests of the country and the duty of the government.

But to the point;—are the facts assumed by this writer, and charged upon our manufacturers and the government, true? It will, by and by, be shown, that both the government of the union, and almost all the distinguished statesmen of the United States, have concurred, and

by an unparalleled unanimity of opinion, in the encouragement which has been given to manufactures, by protecting duties. Our manufacturers stand charged by Mr. Bristed with "*besieging congress to exclude all foreign goods from the United States*." The subject, a great branch of national industry; the occasion, writing a book for the information of the public; the serious charge upon a great class of respectable individuals, all conspired to impose on the writer the utmost care and regard to the facts, on which he has bestowed such undistinguishing, such heightened censure.

It is confidently believed, that Mr. Bristed will not be able to discover in the files, or journals of congress, a solitary petition of manufacturers to warrant the above charge. On no occasion is an exemption from the common obligation of speaking the truth, even of an enemy, to be conceded. But some indulgence is due to a zeal, a crusading zeal, in which the writer, losing himself, is insensibly transported beyond knowledge and the ordinary restraint of discretion.

It is true, that manufacturers did ask of congress a prohibition of the importation of India cottons, (which are, mostly, of an unsubstantial fabric, and comparatively, of little value,) but here they stopt as to prohibition. Had congress followed the example of Great Britain, Holland, and France, the prohibition would have been adopted; but a different course prevailed, and the manufacturers submitted.

When the East India Company poured into Great Britain their cotton goods, about the year 1786, in the manner they have recently done into the United States, the manufacturers of England took the alarm, and resorted to parliament, representing that they could not stand the competition; that the manufactories of the country would be crushed in the contest. A prohibition to sales of India cottons in the country was readily adopted. Congress have not gone so far, but have left the American manufacturer to struggle in the competition with India goods, subject however to an increased duty on the importation; and yet our author finds pretexts to censure the encouragement afforded American manufactures.

It is feared Mr. Bristed will be found, in his zeal, equally unfortunate in his imputation to manufacturers of "*incessant clamours*," to induce congress to *sacrifice the interest of all the rest of the community to that of a very small portion of that community*.

In the leading memorial of manufactur-

ers to Congress, recently published in the *Evening Post*, and several other papers, the following language is holden.

"Before we proceed further, and at the very threshold, we disclaim all legislative patronage, or favor to any particular class or branch of industry, at the expense of the other classes in community. We ask of congress the adoption of no measure for the relief of manufacturers, which is not deemed consistent with sound national policy, and the best interests of the United States at large!"

Had Mr. Bristed's book been written in a distant English factory, and by one who had never seen the United States, it could not have shown greater ignorance of the sentiments and conduct of American manufacturers, or a greater disposition to misrepresent them.

The reader will not fail to witness, in going over Mr. Bristed's tirade, the liberal use of the terms, "*monopoly*," "*bounties*," "*prohibiting duties*," &c. applied to the protection afforded manufactures. If the object be to alarm community, by a bug-bear exhibition, and excite popular prejudice against manufactures, it is believed the good sense and sober judgment of the American yeomanry, will be an overmatch for such an artifice. There is nothing to be found in the acts of congress, for the protection of manufactures, to warrant the application of the above terms, and the same is, in Mr. Bristed, an affronting abuse of language. To make an outcry of *mad-dog*, in order to point hostility and run down the victim of pursuit, is a vulgar artifice, as unbecoming the office assumed by Mr. Bristed, as it is inconsistent with a professed "brief outline," to descend to a slanderous attack upon the whole body of manufacturers.

A radical error pervades all the essays against manufacturers, in supposing them a distinct class, and this for the purpose of charging them with conspiring against the rest of community. Let it be never lost sight of, that in the United States are to be found no great manufacturing towns, no separate class of manufacturers; on the contrary, as it respects the particular subjects of the recent protection, farmers, merchants, professional men vest their surplus income in manufactories, and the workmen are the servants or hired labourers of the company. Such, with few exceptions, will be found to be the actual condition and proprietorship of the recently established manufactories of the United States.

Hence the "*incessant clamour*," (to use the language of our author,) against the

manufacturers of the country, as a distinct class, is seen in a just light, as the offspring of palpable error, or masked hostility, tending to subvert American and subserve foreign interests.

This writer pays a sorry compliment to the enlightened farmers and planters of the United States, composing nine-tenths of the whole population of the country, and their more enlightened representatives in congress, in supposing them in need of the counsels of a meddling foreigner, to detect, and guard them against the conspiracy of their own manufacturers. But who, and where, are the monsters against whom this modern Hercules raises so high his club? Who are these enemies of the public good, who solicit, and who are they who bestow protection on manufactures? It is answered, the society for the protection of American manufactures, whose president and vice-president are among our most distinguished citizens; a society which numbers among its members three, if not four, successive presidents of the United States; two different congresses, who in 1816 and 1818, passed these denounced protecting statutes, by majorities, rarely to be found in their annals, on great national subjects of so much feeling,—by a majority, in the first instance, of between 30 and 40, in the House of Representatives, and in the last, of 106 to 34; and in the Senate, by an almost unanimous vote.

Manufacturers saw, with pride, among other great men, Rufus King, distinguished as the statesman without reproach, the advocate of those bills. Here is enough to teach this writer a lesson of moderation in bestowing censure on the much and long abused manufacturers of the country. The fallen condition of that class, struggling against foreign rivalry, might have been expected to disarm hostility, how strongly soever excited by foreign partialities. A decent respect to the memorable report of secretary Hamilton, so highly eulogised by Mr. Bristed, containing the most conclusive answers to every objection, which ever has been, or probably can be, raised to the protection of manufactures, might also have been expected to restrain the licentiousness of our author's pen. Mr. Bristed is invited to bestow a few hours on that report, and, in the next edition of his book, favour the public with a refutation of the arguments in that report, hitherto deemed unanswerable, or retract his charges against manufactures. For, let it be remembered, that the protection of manufactures has not been carried so far as

that report would warrant. The author, to justify his opinion against yielding protection to manufactures, misapplies a principle in political economy, which would leave *the various branches of industry to their own course, to find their level* in the competition for public patronage. To the well established branches of business, the rule has a qualified application, but to new establishments, requiring improved skill and capital, and having to contend against the rivalry and hostility of old establishments, it has no application. On this point, and the indispensable necessity of encouragement from government in such case, reference is made to the above report, and to sir James Stewart.

British manufactories were reared, at first, against the rivalry of the previous establishments on the continent, by the liberal aid of the government, and they have attained their present exalted ascendancy, under the continued fostering care of government, watching with Argus-eyes, and repressing with the whole weight of its influence, the first efforts at manufacturing elsewhere. The great Chatham, the friend of America, was alive with jealousy to the first attempt of the colonies to manufacture for themselves. (See his Speech on the Address to the Throne, in 1770.) So far did that government, at an early day, carry their protection of domestic industry, as to enact the penalty of burning cloth found not to be wholly of British material and fabric.

The nation, instead of relaxing in this policy, exults in its success. *To manufacture for all, and receive manufactures from none, is a maxim as sacred as Magna Charta.* Mr. B. consoles the country with the prospect of foreign markets for agricultural produce, to pay for imported goods. This hope is delusive. With the exception of the cotton districts, the balance of trade, since the peace, is believed to be greatly against the United States. Our wheat and flour, exported during the last year, which swells to so flattering an amount at the custom-house, were sold at such a loss in England as to involve very many of the shippers in ruin. The custom-house valuation, when the article goes to a bad market, is very fallacious.

The effect of manufactories on the health and morals of those concerned in them, is known to be greatly exaggerated, at least as to those manufactories of cotton and wool, which were the particular objects of protection in the late tariff of duties. The sites of our manufactories are mostly in the country; the buildings are spacious, and whoever visits

them, it is believed, will find the children, (who are nine-tenths of the number employed,) in health and appearance greatly superior to the ordinary poor of the country. In Scotland, and on the continent of Europe, manufactures are carried greatly beyond any thing in the United States, and we are not conscious of any evidence to warrant the opinion, that the health or morals of those concerned have been essentially injured. It is not improbable that the peculiar nature of some manufactures, carried on in the crowded population of great manufacturing towns in England, may prove injurious to health; but the effects, even there, are believed to be exaggerated; and Espriella's book is said to answer to Cotton's definition of an ambassador, *one sent abroad to fib for the good of his country.* The steady object of British politicians, the world over, is to deter others from manufacturing.

Mr. B. sees every thing with a jaundiced eye, American goods are of a very *bad quality.* That, in the infancy of our establishments, some badly manufactured goods should be found, was to be expected, but in many of the woollen, and in all of the cotton establishments, goods are manufactured of superior quality and durability to imported goods of the same kind. American shirtings are known to find a ready market in the Canadas, being preferred to British shirtings. As to price, they are sold in New-York at something less than 20 cents per yard. Can Mr. B. believe that the British artisans, pouring in upon us in a steady current of emigration, cannot spin, dress, and finish cloths as well here, as they did on the other side of the Atlantic? But the author objects that "the wages of labour in the United States are at least one hundred per cent. higher than in England, and quadruple those of France." The misfortune of this argument is, that it proves too much, if it proves any thing. If the United States cannot compete with England, because wages are double here, how can England, possibly, stand in the competition with France, when her wages treble the wages of France. What escape will Mr. B. find? Though wages are higher in the United States, yet this consideration is counterbalanced, in some degree, by the superior cheapness of sites for establishments, water privileges to move machinery, instead of expensive steam engines, and other advantages, which, when the multiplied charges on foreign importations are brought into the scale, leave to the American manufacturer nothing to fear in the ordinary

course of trade. The last three years has been a period of trial and suffering. The manufacturer has had to encounter unprecedented importations, constantly passing under the hammer, and, at times, for a sum less than half the first costs. Our author is of opinion, that the population of the United States is not sufficient to justify the country's embarking in manufactures. Were New-England, whose soil is incapable of subsisting her growing population, to consult Mr. B. on the means of retaining and subsisting that population, at home, which is daily emigrating to the west, what answer would he give? The answer given by the treatises on population, is, *open new channels of industry, new sources of subsistence*; in other words, introduce and extend manufactures. By such a course only can that, and some other districts of the United States, avoid falling into comparative insignificance in the scale of the union.

In this contest, carried on between the friends of American, and the advocates of foreign manufactures, the latter have almost uniformly mistated the question, and the grounds of governmental protection of manufactures. The friends of domestic manufactures are constantly charged with the design of introducing the Chinese system of forcing manufactures, and coercing the country with establishments of all descriptions. This charge has been made, and, in some instances, from the worst of motives, to excite hostility against our own, and continue old, and, with some, invincible attachments, to foreign fabrics. But the petitions of manufacturers, and the very extract given by Mr. Bristed, from the president's speech, refute and put to silence this calumny;—the whole ground of application being limited to *upholding the establishments, which the late war gave rise to, and the extensive capital invested in them.* Mr. Bristed has adopted the above course of warfare.

The friends of American manufactures are truly unfortunate, in being either misrepresented, or misunderstood, as to almost all that has been done on the subject, and especially as to the extent of the

protection, or duty on imported goods. Many will be surprised to find the whole protection to consist in a duty, which is less, with the exception of coarse India cottons, than the duty on many other imported articles, which do not come at all into competition with domestic manufactures, the articles not being produced in the United States. The specific duties are particularly referred to. The original duty on woollen and cottons was particularly light, owing to the state of the country, then, without manufactures of that nature. Hence the raising of the duty to its present amount, though still less than on other articles, has been felt much more than it otherwise would have been. It is believed to be an incontrovertible fact, that the increase of duty has not increased the price of goods, and that goods have continued lower, under the duty, to this day, than at any other period.

We have not leisure, at present, to follow Mr. Bristed over the whole ground which he has pretended to survey. The specimens we have given of his arrogance of assertion and his ignorance of facts, will enable our readers to form a tolerably just idea of the general merit of his work. There are, indeed, some correct opinions expressed on subjects which do not excite the author's national or political prejudices,—but where these come into view, he betrays the veriest bigotry. On the whole, Mr. Bristed's book may be safely read, and possibly with some advantage, by those who know how to estimate the value of his remarks and the force of his reasoning, and who are able, from their own knowledge, to rectify his errors, and to supply his deficiencies;—but it is by no means to be relied on, as an authentic source of information, by those who are unacquainted with the subjects of which it treats. A foreigner will learn, for example, from Mr. Bristed, that *Ohio* is a *ship-building* state,—but he is not told, by Mr. Bristed, that naval architecture is understood or practised, in New-England, or New-York!

T. R.

ART. 5. *Purity of Heart, or Woman as she should be. An Interesting Tale. By an Old Wife of Twenty Years.* New-York: Kirk & Mercein, James Eastburn & Co. William Gilley, Collins & Co. and Thomas A. Ronalds. 12mo. pp. 189.

IT is no slight objection to this work, that, in itself, it is wholly unintelligible, and that in order to understand its scope, it is requisite to peruse one of the

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most senseless, insipid, and contemptible productions in our language—the novel of *Glenarvon*. And it is no little mortification, after having submitted to this pe-

nance, to discover that so much labour has been wasted, and that this satirical effusion is but an abortive attempt to exaggerate absurdity. Lest, however, some of our readers, through a foolish inquisitiveness, should doom themselves to the task which duty imposed upon us, we will imbody, in as few words as possible, our recollections of the nonsensical story, which the volume before us is designed to ridicule.

Lady Calantha Delaval, the heroine of Glenarvon, was the daughter of the duke of Altamonte, and was betrothed, at an early age, to her cousin William Buchanan, son of lady Margaret Buchanan, the duke's sister. Lady Margaret had resided much in Italy, and on her return to Ireland, was accompanied by a number of *Cecisbeos*, who were desperately enamoured of this dowager coquette. Among these *inamoratos* was a young man, who passed by the name of the count Viviani. He was almost the only one of lady Margaret's wooers who did not enjoy her favours. She availed herself, nevertheless, of his devotion, to instigate him to destroy the infant son of the duke, her brother, that her own child might be the nearest male heir to the honours of the house of Altamonte. Yet she recompensed this service by no relaxation of her austerity, towards her pining swain. Cheated of his stipulated reward, Viviani vowed vengeance,—but the progress of the tale requires that he should lie for a while, *perdue*. About the time, which had been allotted for the marriage of Calantha and her cousin Buchanan, the earl of Avondale made his appearance at castle Delaval. He was young, gallant, and withal a soldier. Calantha, who was the child of romance, was soon captivated by his beauty and high-bearing. He was not insensible to her charms. After numerous trials, inclination prevailed over policy—and Avondale and Calantha were united. For a few years they resided in the country, absorbed in each other and mutually delighted. A girl and a boy crowned and cemented their affection. Lord Avondale was all indulgence, and Calantha was pleased to be a *pet*.

Lord Avondale and his bride, at last, launched into the dissipations of London. The levity of lady Calantha soon made her the subject of general remark. But though fond of adulation, and gratified with notoriety, she did not so far forget herself as to stoop to actual vice. She passed through the ordeal of a winter in London, with as little detriment to her reputation, as is commonly suffered, and probably,

with less to her virtue than is usually sustained. Lady Calantha and her spouse, in the course of a year or two, revisited castle Delaval. Here were collected many of her ladyship's near relations and several of her fashionable intimates. Lord Avondale's military duties called him to some distance, and his visits to the castle were rare. The whole country was rife with rumours of rebellion. The spirit of insurrection was fomented in the neighbourhood of castle Delaval, by one who assumed the title of lord Glenarvon—but whose ancestor had been attainted. On this youth the most extraordinary accounts were propagated. He was said to possess a sort of fascination, by which, in despite of a thousand crimes and the most unamiable disposition, he could attach to himself, beyond the power of resistance, any woman on whom he fixed his serpent gaze. The daughters of Sir Everard St. Clare, his brother's widow, and Elinor her lovely child, had all been inveigled by this beauteous monster, and had become the partners of his various guilt. The report of such transcendant powers of seduction, rendered all the female inhabitants of castle Delaval anxious, beyond measure, to obtain a sight of so terrible a young man. Accident first brought him to the view of Calantha, but, unconscious as she was, *who* was the object that had caught her roving glance, she felt that the impression he had made on her was *indelible*. Political considerations induced the duke of Altamonte to make overtures to the young heir of Glenarvon, and to invite him to his board. This was the commencement of an intimacy, on which Glenarvon knew how to improve. By the most refined coxcombry, he soon wrought Calantha up to the most uncontrollable passion. He practised no common arts. He was continually warning her against her weakness, and as constantly assuring her that she was fated to be his. No one, he told her, could withstand him—yet he had never been faithful to any one. He even boasted to her of his crimes, and gloried in their enormity. Still he assured her, it was her destiny to abandon herself to him, and, ultimately, to attain to the same proud superiority over the trivial precepts of vulgar morality. We cannot dwell upon such despicable and revolting cant. Yet it seems Calantha was won. All the use, however, which Glenarvon made of his triumph over her principles, was to obtain from her a few amatory letters, and to expose them to her female acquaintances. Having led her to the brink of ruin, the

heartless lover leaves her to thank him that his clemency spared her from destruction. He addicts himself to a new intrigue, and writes to her a most brutal *finale*. During the whole course of this platonic amour, the indiscretion of Calantha was a diurnal topic of reprehension at the castle—though no interruption was offered to her hourly private intercourse with a man, who, we should think, could scarcely obtain admission into any reputable family. Avondale is at last informed of Calantha's imprudences, and resolves to separate from her. He does this manfully, and announces to her his determination, without uttering a reproach. Calantha, whose affection for her husband had revived after the shock which her heart had experienced from the infidelity of Glenarvon, resolves to follow him wherever he may exile himself. She overtakes Avondale in the night, at an inn. The repulses she receives from the servants of his uncle, in whose company he is travelling, added to her fatigues of mind and body, throw her into convulsions.

Avondale is informed of her situation, and surrenders himself to the impulses of his love. He hurries to her bedside, pronounces her forgiveness,—and is satisfied of her innocence. Calantha blesses him, and dies. Glenarvon, who proves in the sequel to be *Viviani*, now wreaks his revenge on lady Margaret, whom he had made, *ad interim*, 'subservient to his desires.' He discloses to the duke of Altamonte the murder she had meditated of his son—restores to him that son, whom he had preserved, by murdering a substitute,—with his own hand, assassinates lady Margaret—embarks on board a frigate, to the command of which he had been appointed—seeks death in battle, which there eludes him—and, finally, persecuted by preternatural visions, dives into the deep, and is ingulphed.

The novel under review is the counterpart of the foregoing. Camilla Walsingham, who is ever-so-beautiful and delectable,—is the only daughter of a very wealthy family, and is sought in marriage by lord Ellesmere. Camilla listens to his suit, and returns his love. But she soon finds him violent and capricious. He is supremely selfish, and requires from her an entire relinquishment of self. Short intercourse convinces her that he is not calculated to make her happy. On this consideration, she rejects him, much to his chagrin, notwithstanding his beauty, talents and accomplishments. By the advice of her friends, she marries sir Lu-

signan Delbury, a man possessed of many amiable, but of no great qualities. Soon after her introduction into life, lord Ellesmere becomes acquainted with sir Lusignan, and is introduced into his family. He enjoys, through the listlessness of her husband, every opportunity of making his court to Camilla; he does not succeed, however, in making any undue impression upon her. But sir Lusignan, forgetful of the treasure he possesses in a virtuous and tender wife, forms a connection with a lady Carbury, a fashionable demi-rep, with whom, he shortly after elopes to France. Camilla, leaving her children in the care of her father, pursues her husband to Paris. Lord Ellesmere contrives to fall in with her, on the route, and annoys her with his visits after her arrival in that city. She discovers sir Lusignan's residence in the vicinity, and forces herself into his presence. He listens to her remonstrances and protestations—acknowledges his own fault—but recriminates by charging her with an intimacy with lord Ellesmere. The contempt and obduracy, with which she is treated, by him for whom she has endured and tempted so great sufferings, overcome the fortitude of Camilla. She returns home in a state of derangement. In this condition she is seen by lord Ellesmere, who, touched to the heart by the sight of the misery, which he had been so instrumental in producing, discards his injurious designs, and, in a letter to sir Lusignan, does ample justice to the character of his wife. This letter falls into the hands of lady Carbury, who of course suppresses it. But sir Lusignan is, not long afterwards, attacked by a malignant fever, and the apprehension of infection, together with the advances of a new lover, induces lady Carbury to desert him. She has, however, the good nature to send him lord Ellesmere's letter, and to recommend lady Delbury as a nurse. Camilla has, in the mean time, recovered from her delirium, and hearing of sir Lusignan's malady, sets forth to make another essay to approach him. On arriving at his chateau, she finds it nearly deserted,—no one daring to watch that dissolution which all considered inevitable. She comes, however, in season to avert this calamity—sir Lusignan recovers—and after his experience of his wife's truth and tenderness, becomes a most devoted and exemplary husband. A lady Calantha Limbe flourishes among the characters of the minor plot,—who forsakes her husband and children to follow 'her dear poetical De Lyra,' as she terms him, on a fresh

'pilgrimage' to Palestine. Her ladyship's speeches are transcripts of those of her namesake, lady Calantha Delaval,—and De Lyra is made a sort of epitome of Glenarvon.

So much for the plot.

Though we doubt not that the motive, which prompted the composition and publication of this volume, was pure,—we question much, whether its circulation will tend to purify the minds of those, for whose improvement it is apparently intended. Even if it do not lead to the perusal of the detestable work, which it is meant to parody, it suggests subjects of contemplation, on which it is not salutary to rumi-

nate. Innate modesty is the greatest safeguard of virtue;—and there is no more direct way of impugning this defence, than calling up discussions which involve indelicacy. We condemn, indeed, that squeamishness which takes needless alarm, but there is a boundary which it is indecent to transgress. Whether such conversations, as are recited in this novel, do actually take place amongst chaste matrons, we pretend not to say:—certain we are, however, that if they do occur, it is in the strictest privacy. That language, which it would be improper to hold in the public ear, is unfit for the public eye.

E.

ART. 6. *A Treatise on the Practice of the Court of Chancery of the State of New-York.* By D. T. BLAKE, Esq. Gould, Banks & Gould. New-York. 3vo. pp. 600.

LORD BACON declares that "one of the most hurtful devices put in practice in the delivery of knowledge, for the covering and palliating of ignorance, and the gracing and overvaluing of what men utter, is, that they use a few observations, upon any subject, to make a solemn and formal art, by filling it up with discourse, accomodating it with some circumstances and directions to practice, and digesting it into method, whereby men grow satisfied as if no more inquiry were to be made of that matter." Many books which load the shelves of professional men, are, in truth, "hurtful devices," under the head of "directions to practice"—mysterious formularies, conjured up in the "olden" time, and heedfully preserved in imperishable black letter, abridgements, commentaries, institutes, registers, and year books, thumbed by barristers, attorneys, solicitors, justices, judges, and antiquaries, for the last five centuries. No man, with intense application, can read one-fifth of this mass; and even to do that, would be rather an evidence of stupidity than application. To digest such reading is impossible: no man in his senses would attempt it. The mind is distracted with the reading which becomes necessary at the present day, to acquire a mere knowledge of attorneyship, and many students throw up in despair the study of a single book of practice. The vast number of volumes, useless volumes, in which the practice of the courts lies dispersed, require greater expense than many gentlemen can afford. The student who aspires to a high walk in his profession, who hates "the foul fiend" attorney-

ship, occupying the portals of the common law, and who does not intend to article himself for life to John Doe and Richard Roe, must wish for a reform. Every liberal lawyer is ready to renounce all allegiance to the cant and mystery of the profession. Some, indeed, may deem any innovation in this particular little better than sacrilege,—as an attempt to batter down the pillars of the whole system of jurisprudence,—the opinion of such persons, however, is not entitled to much consideration. An obliquity, communicated by professional habit, has rendered their aim untrue. In other matters—untrammelled by precedent—unprejudiced—uninterested, they may seldom miss the mark of practical utility. But in this particular, we deny their impartiality. When they shall be competent to decide fairly, we will be ready to acknowledge the authority of their decision.

The delay, inconvenience, and absurdity, attending the practice of the law in the courts of common law, are comparatively of little moment when we conceive its other evils; it narrows down that gentlemanly courtesy which ought to prevail and be characteristic of the gown,—its direct tendency is to extirpate all ingenuousness, and give place to low, contemptible cunning—to introduce superficial knowledge, high pretensions,—in a word, professional quackery. To it may be imputed that pruriency manifested by every presumptuous scrivener for professional employment—the hot-bed of chicanery grows rank under its influence, and shoots forth perennial litigation. Abolish this artificial system, and an effectual blow

is inflicted upon a tribe of unworthy men, who infest and dishonour the bar. Let the practice volumes of attorneyship be thrown down—they have no charms for genius—they repel the scrutiny of erudition—and baffle the efforts of the legal tyro. Who ever envied the fame of the most expert attorney? What eminent lawyer does not confess his repugnance to the trammels of practice? Unlike other branches of science,—neither reason nor utility recommend the study of the *arcana* of legal tactics. Many men, who never were intended for physicians, are pleased with the study of medicine,—laymen, skilled in polemic divinity, have become so from motives of curiosity or zeal;—but who ever heard of the physician, divine, or private gentleman mustering courage to con the pages of folios invented, for the edification of practising attorneys in the courts of king's bench and common pleas? The absurd practice of our courts has created a distinct class of men, who rely wholly for subsistence upon the law's delay—who are grossly ignorant of every principle of jurisprudence, and, indeed, whose mode of professional business seldom requires the application of legal learning. Many have been admitted at the bar, to whom that honour was altogether unexpected at first, and whose original employment had been to run on errands, and keep free from dust the pleadings of their masters,—without talents, education, or manners, they drew largely upon accident and impudence, and having got the knack of indenting a deed and affixing a seal,—all at once they rose buoyant to the sphere of civilians and advocates. Seven years apprenticeship—by immemorial usage, is the term prescribed to acquire the knowledge of any mechanical art. A spruce attorney need serve but little more than half that time to become an adept in his trade. A tin ticket, with burnished letters, on his window,—the Attorney's Manual on his table,—and a good stock of impudence to overbalance his ignorance,—are the only requisites now a days to enable any one to commence the practice of the law. A friendly constable is enlisted to seek for business, and, if necessary, to make it. If a justice can be found who will dare to punish for contempt of court—it is a great debut, if he can be committed for insolence,—as he acquires by that means the reputation of being a smart fellow. Constables, marshals, and their retainers, who dislike such harsh proceedings, cry him up on the instant, and he commences lawyer under their auspices.

He views with complacency the keen tricks of his elder brothers, and by degrees becomes versed in the knotty points of practice. He is ready to effect by "the worst means, the worst." Fools enough are to be found who will be his victims—villains enough will employ him to

"Feed contention in a lingering act."

Is it surprising then, that the *Jobsons* and *Halloways* of the day, should be expert in that branch of the practice which able and fair men do not wish to know, which they learn only upon compulsion, and in their own defence? We admit that under the existing rules of our courts, an inferior class of professional men must be employed, but we object to investing them with the privileges which belong exclusively to able and well educated lawyers.

Two-fifths of the persons admitted to practice as attorneys, subsist upon the mountebank contrivances which are tolerated to the manifest injury of high-minded men. The thousand common sayings in the mouth of the multitude, detracting from the honour of the profession en masse, and which are daily repeated by women and children as gospel truths, owe their currency to the confounding of the tricky trading attorney, with the legitimate lawyer. Unmerited obloquy is thus heaped upon the good men and true of the profession, who have ever proved a ball of fire against oppression,—who, in the darkest times, have vindicated public and private rights, at the hazard of life and fortune. Men in high stations too, have given currency to the charges preferred, by the illiterate and prejudiced, against the whole profession. A grave member of the Senate, in his place, has stated that poverty and ruin denote the presence and mark the ravages of attorneys in every county in the state. That this class of men are accumulating immense wealth wrung from the hard earnings of the yeomanry. This, in many instances, we doubt not is true—but in those flagrant cases, where great distress is brought upon the community—it is when the attorney is the instrument of a combination of men—of some monied aristocracy, whose object can not be accomplished without him. Here it is fair to inquire, why should the attorney, who labours in his vocation without trick or oppression, be branded with crime, and the men who employ him escape imputation? Is it because the hand which wields the dagger is concealed, and because the instrument of *wrong* alone is palpable to feeling and to sight? We have heard that

the honourable member referred to, is an advocate of banks and connives in their operations—else we should have concluded that he meant his striking picture for bank attorneys. That many of these latter gentlemen have made large sums of money, in the shape of costs—that every village in the state groans under the pressure of their acts, is undeniable;—that monstrous monied aristocracies, working ruin to thousands, subverting public confidence and private morals, employ attorneys, and profitably too—is known to every one;—that these mindless, heartless combinations, “these horse leaches of private oppression, and vultures of public robbery,” under the name of banks, fling their outrageous arrows throughout the land, and that attorneys are their agents, is true;—but why “mince damnation with a phrase,” and throw the burden of bank iniquity upon the shoulders of their attorneys.

Multiplicity of suits—inordinate costs, severest exactions on the part of the plaintiffs, swell the catalogue of wrongs; and deep and loud and awful is the warning voice now heard in this state. The thousands who have been enticed and ruined by banking facilities—and banking deceit, are, and will prove a host against this system. The feelings of the heart—a sense of honour and justice—opposition to oppression—are all arrayed against it. Let the bank debtor tell what appeal can be made to the stockholders of a chartered company—what cry of anguish can reach incorporeal ears? Melting as may be the tears of misfortune, do they not freeze as they fall within the chilling influence of such combinations? So enormous have been the costs received by attorneys prosecuting for banks, in the country particularly, that the legislature has been induced to strike off about one-third of the fees formerly allowed: and, thus, fair

men, who with a respectable private practice can hardly earn a living—must suffer for the enormities perpetrated by banks and their agents.

It is time, however, to speak of a subject more particularly the object of this paper. D. T. Blake, Esq. of the New-York bar, has compiled with considerable labour, the *Chancery Practice* of this State. The forms and rules of the court are stated in the body of the work—and in such a manner as to refer to the principles of equity jurisdiction, and the decisions of the court—which accompany and elucidate each particular proceeding. A book of this description has been long sought for, and must prove a valuable aid to solicitors and counsellors of the court.

The arrangement is so judicious, that what may have appeared obscure, is made clear—and the many forms and rules of the English court, which do not obtain here, and which only embarrass and fatigue the practitioner, are rejected. It has been often remarked, that among the books of practice, published in England, very few have been written by men of liberal or cultivated minds—Mr. Blake is an exception to these remarks. He unites the rare qualifications of patient inquiry and practical knowledge—to good sense, extensive reading, and a well cultivated understanding. From this gentleman we had a right to expect a book, satisfactory and useful on any subject, to which he directed his attention. We have seen a large part of this work in print, although its publication has not yet been announced, and it meets the expectation we had formed. Mr. Blake may be assured that the profession will appreciate his labour, and extend such encouragement as may induce him to continue his literary exertions.

M.

ART. 7. CABINET OF VARIETIES.

Letters from the hon. Horace Walpole, to George Montagu, Esq. from 1736 to 1770.

A NEW collection of the correspondence of a person so celebrated as Horace Walpole, cannot fail to be a great treat to the public. These letters are addressed to the son of general Montagu, and nephew of the second earl of Halifax, who was the representative of Northampton, private secretary to lord North, when chancellor of the exchequer, and the holder of several other official situations. He seems also to have

been a man of refined mind, and elegant literary acquirements; an eminent and suitable friend for lord Orford.

The style, as might be anticipated, is easy and playful, and the epistles full of *piquant* anecdotes. *Ex. gr.*

“I remember a very admired sentence in one of my lord Chesterfield’s speeches, when he was haranguing for this war; (anno 1745.) With a most rhetorical transition, he turned to the tapestry in the House of Lords, and said with a sigh, he feared there were no historical looms at work now!” p. 14.

"Now I have been talking of remarkable periods in our annals, I must tell you what my lord Baltimore thinks one:—he said to the prince t'other day, 'Sir, your royal highness's marriage will be an *area* in English history.'" *Ibid.*

"Of beauty I can tell you an admirable story:—one Mrs. Comyns, an elderly gentlewoman, has lately taken a house in St. James's-street; some young gentlemen went there t'other night;—'Well Mrs. Comyns, I hope there won't be the same disturbances here, that were at your other house in Air-street.'—'Lord, sir, I never had any disturbances there: mine was as quiet a house as any in the neighbourhood, and a great deal of company came to me: it was only the ladies of quality that envied me.'—'Envied you! Why your house was pulled down about your ears.'—'Oh dear sir, don't you know how that happened?'—'No, pray how?'—'Why, dear sir, it was my lady ———, who gave ten guineas to the mob to demolish my house, because her ladyship fancied I got women for colonel Conway.'" p. 15.

"I have heard nothing of A——T——'s (Augustus Townsend's) will; my lady, who you know hated him, came from the opera t'other night, and on pulling off her gloves, and finding her hands all black, said immediately, 'My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.'" p. 26.

"Should I not condole with you upon the death of the head of the *Cues* (John duke of Montagu.) If you have not heard of his will, I will tell you. . . . There are two codicils, one in favour of his servants, and the other of his dogs, cats, and creatures, which was a little unnecessary, for lady Cardigan has exactly his turn for saving every thing's life. As he was making the codicil, one of his cats jumped on his knee; 'What,' says he, 'have you a mind to be a witness too! You can't, for you are a party concerned.'" p. 66.

"I hear your friend, lord N——, is wedded; somebody said, it is very hot weather to marry so fat a bride; George Selwyn replied, 'Oh, she was kept in ice three days before.'" p. 78.

"I shall only tell you a bon-mot of Keith's, the marriage-broker, and conclude. 'G—d d—n the bishops,' said he, (I beg Miss Montagu's pardon,) 'so they will hinder my marrying. Well, let 'em, but I'll be revenged: I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and by G—d I'll *under-bury* them all.'" p. 103.

"My lord D——h is going to marry a *fortune*, I forget her name; my lord G——s asked him how long the *honey-moon* would last? He replied, 'Don't tell me of the *honey-moon*; it is *harvest-moon* with me.'" p. 103.

"We have had a sort of debate, in the House of Commons, on the bill for fixing the augmentation of the salaries of the judges. Charles Townsend says, the book of *Judges* was saved by the book of *Numbers*."

"My lady Coventry showed George Sel-

wyn her clothes; they are blue, with spots of silver of the size of a shilling, and a silver trimming, and cost——my lord will know what. She asked George how he liked them: he replied, 'Why, you will be change for a guinea.'" p. 181.

But this may suffice for the present, as a specimen of the Walpoliana. The whole book is full of bon-mots; many of them exceedingly scandalous, and others written in so free a style, that we cannot transcribe them. If ever there was a companion to Bubb Doddington's celebrated Diary, it is in this volume. There is the same license, the same acquaintance with the intrigues, &c. of the higher ranks; and there is infinitely more point and wit. It is to be regretted, that some of the passages, where libertinism is most nakedly exposed, have not been struck out. We say nothing of the way in which the court of king George II. is handled, nor of the unsparing severity with which all are treated, from the king upon his throne, to the lowest courtier. The satire is biting. Many anecdotes are told of the commencement of the reign of our present king, which exhibit his majesty in the most amiable point of view, and are now deeply interesting. Occasional notices of the arts and artists, add to the spirit of the work, and are at once curious and entertaining. These will supply us with matter for future extracts; and in the interim we shall copy a few affecting particulars of the trials and conduct of the Scotch lords, in 1746.

"Poor brave old Balmerino retracted his plea, asked pardon, and desired the lords to intercede for mercy. As he returned to the Tower, he stopped the coach at Charing Cross to buy honey-blobs, as the Scotch call gooseberries. He says he is extremely afraid lord Kilmarnock will not behave well. The duke (Cumberland) said publicly at his levee, that the latter proposed murdering the English prisoners."

"Lady Cromartie presented her petition to the king last Sunday. He was very civil to her, but would not at all give her any hopes. She swooned away as soon as he was gone. Lord Cornwallis told me, that her lord weeps every time any thing of his fate is mentioned to him. Old Balmerino keeps up his spirits to the same pitch of gaiety. In the cell at Westminster he showed lord Kilmarnock how he must lay his head; bid him not wince, lest the stroke should cut his skull or his shoulders; and advised him to bite his lips. As they were to return, he begged they might have another bottle together, as they should never meet any more, till ———, and then pointing to his neck. At getting into the coach, he said to the jailer, 'Take care or you will break my shins with this damned axe.'

"I must tell you a bon-mot of George Selwyn's at the trial. He saw Bethel's sharp visage looking wistfully at the rebel lords: he said, 'What a shame it is to turn her

face to the prisoners till they are condemned.

"If you have a mind for a true foreign idea, one of the foreign ministers said at the trial to another, '*Vraiment cela est auguste.*' 'Oui,' replied the other, '*cela est vrai, mais cela n'est pass royale.*'

"I am assured, that the old countess of Errol made her son, lord Kilmarnock, go into the rebellion on pain of disinheriting him. I don't know whether I told you that the man at the Tennis Court protests he has known him dine with the man that sells pamphlets at Story's Gate; and, says he, 'he would often have been glad if I would have taken him home to dinner. He was certainly so poor, that in one of his wife's intercepted letters, she tells him she has plagued their steward for a fortnight for money, and can get but three shillings. Can one help pitying such distress? I am vastly softened too about Balmerino's relapse, for his pardon was only granted him to engage his brother's vote at the election of Scotch Peers - - - - -

- - - August 16. I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying-glasses at a halfpenny a look. Old Lovat arrived last night. I saw Murray, lord Derwentwater, lord Traquair, lord Cromartie and his son, and the lord provost, at their respective windows. The other two wretched lords are in dismal towers; and they have stopped up one of old Balmerino's windows, because he talked to the populace; and now he has only one that looks directly upon all the scaffolding. They brought in the death-warrant at his dinner. His wife fainted. He said, 'Lieutenant, with your damned warrant you have spoiled my lady's stomach.' Lord Kilmarnock who has hitherto kept up his spirits, grows extremely terrified."

We resume our application to this very amusing work, the vivacity and unbounded freedom of which, adds a charm to what would, without these graces, be highly interesting in many literary points of view, as well as in that of a descriptive and characteristic sketch of the higher classes of society and fashionable manners, in the era to which it belongs. Walpole, almost as selfish as Fontenelle, reminds us constantly of that author. He is playful, satirical, humorous; his knowledge of life considerable, his perceptions acute, and his pursuits calculated always to entertain, and often to convey information on subjects of arts, literature, and science. His correspondence forms so complete a melange of politics, anecdote, scandal, intelligence, wit, and criticism, that we could not, if we would, digest it into any thing like a systematic analysis. Perhaps it will be fully as agreeable to follow the rambling course of the letters. The early days of Methodism are thus alluded to, after mentioning that the duke of Cumberland had arrived (1748.)

"Gumley, who you know has grown methodist, came to tell him, that as he was on duty, a tree in Hyde-park, near the powder magazine, had been set on fire; the duke replied, he hoped it was not by *the new light*. This nonsensical *new light* is extremely in fashion, and I shall not be surprised if we see a revival of all the folly and cant of the last age. Whitfield preaches continually at my lady Huntingdon's at Chelsea: my lord Chesterfield, my lord Bath, my lady Townshend, my lady Thanet, and others, have been to hear him. What will you lay that next winter he is not run after instead of Garrick?"

Garrick is no favourite with our author, and he rarely misses an opportunity of cutting at him. He is not astonished that he and Colman write badly together, since they write so ill separately. He allows him to be a good actor, but reviles the *stuff* he brings upon the stage, and the alterations he makes in pieces presented to him. The following specimen from Paris, Oct. 16, 1769, shows that there is no novelty in our present practices or severity of criticism.

"There is a total extinction of all taste: our authors are vulgar, gross, illiberal: the theatre swarms with wretched translations and ballad operas, and we have nothing new but improving abuse. I have blushed, at Paris, when the papers came over crammed with ribaldry, or with Garrick's insufferable nonsense about Shakespeare. As the man's writings will be preserved by his name, who will believe that he was a tolerable actor? Cibber wrote as bad odes; but then Cibber wrote the Careless Husband, and his own life, which both deserve immortality. Garrick's Prologues and Epilogues are as bad as his Pindarics and Pantomimes."

The opinions given of several distinguished writers of the day, are as biting as those touching plays and players: we select a few, without advocating their justice.

"Rigby and Peter Bathurst, t'other night carried a servant of the latter's, who had attempted to shoot him, before Fielding: who, to all his other vocations, has, by the grace of Mr. Lyttleton, added that of Middlesex justice. He sent them word he was at supper; that they must come next morning. They did not understand that freedom, and ran up, where they found him banqueting with a blind man, a w——, and three Irishmen, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth. He never stirred, nor asked them to sit. Rigby, who had so often seen him come to beg a guinea of sir C. Williams, and Bathurst, at whose father's he had lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs, on which he civilized.

"Millar, the bookseller, has done very generously by him: finding Tom Jones, for which he had given him six hundred pounds, sell so greatly, he has since given him an-

other hundred. Now I talk to you of authors, lord Cobham's West has published his translation of Pindar; the poetry is very stiff; but, prefixed to it, there is a very entertaining account of the Olympic games, and that preceded by an affected inscription to Pitt and Lyttleton." (May 1749.)

The author of Tom Jones need not, with posterity, dread the aristocratic strictures of lord Orford. But we proceed to other notices.

"Dr. Young has published a new book, on purpose, he says himself, to have an opportunity of telling a story that he has known these forty years. Mr. Addison sent to the young lord Warwick, as he was dying, to show him in what peace a Christian could die—unluckily he died of brandy—nothing makes a Christian die in peace like being maudlin!" (May 1759.)

"Mr. Mason has published another drama, called Caractacus. There are some incantations poetical enough, and odes so Greek as to have very little meaning. But the whole is laboured, uninteresting, and no more resembling the manners of Britons, than of Japanese. It is introduced by a piping elegy; for Mason, in imitation of Gray,* will cry and roar all night, without the least provocation." (June 1759.)

Gray is frequently ridiculed for his taciturnity, and want of conversational powers; and it is told of him, that during a party of pleasure, for a whole day he uttered only one short and trivial sentence, in answer to a question. His later productions come also in for a whip of supercilious criticism. Of other celebrated men we have the following:

"The first volume of Voltaire's Peter the Great is arrived. I weep over it. It is as languid as the Campaign; he is grown old. He boasts of the materials communicated to him by the Czarina's order; but, alas! he need not be proud of them. They only serve to show how much worse he writes history with materials than without. Besides, it is evident how much that authority has cramped his genius. I had heard before, that when he sent the work to Petersburg for imperial approbation, it was returned with orders to increase the panegyric." (Nov. 1760.)

There are yet several other passages respecting literary works and persons, which we cannot refrain from copying. The first relates to Burke.

"I dined with your Secretary yesterday (July 21, 1761.) There were Garrick and a young Mr. Burke, who wrote a book in the style of lord Bolingbroke, that was much admired. He is a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one. He will know better one of these days.

"Mr. Glover has published his long-

* An expression of Mr. Montagu's.

hoarded Medea, as an introduction to the House of Commons; it had been more proper to usher him from school to the university. There a few good lines, not much conduct, and a quantity of iambs, and trochaics, that scarce speak English, and yet have no rhyme to keep one another in countenance. If his chariot is stopped at Temple-bar, I suppose he will take it for the straits of Thermopylae, and be delivered of his first speech before its time." (Oct. 1761.)

"Fingal is come out: I have not yet got through it; not but it is very fine—yet I cannot at once compass an epic poem now. It tires me to death to read how many ways a warrior is like the moon, or the sun, or a rock, or a lion, or the ocean. Fingal is a brave collection of similies, and will serve all the boys at Eton and Westminster for these twenty years. I will trust you with a secret, but you must not disclose it; I should be ruined with my Scotch friends; in short, I cannot believe it genuine." (Dec. 1761.)

"Lady M—y W—y (Mary Wortley) is arrived; I have seen her; I think her avarice, her diet, and her vivacity are all increased. Her dress, like her language, is a galimatias of several countries; the ground-work rags, and the embroidery nastiness. She needs no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes. An old black-laced hood represents the first; the fur of a horse-man's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy, and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last. When I was at Florence, and she was expected there, we were drawing *sortes Virgilianas* for her; we literally drew

"*Insanam vatem aspiciet.*"

It would have been a stronger prophecy now, even than it was then." (July 1762.)

"Paris, Oct. 1765.—Wilkes is here, and has been twice to see me in my illness. He was very civil, but I cannot say entertained me much. I saw no wit; his conversation shows how little he has lived in good company, and the chief turn of it is the grossest b—dy. He has certainly one merit, notwithstanding the bitterness of his pen, that is, he has no rancour."

The appearance of the New Bath Guide is spoke of in terms of unqualified praise, as containing more wit, humour, fun, poetry, and originality, than ever before appeared together. The same letter (June 20, 1766) says, and reminds us very forcibly of a recent publication,

"There are two new volumes too of Swift's Correspondence, that will not amuse you less in another way, though abominable, for there are letters of twenty persons now alive; fifty of lady Betty Germain; one that does her great honour, in which she defends her friend, my lady Suffolk, with all the

spirit in the world, against that brute, who hated every body that he hoped would get him a mitre, and did not.—His own journal, sent to Stella, during the last four years of the queen, is a fund of entertainment. You will see his insolence in full colours, and at the same time how daily vain he was of being noticed by the ministers he affected to treat arrogantly. He goes to the rehearsal of Cato, and says, the *drab* that acted Cato's daughter could not say her part. This was only Mrs. Oldfield. I was saying before George Selwyn, that this journal put me in mind of the present time, there was the same indecision, irresolution, and want of system; but I added, 'There is nothing new under the sun'—'No,' said Selwyn, 'nor under the grandson.' [George II. and III.]

"I am got into puns, and will tell you an excellent one of the king of France, though it does not spell any better than Selwyn's. You must have heard of count Lauragais, and his horse-race, and his quacking his horse till he killed it. At his return, the king asked him what he had been doing in England? 'Sire, j'ai appris à penser'—'des chevaux?' replied the king."

Reserving a curious anecdote of Hogarth, and some other interesting extracts, for hereafter, we may be excused, if, so near the close of such limits as we can conveniently allot to one subject, however various, we follow the example of our author, and say, having got into puns, we will conclude with a few of the witticisms which we find scattered through these pages.

"Though I have little to say, it is worth while to write, only to tell you two *bon mots* of Quin, to that turn-coat hypocrite infidel, bishop W—b—n. That saucy priest was haranguing at Bath on behalf of prerogative: Quin said, pray, my lord, spare me, you are not acquainted with my principles, I am a republican; and perhaps I even think that the execution of Charles the First might be justified—aye! said W—b—n, by what law? Quin replied, *By all the laws he had left them.* The bishop would have got off upon judgments, and bade the player remember that all the regicides came to violent ends; a lie, but no matter. *I would not advise your lordship,* said Quin, *to make use of that inference, for if I am not much mistaken, that was the case of the twelve apostles.* There was great wit *ad hominem* in the latter reply; but I think the former equal to any thing I ever heard."

—"Unless the deluge stops, and the fogs disperse, I think we shall all die. A few days ago, on the cannon firing for the king going to the house, somebody asked what it was for? M. de Choiseul replied, '*apparemment, c'est qu'on voit le Soleil.*'—[A happy compliment to our then youthful king, in 1761.]

"The cry in Ireland has been against lord Hillsborough, supposing him to meditate an union of the two islands; George

Selwyn seeing him set t'other night between my lady H—— and my lord B——, said, 'Who can say that my lord Hillsborough is not an enemy to an union!'

A hit of equal force against another lady of gallantry, is recorded of Charles Townshend:

"My lord said he, has quite mistaken the thing; he soars too high at first: people often miscarry by not proceeding by degrees; he went, and at once asked for my lord ——'s garter; if he would have been content to ask for my lady ——'s garter, I don't know but he would have obtained it!"

The anecdote of Hogarth, which we have mentioned, is contained in a letter of the 5th May, 1761.

"The true frantic Oestrus (says the writer) resides at present with Mr. Hogarth; I went t'other morning to see a portrait he is painting of Mr. Fox. Hogarth told me he had promised, if Mr. Fox would sit as he liked, to make as good a picture as Vandyke or Rubens could. I was silent—'Why now,' said he, 'you think this very vain, but why should not one speak truth?' This *truth* was uttered in the face of his own Sigismonda, which is exactly a maudlin—tearing off the trinkets that her keeper had given her, to fling at his head. She has her father's picture in a bracelet on her arm, and her fingers are bloody with the heart, as if she had just bought a sheep's-pluck in St. James's market. As I was going, Hogarth put on a very grave face, and said, 'Mr. Walpole, I want to speak to you.' I sat down, and said, I was ready to receive his commands. For shortness, I will mark this wonderful dialogue by initial letters.

"H. I am told you are going to entertain the town with something in our way. W. Not very soon, Mr. Hogarth. H. I wish you would let me have it to correct; we painters must know more of those things than other people. W. Do you think no body understands painting but painters? H. Oh! so far from it, there's Reynolds, who certainly has genius; why, but t'other day he offered a hundred pounds for a picture, that I would not hang in my cellar; and, indeed, to say truth, I have generally found that persons, who have studied painting least, were the best judges of it; but what I particularly wished to say to you was about sir James Thornhill, (you know he married sir James's daughter;) I would not have you say any thing against him; there was a book published some time ago, abusing him, and it gave great offence. He was the first that attempted history in England, and, I assure you, some Germans have said that he was a very great painter. W. My work will go no lower than the year 1700, and I really have not considered whether sir J. Thornhill would come within my plan or not; if he does, I fear you and I shall not agree upon his merits. H. I wish you would let me correct it; besides, I am writing something of the same kind myself; I should be sorry

we should clash. *W.* I believe it is not known what my work is, very few persons have seen it. *H.* Why, it is a critical history of painting, is not it? *W.* No, it is an antiquarian history of it, in England; I bought Mr. Virtue's MMS. and I believe the work will not give much offence; besides, if it does, I cannot help it: when I publish any thing, I give it to the world to think of it as they please. *H.* Oh! if it is an antiquarian work, we shall not clash; mine is a critical work; I don't know whether I shall ever publish it. It is rather an apology for painters. I think it is owing to the good sense of the English, that they have not painted better. *W.* My dear Mr. Hogarth, I must take my leave of you, you now grow too wild—and I left him. If I had staid, there remained nothing but for him to bite me. I give you my honour this conversation is literal, and, perhaps, as long as you have known Englishmen and painters, you never met any thing so distracted. I had consecrated a line to his genius (I mean for wit) in my preface; I shall not erase it; but I hope nobody will ask me if he is not mad."

We cannot, after having given two Numbers to this work, devote our page to the private details of the accession and marriage of our now venerable king. They are interesting, and excite strong emotions, when we contrast the joy and festivity of that hour with the affecting situation of the present. In novelty, however, they must yield to the accounts of the death and funeral of George the 2d, and of the visit of the king of Denmark to their present majesties, in 1768. We select the latter for extract.

"I came to town to see the Danish king. He is as diminutive as if he came out of a kernel in the Fairy Tales. He is not ill made, nor weakly made, though so small; and though his face is pale and delicate, it is not at all ugly, yet has a strong cast of the late king, and enough of the late prince of — to put one upon one's guard not to be prejudiced in his favour. Still he has more royalty than folly in his air; and, considering he is not twenty, is as well as one expects any king in a puppet-show to be. - - - He only takes the title of Altesse, an absurd mezzo-terme, but acts king exceedingly; struts in the circle like a cock-sparrow, and does the honours of himself very civilly."

Of George II. whom the author never spares, we are told that he

"Is dead richer than sir Robert Brown, though perhaps not so rich as lord Hardwicke. He has left 50,000*l.* between the duke, Emily, and Mary; the duke has given up his share. To lady Yarmouth, a cabinet, with the contents; they call it 11,000*l.* By a German deed, he gives the duke to the value of 180,000*l.* placed on a mortgage, not immediately recoverable. He had once given him twice as much more, then revoked it, and at last excused the revocation on the pretence of the expenses of the war;

but owns he was the best son that ever lived, and had never offended him; a pretty strong comment on the affair of Closterseven! He gives him besides, all his jewels in England; but had removed all the best to Hanover, which he makes crown jewels, and his successor residuary legatee." - - -

"Do you know I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night? I had never seen a royal funeral:" - - -

After describing the state, procession to Westminster Abbey, &c.

"The real serious part was the figure of the duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown Adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant: his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it nearly two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend. Think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque duke of N—— (Newcastle.) He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass, to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the duke of N—— standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble." - - -

There are several notices of the commencing reign of George III. two of which, as they are short, and from a personal observer, we will here annex.

"The young king has all the appearance of being amiable. There is great grace to temper much dignity, and extreme good-nature, which breaks out on all occasions." p. 218.

"For the king himself, he seems all good-nature, and wishing to satisfy every body; all his speeches are obliging. I saw him again yesterday (12 Nov. 1760,) and was surprised to find the levee-room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This sovereign don't stand on one spot, with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about and speaks to every body. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well." p. 222.

Before descending from these royal memoranda, we shall quote one passage more respecting a queen of former days:

"I must tell you an anecdote that I found

to other day in an old French author, which is a great drawback on beaux sentiments and romantic ideas. Pasquier, in his *Recherches de la France*, is giving an account of the queen of Scots' execution; he says, the night before, knowing her body must be stripped for her shroud, she would have her feet washed, because she used ointment to one of them, which was sore: I believe I have told you, that in a very old trial of her, which I bought from lord Oxford's collection, it is said that she was a large lame woman. Take sentiments out of their pantouffles, and reduce them to the infirmities of mortality, what a falling off there is!"

On looking over our extracts, we are admonished that so many grave ones would afford an ill specimen of the work before us, and reserving a few selections for a concluding Number, we shall close the present with some lighter examples.

"I have by me a love-letter written during my father's administration, by a journeyman tailor to my brother's second chambermaid; his offers were honourable; he proposed matrimony, and to better his terms, informed her of his pretensions to a place: they were founded on what he called, *some services to the government*. As the nymph could not read, she carried the epistle to the house-keeper to be deciphered, by which means it came into my hands. I inquired what where the merits of Mr. Vice Crispin; was informed that he had made a suit of clothes for a figure of lord Marr, that was burned after the rebellion!"

"Did I tell you that I had found a text in Deuteronomy to authorise my future battlements? (at Strawberry Hill.) *When thou buildest a new house, then shalt thou make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house, if any man fall from thence.*" 1749.

"Loo is mounted to its zenith; the parties last till one and two in the morning. We played at lady H——d's last week, the last night of her lying-in, till deep into Sunday morning. - - - - - It is now adjourned to Mrs. F——y's, whose child the town calls *Pam-ela*. - - - - - The invasion is not half so much in fashion as loo, and the king demanding the assistance of the militia does not add much dignity to it. The great Pam of parliament, who made the motion, entered into a wonderful definition of the several sorts of fear; *from fear, that comes from pusillanimity, up to fear from magnanimity*. It put me in mind of that wise Pythian, my lady L——, who, when her sister, lady D——, was dying, pronounced, that if it were a *fever from a fever*, she would live; but if it were a *fever from death*, she would die."

Having already devoted three Numbers to this entertaining quarto, we are compelled, for variety's sake alone, to bid our adieu to it in the present publication. The narra-

tive of the fate of lord Ferrers is very interestingly given in several letters. The first is of the 28th of January, 1760:

"You have heard, I suppose, a horrid story of another kind, of lord Ferrers' murdering his steward in the most barbarous and deliberate manner. He sent away all his servants but one, and, like that heroic murderess, queen Christina, carried the poor man through a gallery and several rooms, locking them after him, and then bid the man kneel down, for he was determined to kill him. The poor creature flung himself at his feet, but in vain,—was shot, and lived twelve hours. Mad as this action was from the consequences, there was no frenzy in his behaviour; he got drunk, and at intervals talked of it coolly; but did not attempt to escape till the colliers beset his house, and were determined to take him alive or dead. He is now in the jail at Leicester, and will soon be removed to the Tower, then to Westminster Hall, and I suppose to Tower-Hill—"

On the 19th April, the trial, which lasted three days, is thus described:

"At first I thought lord Ferrers shocked, but in general he behaved rationally and coolly; though it was a strange contradiction to see a man trying, by his own sense, to prove himself out of his senses. It was more shocking to see his two brothers brought to prove the lunacy in their own blood, in order to save their brother's life. Both are almost as ill-looking men as the earl; one of them is a clergyman, suspended by the bishop of London for being a methodist; the other a wild vagabond, whom they call in the country, *ragged and dangerous*. After lord Ferrers was condemned, he made an excuse for pleading madness, to which he said he was forced by his family. He is respited till Monday fortnight, and will then be hanged, I believe in the Tower; and to the mortification of the peerage, is to be anatomized, conformably to the late act for murder. Many peers were absent; lord Foley and lord Jersey attended only on the first day; and lord Huntingdon, and my nephew Orford, (in compliment to his mother,) as related to the prisoner, withdrew without voting. But never was a criminal more literally tried by his *peers*, for the three persons who interested themselves most in the examination, were at least as mad as he; lord Ravensworth, lord Talbot, and lord Fortescue.

"May 6th. The extraordinary history of lord Ferrers is closed: he was executed yesterday. Madness, that in other countries is a disorder, is here a systematic character: it does not hinder people from forming a plan of conduct, and from even dying agreeably to it. You remember how the last Ratcliffe died with the utmost propriety; so did this horrid lunatic coolly and sensibly. His own and his wife's relations had asserted that he would tremble at last. No such thing, he shamed heroes. He bore the so-

lemnity of a pompous and tedious procession of above two hours, from the Tower to Tyburn, with as much tranquillity as if he was only going to his own burial, not to his own execution. He even talked on indifferent subjects in the passage; and if the sheriffs and the chaplains had not thought that they had parts to act too, and had not consequently engaged him in most particular conversation, he did not seem to think it necessary to talk on the occasion: he went in his wedding-clothes, marking the only remaining impression on his mind. The ceremony he was in a hurry to have over: he was stopped at the gallows by the vast crowd, but got out of his coach as soon as he could, and was but seven minutes on the scaffold, which was hung with black, and prepared by the undertaker of his family at their expense. There was a new contrivance for sinking the stage under him, which did not play well; and he suffered a little by the delay, but was dead in four minutes. The mob was decent, and admired him, and almost pitied him. - - - - With all his madness he was not mad enough to be struck with his aunt Huntingdon's sermons. The methodists have nothing to brag of his conversion, though Whitfield prayed for him, and preached about him."

There are points, both in the circumstances of this extraordinary case, and the reflections to which it leads, which seem peculiarly applicable to recent murders and suicides. Is it really true that in Britain, madness is a system rather than a disease? We have not room for a curious account of a visit to the Cock-lane ghost, in which Mr. Walpole accompanied the duke of York and several noble ladies as well as lords. Our author had sense enough to laugh at this imposture.

But the portions of this work which strike us as particularly worthy of attention, are those which contain the remarks of this acute and worldly-versed observer on the first indications of that state of society in France, and of that new philosophy, which have been consummated under our eyes in blood and horror.

Mr. Walpole visited France in 1765, and in several letters he thus speaks of what he saw and noticed at that period:

"Instead of laughing (at Harlequin) I sit silently reflecting how every thing loses charms when one's own youth does not lend it gilding! When we are divested of that eagerness and illusion, with which our youth presents objects to us, we are but the *caput mortuum* of pleasure.

"Grave as these ideas are, they do not unfit me for French company. The present tone is serious enough in conscience. Unluckily the subjects of their conversation are duller to me than my own thoughts, which may be tinged with melancholy reflections, but I doubt from my constitution will never be insipid. The French affect philosophy, literature, and free-thinking: the first

never did, and never will possess me: of the two others I have long been tired. Free-thinking is for one's self, surely not for society; besides, one has settled one's way of thinking, or knows it cannot be settled, and for others, I do not see why there is not as much bigotry in attempting conversions from any religion as to it.—I dined to-day with a dozen savants, and though all the servants were waiting, the conversation was much more unrestrained, even on the Old Testament, than I would suffer, at my own table in England, if a single footman were present."

And right too, for these servants in France afterwards rewarded their masters, for the corruption of their principles, by cutting their throats, and dragging them to the scaffold. But we continue our extracts.

"Jesuits, methodists, philosophers, politicians, the hypocrite Rosseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the Encyclopedists, the Humes, the Lyttletons, the Grenvilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt, all are to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest are their objects; and after all their parade, I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanac, and believes the stars but so many farthing candles, created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honest, than any of them. Oh! I am sick of visions and systems, that shove one another aside, and come over again, like the figures in a moving picture."

The following amusing anecdote is related in the next letter. It is in French, but will bear an English translation:

"The Canton of Berne ordered all the impressions of Helvetius's '*SPIRIT*' (*Esprit*) and Voltaire's '*VIRGIN*' (*Pucelle*) to be seized. The officer of justice, employed by them, came into the council and said, 'Great lords, after every possible research, we can find, in the whole city, only a very few of *Spirit*, and not one *Virgin*!'

Having fallen again into the lighter reading, we proceed to copy some lines by Mr. Walpole, on lady Mary Coke having St. Anthony's fire in her cheek:

"No rouge you wear, nor can a dart
From Love's bright quiver wound your heart.
And thought you Cupid and his Mother
Would unreveng'd their anger smother?
No, no, from heaven they sent the fire
That boasts St. Anthony its sire;
They pour'd it on one peccant part,
Inflam'd your cheek, if not your heart.
In vain—for see the crimson rise,
And dart fresh lustre thro' your eyes;
While ruddier drops and baffled pain
Enhance the white they meant to stain.
Ah! nymph, on that unfading face,
With fruitless pencil, Time shall trace
His lines malignant, since disease
But gives you mightier power to please."

"I will conclude my letter with a most charming trait of Madame de Mailly, which

cannot be misplaced in such a chapter of royal concubines. Going to St. Sulpice, after she had lost the king's heart, a person present desired the crowd to make way for her. Some brutal young officer said 'Comment! pour cette Catin la!' She turned to them, and, with the most charming modesty, said, 'Messieurs, puisque votus me connoissez, priez Dieu pour moi.'

With this affecting story we take our leave of one of the most amusing volumes we ever perused; and have only to add, that a key to all the blanks has been published since the appearance of the Work.

Lon. Lit. Gaz.

REMARKS ON MEXICO AND THE MEXICAN LANGUAGE.

*By M. Sonneschmid.**

Buffon, in his Natural History, mentioning the Mexican names of quadrupeds, says, "The Mexican language is extremely barbarous." Even great men are liable to error, and the learned Naturalist has, on this occasion, been guilty of one of no mean importance; for the Mexican language, as pronounced by the natives, is sonorous and agreeable, and is distinguished to its advantage among all the Indian languages with which I have become acquainted.

A person whose organs of speech have been rendered pliant by the difficult pronunciation of his own mother-tongue, will pronounce the most difficult words of the Mexican language in a pleasing and correct manner; but by no means attain the extremely fluent, rapid, and agreeable pronunciation of the native and real Mexicans. Thus, for instance, I myself, in the first years after my arrival in that country, pronounced the most difficult Mexican words, after once hearing them, so perfectly, that my Spanish friends living in Mexico were much surprised at it, and were not able to do the same. But after I had lived some years in New Spain, and spoken little or no German, my organs of speech were so spoiled by the easy and soft pronunciation of the Spanish, that I found it difficult and almost impossible to pronounce, with ease and propriety, a Mexican word that was at all difficult; as, for instance, *Xicalquahuatl*, (the name of a tree peculiar to the country.)

The same circumstance was the cause that, on my return to my own country, nobody took me for a German, and many affirmed that I was a foreigner, who had but just begun to learn German; though I had never forgotten the German, and still fancied that I pronounced it correctly. However, I suffered very much by it, and when

* For an interesting account of the Mexican Glaciers, by this gentleman, see Nos. 31 and 32 of the Literary Gazette. The present paper affords a view of Mexican manners, so opposite to what we are accustomed to entertain, that from a resident in that country of twelve years standing, it seems at this moment to merit peculiar attention.

I had been speaking German for a considerable time, felt unpleasant sensations, particularly in the jawbones, which are more frequently exercised in speaking our language than in speaking Spanish.

From these remarks I think it clearly appears why the Mexican language should seem barbarous to a Frenchman, who perhaps did not even recollect that, in the Mexican as in the Spanish, X must be pronounced like G, Z like S, &c. I, at least, should be very much surprised if a Frenchman praised this language, which does not please the Spaniards, on account of their organs being spoiled, as I have said, by their own. For my part, I was always very happy when I had an opportunity to put in motion the voluble tongues of the native Mexicans; and in my walks or journeys I seldom let a pretty Mexican woman pass me without inquiring my road, with which I was, however, usually well acquainted. On these occasions, I not only admired the mild, obliging, and yet lively characters of these good people, but took also particular delight in their pleasing and melodious pronunciation of the many *zatl*, *olin*, *litzle*, *zincatl*, *huatl*, *motzin*, *zomatli*, *calipatl*, *paliri*, *lotli*, *huatl*, *oztli*, *titlan*, *pantili*, *zintli*, which occur in their language.

As I mention the good Mexicans, ill-informed persons will perhaps pity the fate of this people; and it may, therefore, not be useless to combat this error beforehand. Nothing so incessantly occupied my attention as the condition of the natives of that country. I often visited them in their houses, their huts, and in some caves, in which they live voluntarily and contentedly. On the great canal of Mexico, in the markets, where numbers of them come for the purposes of buying and selling, I frequently mingled with them to observe them, and always found a very urbane, cheerful, and contented people, whom nobody, whether European or Creole, may abuse. They are, happily, protected by the laws. Whoever ill treats a Mexican, is immediately thrown into a prison as a criminal, and severely punished. Such occurrences, however, are certainly very rare; for the Spanish nation is the most humane that I know, and its general characteristic is the greatest abhorrence of oppression of a fellow-creature, whether his complexion be white or black, yellow or brown.*

* Besides my own twelve years experience, I might confirm this assertion by the testimony of many impartial travellers, who have not gone as enemies to Spain and its colonies. I will quote only Langsdorf's Observations on a Voyage round the World, in the years 1803 to 1807, Part II.:—"The rural, unaffected simplicity of these good people (at San Francisco) charmed us so much, that we immediately felt an interest in the acquaintance with the individuals, and took a lively share in the happiness of this amiable family." What is here said of one family, I can certify of the whole Spanish nation in Europe and America.

Respecting what has passed in former times, I can give no testimony, though every thing shows that many circumstances have been exaggerated, and represented in incredibly odious colours. I speak only of a later period of twelve years, and I have great satisfaction in saying, that in my long and repeated visits to the Mexican mines and smelting-houses, I never found a slave in them; and that many owners of mines do not even punish the almost daily embezzlement of rich gold and silver ore, but content themselves with taking back what is stolen, and letting the culprits go, though, when they are caught in the fact, it is allowed to confine them, but by no means to inflict on them corporal punishment.

I even knew an instance in which a Spanish officer of justice, in the actual exercise of his functions, was pelted with stones by some rioters of the lower class of different casts: having obtained assistance, he caused corporal punishment to be inflicted on some of the ringleaders who were taken in the fact: for this he was not only deprived of his office, but sentenced to pay a considerable fine, because he was not authorised to act as he had done without the previous approbation of the royal government of the country (Real Audiencia;) and this respectable tribunal never authorises corporal punishment till the affair is inquired into, proved, and found to be a case calling for such remedy.

I shall be happy if these few remarks should contribute to make people judge of nations, their character and relations, more favourably than has sometimes been the case; and intend, at a future time, to communicate farther observations on that country, which deserves, on many accounts, to be called the New World.

SONNESCHMID.

TIFLIS.

From the journal of a German traveller who has recently visited Tiflis, we extract the following observations on that city, and the part of Russia in which it is situated:

"Our caravan spent eight days in proceeding from Mosdak to Tiflis, a distance of about 250 wersts; but if due attention were paid to the state of the roads, the journey might certainly be accomplished in one half the time. Tiflis is accounted one of the finest cities in Asia, yet the streets are so extremely narrow, that it would be impossible to drive a carriage through the best of them. The houses, which have no regular roofs, are built of the clay used for making bricks, mixed with gravel: the windows are small, and distributed without any attention to regularity. As the external walls of the houses are never plastered, the town presents a gloomy and even dirty appearance. The houses are generally two stories high, and earth huts are exceedingly numerous. There are many churches in Tiflis, but they are

neither large nor splendid. The market, or *bazaar*, according to Asiatic custom, is held in one of the principal streets, which is covered over from one end to the other with a wooden roof, intended apparently to protect the shops from the scorching rays of the sun. At the *bazaar*, merchandise of every description is sold; fruit, vegetables, silks, shawls, and wine, are frequently displayed on the same stall. In one corner a smith has established his workshop, from which the sparks issue in every direction in the very faces of the passengers. Tailors, locksmiths, and goldsmiths, pursue their avocations in the open air, except when rainy or windy weather obliges them to take shelter beneath the roof with which the street is covered. It would be unjust to assert that the inhabitants of Tiflis are not inclined to receive the benefits of education, if proper means were adopted for that purpose. It is said that the present chief intends to establish public schools, and that the materials for building them are already provided. The breeding of cattle is likewise to be introduced here, and in furtherance of this design, the chief has purchased upwards of 7000 sheep from some Persian khans subject to the Russian government. I understand that measures have already been taken for drawing up a circumstantial statistical description of the whole country. This work cannot fail to prove interesting. The results of the wisely-directed labours of an active government are every where observable."

On the Identity of Water-Spouts and Whirlwinds.

Even among the scientific and observing, a great diversity of opinion exists on the subject of the Water Spout, while among the majority of men, scarcely any thing accurate is known, either of the forms or the causes of this phenomenon. We have, therefore, extracted, for the benefit of our readers, the following paper on the subject, from that valuable work, the Philosophical Magazine, conducted by Alexander Tilloch.

SIR,

If you think the following remarks relative to whirlwinds, or water spouts, worthy of a place in your Journal, you will oblige me by their insertion; as the opinions of travellers, and also of philosophers, differ greatly concerning this natural phenomenon, and any information afforded, by attentive observation, may therefore be interesting, if not useful.

An old stager, in the last number of the Naval Chronicle, seems to be of the opinion of Theophilus Lindsay, and some other philosophers; viz. that in the phenomenon called the water-spout, the water *descends* in columns from the clouds upon the earth or sea, and does not *ascend* from the sea upward to the clouds, which I believe to be the common opinion.

To corroborate his opinion, this writer gives an extract from a Scotch newspaper, stating, that a water-spout had descended and done considerable damage in a part of that country.

In stormy weather, when the barometer is low, and the atmosphere light, if clouds, which contain much moisture, happen to impinge against any of the hills of an alpine country, they are certainly liable in such case to discharge their contents in *heavy rains*, which, descending rapidly from the summits of the hills, rush with irresistible force down the valleys, carrying every thing before them; and these local discharges of heavy rain are commonly called *water-spouts* by the neighbouring inhabitants. The Hawkesbury river, in New South Wales, is sometimes subject to a rise of from twenty to thirty feet above the natural level, by the sudden rupture of clouds on the summits of the Blue Mountains. About thirteen years ago a phenomenon of this kind happened at St. Helena, when a cloud suddenly broke upon the hill that forms the head of Rupert's valley; and although the bed of this valley is generally dry, the immense body of water that rushed through it at this time, bore down the strong line of stone ramparts, and carried some heavy pieces of artillery into the sea.

I think (although the last number of the Naval Chronicle is not now before me) his correspondent considers the water-spout seen at sea to be a similar, if not the same phenomenon as this last mentioned, except that the white column in the centre of the spout he considers to be a congregated mass, or body of water descending from the clouds to the sea. Now, as many water-spouts are of great diameter, I am decidedly of opinion, that if the central white column were a *body of falling water* upon the surface of the sea, its noise would be heard many miles, if not many leagues, like the falls of Morency and Niagara, and would sink, or destroy any unfortunate ship which happened to come in contact with its vortex; but, my experience compels me to think otherwise, as I never heard the noise of any water-spout until very close to it, and then, the noise resembled that of steam issuing through a small aperture of a boiler, occasioned by the whirlwind's rapid motion in disengaging water in the gaseous form from the surface of the sea: besides, if the central white column were a mass of falling water, its diameter ought to increase by the resistance of the atmosphere in descending, and consequently be greater near the sea than higher up towards the cloud; but this probably never happens, as the diameter of a water-spout, as well as the interior column, is greatest near the impending cloud, and converges towards the sea. That whirlwinds, or water-spouts, may often differ much in formation and appearance, I believe there can be little doubt; but I have certainly, more than once, both by ocular and tangible

observation, been convinced, that a whirlwind and water-spout are sometimes one and the same phenomenon. At one time, when dense clouds, charged with electric matter, approached the ships in Canton river, a regular water-spout was formed by a tube descending from the cloud in the usual manner, and the whirlwind turned one of the ships round at her moorings. As this whirlwind passed over the island, close to the village of Whampoa, it unroofed several thatched houses, and tore the leaves from the trees, which were carried up a considerable way into the atmosphere by the whirlwind, and at this time it had a dense appearance; but as soon as it drifted over the land and came in contact with the water of the river, the white tube became very conspicuous in the centre of the whirlwind, and the water seemed to be torn from the surface of the river and carried upwards, in small particles, by the whirlwind. Had any light terrene bodies been floating in the river at this time, in the path of the whirlwind, they certainly would have been drawn upward like those which came into its vortex when it passed over the land. This was certainly an example of the unity of a whirlwind and water-spout. At another time a regular-formed water-spout was driven along by the wind till its exterior surface nearly touched the quarter of our ship, when I plainly saw the water disengaged from the surface of the sea with a hissing noise, and carried upward in the gaseous form by the ascending whirlwind, while the vacuum, or cavity, in its centre, was very distinct, with heavy drops of rain falling down both from the interior and exterior sides of the ascending spiral, where it was evident the power of the whirlwind was not capable of carrying all the gaseous particles up into the cloud. When we were close to this water-spout the white tube in the centre was not visible, but only a vacant column, as mentioned above; which column, had we been a quarter or half a mile off, would probably, by an optical illusion, have appeared, as usual, like a white column of water.

In the straits of Malacca I have sometimes seen upwards of a dozen water-spouts at the same time, and have been near to several. Once I passed through the vortex of a whirlpool produced by a water-spout beginning to form; it was directly under a dense cloud, from which an inverted conical tube was descending when we passed through the whirlpool in the ship: this was about twenty or twenty-five yards in diameter, and the water was carried round by the force of the whirlwind over it, with a velocity of about from three to four miles an hour, breaking in little waves with a hissing noise, by a portion of those waves being torn away in the form of white vapour. I felt a pleasing sensation at the time, expecting, when passing through the vortex of an incipient water-spout, to be a close observer of it completely formed: but whether the

communicating force was destroyed by the ship passing through the vortex, or from a deficiency of strength in the whirlwind, or from some other cause, a dispersion of the phenomenon soon followed.

It would be needless to adduce more examples to exhibit the affinity of the common water-spout, as observed at sea, and the whirlwind; but I fully agree with the assertion, that there are various kinds of whirlwinds, and, perhaps, also of water-spouts; both the former and the latter, as has been observed, happen sometimes in this country. On the 27th June last, a remarkable case of the affinity of the water-spout, and whirlwind was observed by many persons in the vicinity of London, among whom was the editor of the Monthly Magazine, and a description of this phenomenon is recorded in the Philosophical Magazine, No. 232, vol. 50. When it happened, very dark clouds had collected over the adjoining country, and some stormy rain, accompanied by several strokes of lightning, followed this hurricane of wind.

The correspondent of the Naval Chronicle says, whirlwinds occur very frequently when the clouds are high, the sun shining, and the wind light; but, although whirlwinds do certainly happen at these times, yet they seem more dangerous and terrific in their appearance when accompanied by dense and stormy clouds. I once observed a whirlwind upon the coast of Coromandel during a warm day, when there was little wind and no clouds, which carried up a column of sand a great way into the atmosphere; and if it had passed from the land to the surface of the sea, it no doubt would have carried the water upward in the gaseous form, and probably a cloud would have appeared over it.

Whirlwinds of a minor kind may be perceived almost daily; but these are only eddies of wind produced from obstructions of hills, cliffs, buildings, &c. to its regular course, and similar to whirlpools or eddies in a river or strait, occasioned by the prominent parts of the land.

Another kind of whirlwind like those last mentioned, is sometimes experienced to blow from valleys or over high cliffs, down upon the sea. Although this, as he remarks, may not happen in Gibraltar Bay, or in Table Bay, at the Cape of Good Hope, yet in sailing close to high cliffs among the Eastern Islands, I have several times seen whirling gusts of wind descend and rebound from the surface of the sea, carrying the water in their vortex several fathoms upward in the form of spray.

Previous to concluding these remarks, it may not be irrelevant to advert to the opinions of some of those who have written in early times on meteorology. Pliny, in his Natural History, describing a sudden blast of wind or typhon, says, "there riseth also

upon the sea a dark mist resembling a monstrous beast, and this is ever a terrible cloud to sailors. Another likewise called *columna* or *pillar*, when the vapour and water engendered, is so thick and stiff congealed, that it standeth compact of itself. Of the same sort, also, is that *cloud which draweth water to it*, as it were into a long pipe."

Aristotle, in his third book on meteors, describes some of the causes of whirlwinds or typhon, and mentions that there are both descending and ascending whirlwinds. Olympiodorus, his commentator, in reference to Aristotle's definition of these words, says, "and thus through continued vibrations, a spiral and involution of the wind is formed, proceeding from the earth as to a cloud, and elevating any body with which it may happen to meet—on the sea, indeed, ships, but on the earth animals or stones, or any thing else which the half blow again suffers to tend downward. This involution Homer calls *thuella*, but Aristotle *typhon*, in consequence of vehemently striking against, as it were, and breaking solid bodies. Sailors, however, call it syphon, because, like a syphon, it *draws upward* the water of the sea."

If, however, it is produced from a cloud, it originates as follows: the cloud being on all sides condensed and inwardly compressed, fuliginous exhalation becoming inwardly multiplied and evolved in a multiform manner, the cloud, from the violence, is suddenly burst, and the inwardly evolved fuliginous exhalation proceeds out of it, preserving the same form which it had within, viz. the spiral form. Afterwards the spiral thus tends to the earth like hairs that are curled, not from the imbecility of the secreting power, but from the pores being winding through which it proceeds, and from its being fashioned together with them. And these, indeed, are the causes why the spiral of the typhon at one time proceeds *upward from beneath*, and at another *downward from on high*. But the knowledge of these is two-fold; for we know whether the spiral is moved upward from beneath, or downward from on high, and in the first place, indeed, from the sight itself. For since the spiral, viz. the typhon, is evident to the sight from the density of its parts, when we see it at one time proceeding downward, and at another upward, we say that the beginning of the spiral is from beneath; but if it is alone moved downward from on high, then it must be said that the beginning of it is from on high. In the next place, we know this from the bodies which are hurried away and elevated by the spiral. For, if the body is first turned from its proper position, and afterwards is moved obliquely and then elevated, we say that the typhon originates from on high.

Your obedient, &c.

J. H.

October 10, 1817.

The following Narrative of the attempt made by the Confederates, on the night of the 3d of September, 1771, to Assassinate the King of Poland, is given by Nathaniel Wraxall.

In the midst of these turbulent and disastrous scenes, the confederates (who ever considered the king as unlawfully elected, and who imputed to his fatal elevation, and direction or approbation, all the various ills under which the kingdom groaned from the Russian oppression) planned and executed one of the most daring enterprises of which modern history makes mention,—I mean the attempt to assassinate the king. It is somewhat remarkable, that in an age so humanised, so free from the enormous and flagitious crimes common in barbarous centuries, so enlightened as is the present, this is the third attempt on a crowned head in my remembrance: Louis XV. Joseph I. of Portugal, and Stanislaus Augustus, all narrowly escaped assassination.* As the attempt on his Polish majesty was perhaps the most atrocious, and his escape certainly the most extraordinary and incredible of the three, I shall be as minute as possible in the enumeration of all the principal circumstances which led to, and which attended this remarkable event.

A Polish nobleman, named Pulaski, a general in the army of the confederates, was the person who planned the atrocious enterprise; and the conspirators who carried it into execution were about forty in number, and were headed by three chiefs, named Lukawski, Strawenski, and Kosinski. These three chiefs had been engaged and hired to that purpose by Pulaski, who in the town of Czetschokow, in Great Poland, obliged them to swear in the most solemn manner, by placing their hands between his, either to deliver the king alive into his hands, or, in case that was impossible, to put him to death. The three chiefs chose thirty-seven persons to accompany them. On the 2d of November, about a month after they had quitted Czetschokow, they obtained admission into Warsaw, unsuspected or undiscovered, by the following stratagem:—They disguised themselves as peasants who came to sell hay, and artfully concealed their saddles, arms, and clothes, under the loads of hay which they brought in wagons, the more effectually to escape detection.

On Sunday night, the 3d of September, 1771, a few of these conspirators remained in the skirts of the town; and the others repaired to the place of rendezvous, the street of the Capuchins, where his majesty was expected to pass by about his usual hour of returning to the palace. The king had been to visit his uncle, prince Czartoriski, grand chancellor of Lithuania, and was on his return from thence to the palace, between nine and ten o'clock. He was in a

coach, accompanied by at least fifteen or sixteen attendants, besides an aid-de-camp in the carriage. Scarce was he at the distance of two hundred paces from prince Czartoriski's palace, when he was attacked by the conspirators, who commanded the coachman to stop, on pain of instant death. They fired several shot into the carriage, one of which passed through the body of a heyduc, who endeavoured to defend his master from the violence of the assassins. Almost all the other persons* who preceded and accompanied his majesty were dispersed; the aid-de-camp abandoned him, and attempted to conceal himself by flight. Meanwhile the king had opened the door of his carriage, with the design of effecting his escape under shelter of the night, which was extremely dark. He had even alighted, when the assassins seized him by the hair, exclaiming in Polish, with horrible execrations, "We have thee now; thy hour is come." One of them discharged a pistol at him so very near that he felt the heat of the flash; while another cut him across the head with his sabre, which penetrated to the bone. They then laid hold of his majesty by the collar, and, mounting on horseback, dragged him along the ground between their horses, at full gallop, for near five hundred paces through the streets of Warsaw.†

All was confusion and disorder during this time at the palace, where the attendants, who had deserted their master, had spread the alarm. The footguards ran immediately to the spot from whence the king had been conveyed, but they found only his hat all bloody, and his bag: this increased their apprehensions for his life. The whole city was in an uproar. The assassins profited of the universal confusion, terror, and consternation, to bear away their prize. Finding, however, that he was incapable of fol-

* It is incredible, that such a number of persons as were with his Polish majesty on that memorable night, should all so basely abandon him, except the single heyduc who was killed, and who so bravely defended his master. This man was a protestant; he was not killed on the spot, but expired next morning of his wound. The king allows a pension to his widow and children.

† It is astonishing, that, in the number of balls which passed through the carriage, not one should hurt or wound the king. Several went through his pelisse, or fur great-coat. I have seen this cloak, and the holes made in it by the pistol bullets. Every part of the clothes which his majesty wore on that night is carefully preserved. It is no less wonderful, that when the assassins had seized on the king, they should carry him through such a number of streets without being stopped. A Russian centinel did hail them; but, as they answered in Russian, he allowed them to pass, imagining them to be a patrol of his nation. This happened at some distance from the place where they had carried off the king. The night was exceedingly dark, and Warsaw has no lamps. All these circumstances contribute to account for this extraordinary event.

* To these may be added George III. who narrowly escaped from the blow of Margaret Nicholson.

lowing them on foot, and that he had almost lost his respiration from the violence with which they had dragged him, they set him on horseback, and then redoubled their speed for fear of being overtaken. When they came to the ditch which surrounds Warsaw, they obliged him to leap his horse over. In the attempt the horse fell twice, and at the second fall broke its leg. They then mounted his majesty upon another, all covered as he was with dirt.

The conspirators had no sooner crossed the ditch, than they began to rifle the king, tearing off the order of the Black Eagle of Prussia, which he wore round his neck, and the diamond cross hanging to it.* He requested them to leave him his handkerchief, which they consented to: his tablets escaped their rapacity. A great number of the assassins retired after having thus plundered him, probably with intent to notify to their respective leaders the success of their enterprise, and the king's arrival as a prisoner. Only seven remained with him, of whom Kosinski was the chief. The night was exceedingly dark; they were absolutely ignorant of the way; and, as the horses could not keep their legs, they obliged his majesty to follow them on foot, with only one shoe, the other being lost in the dirt.

They continued to wander through the open meadows, without following any certain path, and without getting to any distance from Warsaw. They again mounted the king on horseback, two of them holding him on each side by the hand, and a third leading his horse by the bridle. In this manner they were proceeding, when his majesty, finding they had taken the road which lead to a village called Burakow, warned them not to enter it, because there were some Russians stationed in that place, who might probably attempt to rescue him.† Finding himself, however, incapable of accompanying the assassins in the painful posture in which they held him kept down on the saddle, he requested them, since they were determined to oblige him to proceed, at least to give him another horse and a boot. This request they complied with;

* It was Lukawski, one of the three chiefs of the band, who tore off the ribbon of the Black Eagle, which his Prussian majesty had conferred on the king when he was count Poniatowski. One of his motives for doing this, was by showing the order of the Black Eagle to Pulaski and the confederates, to prove to them incontestably that the king was in their hands, and on his way. Lukawski was afterwards executed.

† This intimation, which the king gave to his assassins, may at first sight appear extraordinary and unaccountable, but was really dictated by the greatest address and judgment. He apprehended with reason, that, on the sight of a Russian guard, they would instantly put him to death with their sabres, and fly; whereas, by informing them of the danger they incurred, he in some measure gained their confidence: in effect, this behaviour of the king seemed to soften them a little, and made them believe he did not mean to escape from them.

and continuing their progress through almost impassable lands, without any road, and ignorant of their way, they at length found themselves in the wood of Bielany, only a league distant from Warsaw. From the time they had passed the ditch, they repeatedly demanded of Kosinski, their chief, if it was not yet time to put the king to death; and these demands were reiterated in proportion to the obstacles and difficulties they encountered.*

Meanwhile the confusion and consternation increased at Warsaw. The guards were afraid to pursue the conspirators, lest terror of being overtaken should prompt them in the darkness to massacre the king; and on the other hand, by not pursuing they might give them time to escape with their prize, beyond the possibility of assistance. Several of the first nobility at length mounted on horseback, and following the track of the assassins, arrived at the place where his majesty passed the ditch. They there found his pelisse, which he had lost in the precipitation with which he was hurried away: it was bloody, and pierced with holes made by the balls or sabres. This convinced them that he was no more.

The king was still in the hands of the seven remaining assassins, who advanced with him into the wood of Bielany, when they were suddenly alarmed by a Russian patrol or detachment. Instantly holding council, four of them disappeared, leaving him with the other three, who compelled him to walk on. Scarce a quarter of an hour after, a second Russian guard challenged them anew. Two of the assassins then fled, and the king remained alone with Kosinski, the chief, both on foot. His majesty, exhausted with the fatigue which he had undergone, implored his conductor to stop, and suffer him to take a moment's repose. Kosinski refused it, menacing him with his naked sabre; and at the same time informed him, that beyond the wood they should find a carriage. They continued their walk, till they came to the door of the convent of Bielany. Kosinski appeared lost in thought, and so much agitated by his reflections, that the king perceiving his disorder, and observing that he wandered without knowing the road, said to him, "I see

* The king, in his speech to the diet on the trial of the conspirators, interceded strongly for Kosinski, or John Kutsma, to whom he gratefully expresses himself indebted for these favours in the following words:

"As I was in the hands of the assassins, I heard them repeatedly ask John Kutsma, if they should not assassinate me, but he always prevented them. He was the first who persuaded them to behave to me with greater gentleness; and obliged them to confer upon me some services which I then greatly wanted; namely, one to give me a cap, and a second a boot, which at that time were no trifling presents: for the cold air greatly affected the wound in my head; and my foot, which was covered with blood, gave me inexpressible torture, which continued every moment increasing."

you are at a loss which way to proceed. Let me enter the convent of Bielany, and do you provide for your own safety." "No," replied Kosinski, "I have sworn."

They proceeded till they came to Mariemont, a small palace belonging to the house of Saxony, not above half a league from Warsaw: here Kosinski betrayed some satisfaction at finding where he was; and the king still demanding an instant's repose, he consented at length. They sat down together on the ground, and the king employed these moments in endeavouring to soften his conductor, and induce him to favour or permit his escape. His majesty represented the atrocity of the crime he had committed, in attempting to murder his sovereign, and the invalidity of an oath taken to perpetrate so heinous an action: Kosinski lent attention to this discourse, and began to betray some marks of remorse. "But," said he, "if I should consent, and re-conduct you to Warsaw, what will be the consequence? I shall be taken and executed."

This reflection plunged him into new uncertainty, and embarrassment. "I give you my word," answered his majesty, "that you shall suffer no harm; but if you doubt my promise, escape while there is yet time. I can find my way to some place of security; and I will certainly direct your pursuers to take the contrary road to that which you have chosen." Kosinski could not any longer contain himself, but, throwing himself at the king's feet, implored forgiveness for the crime he had committed; and swore to protect him against every enemy, relying totally on his generosity for pardon and preservation. His majesty reiterated to him his assurances of safety. Judging, however, that it was prudent to gain some asylum without delay, and recollecting that there was a mill at some considerable distance, he immediately made towards it. Kosinski knocked, but in vain, no answer was given; he then broke a pane of glass in the window, and entreated for shelter to a nobleman who had been plundered by robbers. The miller refused, supposing them to be banditti, and continued for more than half an hour to persist in his denial. At length the king approached, and speaking through the broken pane, endeavoured to persuade him to admit them under his roof, adding, "if we were robbers, as you suppose, it would be very easy for us to break the whole window, instead of one pane of glass." This argument prevailed; they at length opened the door, and admitted his majesty. He immediately wrote a note to general Coccei, colonel of the foot guards. It was literally as follows: "*Par une espece de miracle je suis sauve des mains des assassins. Je suis ici au petit moulin de Mariemont. Venez au plutot me tirer d'ici. Je suis blesse, mais pas fort.*"—"By a kind of miracle I am escaped from the hands of assassins. I am now at the mill of Mariemont. Come as soon as possible, and take me from hence. I am wounded but not

dangerously." It was with the greatest difficulty, however, that the king could persuade any one to carry this note to Warsaw, as the people of the mill, imagining that he was a nobleman who had just been plundered by robbers, were afraid of falling in with the troop. Kosinski then offered to restore every thing he had taken; but his majesty left him all, except the blue ribbon of the White Eagle.

When the messenger arrived with the note, the astonishment and joy was incredible. Coccei instantly rode to the mill, followed by a detachment of the guards. He met Kosinski at the door with his sabre drawn, who admitted him as soon as he knew him. The king had sunk into a sleep, caused by his fatigue, and was stretched on the ground, covered with the miller's cloak. Coccei immediately threw himself at his majesty's feet, calling him his sovereign, and kissing his hand. It is not easy to paint or describe the astonishment of the miller and his family, who instantly imitated Coccei's example, by throwing themselves on their knees.* The king returned to Warsaw in general Coccei's carriage, and reached the palace about five o'clock in the morning. His wound was found not to be dangerous; and he soon recovered the bruises and injuries which he had suffered during that memorable night.

So extraordinary an escape is scarce to be paralleled in history, and affords ample matter of wonder and surprise. Scarce could the nobility or people at Warsaw credit the evidence of their senses, when they saw him return. Certainly neither the escape of the king of France from Damien, or of the king of Portugal from the conspiracy of the duke d'Aveiro, were equally amazing or improbable, as that of the king of Poland. I have related it very minutely, and from authorities the highest and most incontestable.

It is natural to inquire what is become of Kosinski, the man who saved his majesty's life, and the other conspirators. He was born in the palatinate of Cracow, and of mean extraction; having assumed the name Kosinski (his real name was John Kutsma) which is that of a noble family, to give himself credit. He had been created an officer in the troops of the confederates under Pulaski. It would seem as if Kosinski began to entertain the idea of preserving the king's life from the time when Lukawski and Strawenski abandoned him; yet he had great struggles with himself before he could resolve on this conduct, after the solemn engagements into which he had entered. Even after he had conducted the king back to Warsaw, he expressed more than once his doubts of the propriety of what he had

* I have been at this mill, rendered memorable by so singular an event. It is a wretched Polish hovel, at a distance from any house. The king has rewarded the miller to the extent of his wishes, in building him a mill upon the Vistula, and allowing him a small pension.

done, and some remorse for having deceived his employers.

Lukawski and Strawenski were both taken, and several of the other assassins. At his majesty's peculiar request and treaty, the diet remitted the capital punishment of the inferior conspirators, and condemned them to work for life on the fortifications of Kaminiec, where they now are. By his intercession likewise with the diet, the horrible punishment and various modes of torture, which the laws of Poland decree and inflict on regicides, were mitigated; and both Lukawski and Strawenski were only simply beheaded. Kosinski was detained under a very strict confinement, and obliged to give evidence against his two companions. A person of distinction who saw them both die, has assured me, that nothing could be more noble and manly than all Lukawski's conduct previous to his death. When he was carried to the place of execution, although his body was almost extenuated by the severity of his confinement, diet and treatment, his spirit unsubdued, raised him above the terrors of an infamous and public execution. He had not been permitted to shave his beard while in prison, and his dress was squalid to the greatest degree; yet none of these humiliations could depress his mind. With a grandeur of soul worthy of a better cause, but which it was impossible not to admire, he refused to see or embrace the traitor Kosinski. When conducted to the scene of execution, which was about a mile from Warsaw, he betrayed no emotions of terror or unmanly fear. He made a short harangue to the multitude assembled upon the occasion, in which he by no means expressed any sorrow for his past conduct, or contrition for his attempt on the king, which he probably regarded as meritorious and patriotic. His head was severed from his body.

Strawenski was beheaded at the same time, but he neither harangued the people, nor showed any signs of contrition. Pulaski, who commanded one of the many corps of confederate Poles then in arms, and who was the great agent and promoter of the assassination is still alive,* though an outlaw and an exile. He is said, even by the Russians his enemies, to possess military talents of a very superior nature, nor were they ever able to take him prisoner during the civil war.

To return to Kosinski, the man who saved the king's life:—About a week after Lukawski and Strawenski's execution, he was sent by his majesty out of Poland. He now resides at Semigallia, in the papal territories, where he enjoys an annual pension from the king.

* After the conclusion of these troubles, Pulaski escaped from Poland, and repaired to America. He distinguished himself in the American service, and was killed in the attempt to force the British lines at the siege of Savannah, 1779.

A circumstance almost incredible, and which seems to breathe all the sanguinary bigotry of the sixteenth century, I cannot omit. It is that the papal nuncio in Poland, inspired with a furious zeal against the dissidents, whom he believed to be protected by the king; not only approved the scheme for assassinating his majesty, but blessed the weapons of the conspirators at Czetschow, previous to their setting out on their expedition. This is a fact indisputably true, and scarcely to be exceeded by anything under the reign of Charles IX. of France, and of his mother Catherine de Medicis.

Col. Mag.

NEW VIEW OF LONDON.

As we make very free in our observations on foreign countries, so do foreigners make very free in their criticisms upon England. The following appeared in a Ghent paper extremely hostile to Great Britain, and, though it may be amusing to read, is so furiously intolerant and unjust, that we cannot, in speaking of it, say even, *Fas est ab hoste doceri*.

Bruges, Jan. 9, 1818.

SIR,

Curiosity induced me, a short time ago, to visit London, where I remained about a fortnight. Assuredly no one will deny that it is the largest city in Europe, and, without contradiction, it is at present the richest in the world; but I must confess I was not a little astonished to find the noblemen and citizens so wealthy, and their houses so mean and pitiable. Though in England manufactures are carried to the highest point of perfection, yet painting, sculpture, and architecture, are more backward than in any other kingdom in Europe;—but in a country where people of exalted rank abandon themselves to intemperate drinking and dissipation of every kind,—where the grand object of the nobility is to purchase votes to obtain seats in parliament, it is not surprising that the arts and sciences should be neglected.

The best nobleman's residence in London cannot be compared to one of secondary rank in Paris. Except St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the new Waterloo Bridge, there is no public edifice worthy of notice. A small triumphal arch is to be erected in St. James's park, which will doubtless be an excellent specimen of English architecture, for the elegant design of M.****, of Ghent, was rejected for no other reason than because he was not an English artist. Thousands of Englishmen are at present travelling in all quarters of Europe;—is it not astonishing that none of their men of learning should import to their native country some of the beautiful models of architecture which they see on the continent? Can they pass through Autun without admiring its triumphal arch? There is a noble design which they might copy. The grand entrance gate of Berlin, which is in

the Doric style, might likewise be worthy of their notice : but they will bestow no attention on the magnificent monuments they meet with, and prefer following their own bad taste ; for they have no more notion of architecture than of music. They do not scruple to expend enormous sums on objects, the value of which they are incapable of appreciating. I went to view the new church erected at Marylebone, under the direction of earl Grosvenor. I thought it wretched ; built without any regard either to taste or principles : the meanest architect on the continent would have blushed at the very thought of proposing such a design. I likewise saw the new square in Waterloo-Place. It is built of bricks and mortar, and will serve, perhaps, for a few years, to charm the eyes of the prince regent, whose knowledge of architecture is not remarkably extensive.

A monument is to be erected to the memory of the beloved and regretted princess Charlotte of Wales. This statue is to be executed by an English Sculptor, instead of being entrusted to the most celebrated statuary in the world (*Canova*), who would have created a model fit for the study of young artists. It is a singular fact, that I never observed, either at Carlton House or the palaces at Windsor or Brighton, a single production of that eminent artist. A new custom-house has recently been erected in the vicinity of London bridge. It is built on an immense scale, and in a style resembling the gloomy gothic monuments of the ages of ignorance.

After having visited the two grand theatres (which are very inconsiderable with regard to size,) and the shops, in which are deposited the rich productions of English commerce, I spent several days in walking about the town, without experiencing any other emotion than that of extreme fatigue. At length, heartily tired of a city in which all is noise, bustle, and confusion, I joyfully embarked on board a packet-boat, and returned to Bruges.

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BIOGRAPHY.

BARON C. W. DE HUMBOLDT.

We have deferred, till our next Number, the continuation of the review of M. Humboldt's new work, in order to make room for a biographical account of that distinguished traveller, and his brother, the present Prussian ambassador at the court of London.

Baron Charles William de Humboldt, minister of state, and privy-counsellor of the king of Prussia, chief of the department for superintending religion, and director-general of public education, was, in 1810, appointed ambassador extraordinary to the court of Vienna, and created a knight of the Red Eagle. He had previously been minister from Prussia to the court of Rome. In

February, 1814, baron de Humboldt was one of the plenipotentiaries of the allied powers, who assembled at Chatillon-sur-Seine, to negotiate for peace with France. At the congress of Vienna he was distinguished for talent and extensive knowledge. He was one of the principal authors of the plan for a constitution, the discussion of which continued until the 16th of November, 1814. He was likewise a member of the general committee of the eight powers who signed the peace of Paris, for the questions relative to the abolition of the slave trade. On the 13th of March, 1815, he signed the first declaration of the same powers, concerning Napoleon Bonaparte's return from Elba ; and, on the 12th of May following, the second declaration, which may be regarded as the last profession of faith made by the European powers. In the course of the same month, he likewise concluded with Saxony a treaty of peace, by which the king of Saxony renounced, in favour of Prussia, his claims to various provinces and districts. This treaty was signed at Vienna on the 18th of May, and ratified on the 21st. Towards the end of the year 1815, M. de Humboldt was appointed ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the court of Vienna ; he was, however, recalled in February, 1816, and in the month of July was sent to Frankfort, to negotiate respecting territorial arrangements, and to be present at the diet of the Germanic confederation. In October he laid before the members of the diet, a memorial respecting the mode of treating the affairs which might be submitted to their discussion. As a reward for his services, the king of Prussia, about this time, created him a member of the council of state, and granted him a donation amounting to the annual value of five thousand crowns. About the commencement of 1817, M. de Humboldt was appointed ambassador to London, in the room of M. Jacobi Kloest.

Though M. de Humboldt has acquired so brilliant a reputation as a diplomatist, his literary attainments are by no means unimportant. He has produced an excellent translation of Pindar, and a poetical translation of *Æschylus's* tragedy of *Agamemnon*, which appeared in 1816.

If it be matter of surprise that, amidst the important affairs with which this minister has been entrusted, he should have found time to complete a work which required no less erudition than poetic genius, our astonishment is increased two-fold on reading the translation. He has imitated the Greek metre, both in the dialogue and chorusses ; and the translation is altogether so faithful, that it gives the original not only line for line, but word for word. Finally, it is an effort of which perhaps the German language alone is capable. It is equally remarkable that M. de Humboldt has studied the Basque language to a greater extent than any other literary character. During his travels, he chanced to live in the house of a Biscayan curate. The good pastor spoke of his native

language with so much enthusiasm, that the traveller determined to reside for several weeks in the village in order to acquire it. He read every work that is printed in the Basque language, and all the manuscripts he could procure, and thus enabled himself to communicate to the rest of Europe an original and almost unknown language, which bears no resemblance to any other. M. de Humboldt has published a Basque vocabulary consisting of about 6000 words, in the 4th volume of *Adelung's Mithridates*, continued by M. Vater, Berlin, 1817.

BARON F. H. A. DE HUMBOLDT.

Frederick Henry Alexander, baron de Humboldt, a celebrated traveller, brother to the individual before mentioned, was born at Berlin on the 14th of Sept. 1769. He pursued his studies at Gottingen, at Frankfort on the Oder, and lastly, at the Commercial School at Hamburgh, (see Buch's *Universal Biography*.) In 1790 he undertook his first journey through Europe, accompanied by Forster and Geuns. He visited the banks of the Rhine, Holland, and England, and published his *Observations on the Basaltes of the Rhine*, Brunswick, 1790, 8vo. In 1791, he studied mineralogy and botany, under Werner, at Freiberg; and in 1793, printed at Berlin, his *Specimen Floræ Freibergensis Subterraneæ*. In 1792, he became assessor of the council of mines at Berlin, and afterwards director-general of the mines of the principality of Anspach and Bayreuth, in Franconia. There he founded several magnificent establishments, such as the *School of Steben*, and was likewise one of the first who repeated the five experiments of Galvani. Not satisfied with merely observing the muscular and nervous irritability of animals, he had the courage to make very painful experiments on himself, the results of which he published, with remarks by Blumenbach, in a work written in German, Berlin, 1796, 2 vols. 8vo. The first volume has been translated into French by J. F. N. Jadelot, under the following title: *Experiences sur le Galvanisme, et en general sur l'irritation des Fibres Musculaires et Nerveuses*, 1799, 8vo. In 1795, M. de Humboldt travelled to Italy and Switzerland, accompanied by M. de Friedeleben; and in 1797, he proceeded with his brother to Paris, where he became acquainted with M. Aime Bonpland. At that time he entertained a wish to form part of the expedition of capt. Baudin; but the renewal of hostilities with Austria prevented him from embarking. M. de Humboldt now turned his thoughts seriously towards executing a plan which he had long since formed, namely, of making a philosophic visit to the east. He anxiously wished to join the expedition which had departed for Egypt, from whence he hoped to penetrate as far as Arabia, and then to the English settlements by crossing the Persian Gulf. He waited two months at Marseilles to obtain his passage on board a Swedish frigate, which was to convey a consul from Sweden to Algiers. At length, supposing

that he might easily find means to proceed from Spain to Barbary, he set out for the former country, carrying with him a considerable collection of physical and astronomical instruments. After remaining several months at Madrid, the Spanish government granted him permission to visit their colonies in the new world. He immediately wrote to Paris, to request that M. Bonpland would accompany him, and the two friends embarked at Corunna, on board a Spanish vessel. They arrived at Cumana, in South America, in July 1799. The remainder of the year was spent in visiting the provinces of New Andalusia and Spanish Guyana. They returned to Cumana by the mission of the Caraipees, and in 1800 proceeded to the island of Cuba, where, in the space of three months, M. de Humboldt determined the longitude of the Havanna, and assisted the planters in constructing furnaces for the preparation of sugar. In 1801, several false reports were circulated respecting the voyage of capt. Baudin, which induced M. de Humboldt to form the design of meeting him; but in order to avoid accidents he sent his collections and manuscripts to Europe, and set out himself in the month of March. The unfavourable state of the weather, however, prevented him from pursuing the course he had traced out; and he resolved to visit the superb collection of Mutis, a celebrated American naturalist. In September, 1801, M. de Humboldt set out for Quito, where he arrived in the month of January, 1802. There he was at length able to repose after his fatigues, and to enjoy the pleasures of hospitality amidst the most beautiful productions of nature. At Quito, M. de Humboldt, accompanied by the son of the Marquess de Selva Alegre, (who, through an ardent passion for science, had never quitted him since his arrival,) determined on an enterprise, the execution of which cost him incredible labour. Finally, he departed, towards the middle of the summer, for the volcano of Tungaragno and the Nevado del Chimborazo. They passed through the ruins of Riobamba, and several other villages, destroyed on the 7th of Feb. 1797, by an earthquake, which in one moment swallowed up more than 40,000 individuals, and ultimately, after innumerable difficulties, arrived, on the 23d of June, on the eastern side of Chimborazo, and fixed their instruments on the brink of a porphyry rock, which projected over an immense space covered with an impenetrable bed of snow. A breach, about five hundred feet in width, prevented them from advancing further. The density of the air was one-half reduced; they experienced the bitterest cold; they breathed with difficulty, and the blood flowed from their eyes, lips, and gums. They were then on the most elevated point that had ever been touched by mortal footsteps. They stood at an elevation of 3435 feet higher than that which Condamine attained in 1745, and were consequently 19,500 feet above the level of the sea. From this position of extreme height they ascertained, by

means of a trigonometrical operation, that the summit of Chimborazo was 2140 feet higher than the point on which they stood. Having concluded these important observations, *M. de Humboldt* directed his course towards Lima, the capital of Peru. He remained for several months in that city, enchanted with the vivacity and intelligence of its inhabitants. During his residence among the Peruvians, he observed, at the port of Callao, the emersion of the passage of Mercury on the disk of the sun. From Lima he proceeded to New Spain, where he remained for the space of a year; he arrived at Mexico in April, 1803. In the neighbourhood of that city he discovered the trunk of the famous *Cheirostemon Platanoides*, the only tree of that species that is to be seen in New Spain: it has existed since the remotest ages, and is nine yards in circumference. The labours of *M. de Humboldt* were now drawing to a close. He made several excursions during the months of January and February 1804; but they were his last, and he hastened to embark for the Havanna. In July he set sail for Philadelphia, and after having resided for some time in the United States, he crossed the Atlantic and arrived in France, after an absence of six years, marked by labours the most useful and satisfactory, though filled with fatigue, dangers, and distress, of every kind. During his travels, *M. de Humboldt* rectified, by the most exact operations, the errors which had been committed in fixing the geographical positions of most of the points of the New World. He has likewise discovered a very ingenious method, preferable to any description, for demonstrating, under a single point of view, the accumulated results of his topographical and mineralogical observations. He has given profiles of the vertical sections of the countries he visited. The herbal which he brought with him from Mexico, is one of the richest in exotic plants that was ever transported to Europe: it contains 6300 different species. Animated by an ardent desire for making discoveries, and endowed with the means of satisfying this noble ambition, *M. de Humboldt* has extended his researches to every branch of physical and social knowledge. The mass of curious information, which he collected in the New World, surpasses all that has ever resulted from the investigations of any other individual. He has diffused a new light over the history of our species, extended the limits of mathematical geography, and added an infinite number of new objects to the treasures of botany, zoology, and mineralogy. These precious acquisitions, each classed in the order to which they belong, were published in 1805, and several succeeding years, at Paris, Ham-
burgh, and London, in the following manner:—1. *Voyage aux Regions Equinoxiales du Nouveau Continent, pendant les Annees 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, et 1804*: 4 vols. 4to. The first published in 1814—1817, has likewise appeared in 4 vols. 8vo.—2. *Vues de Cordilleres et Monuments des Peuples indi-*

genes de l'Amerique, 1811; 2 vols. large folio, with plates, 1814, 2 vols. 8vo.—3. *Recueil d'Observations Astronomiques, et de Mesures executees dans le Nouveau Continent*, 2 vols. 4to. *M. de Humboldt* has neglected no means of verifying his calculations. He has submitted to the examination of the *Bureau de Longitude*, a portion of his astronomical observations on lunar distances, and the eclipses of the satellites of Jupiter. Nearly 500 barometrical heights have, moreover, been calculated by *M. Prony*, according to the formula of *M. La Place*.—4. *Essai sur la Geographie des Plantes, ou Tableau Physique des Regions Equinoxiales, fonde sur des Observations et des mesures faites depuis le 10° degre de latitude australe, jusqu' au 10° degre de latitude boreale*; 4to. with a large plate.—5. *Plantes Equinoxiales, recueillies au Mexique, dans l'Isle de Cuba, dans le Provinces, de Caracas, de Cumana, &c.* 2 vols. folio.—6. *Monographie de Melastomes*; 2 vols. folio.—7. *Nova Genera et Species Plantarum*; 3 vols. folio.—8. *Recueil d'Observations de Zoologie et d'Anatomie comparees, faites dans un Voyage aux Tropiques*; 2 vols. 4to.—9. *Essai Politique sur la Nouvelle Espagne*; 1811, 2 vols. 4to, with a folio atlas, or 5 vols. 8vo. with plates.—10. *Physique General et Geologie*; 1 vol. 4to, (not yet published).—11. *Ansichten der Natur*; Tubingen, 1808, 8vo.; translated into French by *M. Eyries*, under the superintendence of the author.—12. *De Distributione Geographica, Plantarum secundum Cæli temperiem et altitudinem montium prolegomena*; Paris, 1817; 8vo.—13. *Sur l'Elevation des Montagnes de l'Inde*; 8vo. *M. Humboldt* and *M. Bonpland* having shared together all the fatigues and dangers of their journey, agreed that their works should be published under the names of both; the preface of each work explaining to whom such and such a portion is specifically due. *M. de Humboldt* also laboured in common with *M. de Guy-Lussac*. They conjointly verified the theory of *M. Biot*, on the position of the magnetic equator; and ascertained that great chains of mountains, and even burning volcanos, have no sensible influence on the magnetic power, and that this power progressively diminishes in proportion as we depart from the terrestrial equator. The narratives of *M. de Humboldt's* voyages have been published in several different languages; but he has disavowed them by publishing those which we have mentioned in the course of this article. It has been stated in several public journals, that this indefatigable traveller intends visiting the Alps of Thibet, the most elevated point of which is said to be 2700 feet higher than Chimborazo. At one of the sittings of the French Academy, in 1817, *M. de Humboldt* produced his chart of the river Orinoko, which presents the phenomenon of the junction of that immense river with the Amazon, by the intermediate waters of the Rio Negro; a confluence which was supposed to exist by *d'Anville*, but which had hitherto remained a matter of doubt.—*Lon. Lit. Gaz.*

ART. 3. NEW INVENTION.

On the Propulsion of Navigable Bodies.

THE important and increasing benefits this great country experiences from its improvements in nautical mechanism, and the extraordinary magnitude of the vessels actuated by mechanical power, are circumstances that infallibly excite the attention of an European on his arrival in the United States. The Brooklyn steam-ferry-boat was the first moving object that arrested my attention as I entered the port of New-York. The effect, to me who had never witnessed the spontaneous march of the huge fabric, laden with carriages, horses and men, now gliding past our ship, was delightful, and impressed upon my imagination a more elevated idea of the enterprising spirit of the New World, than would the most lofty panegyric, unaccompanied by the test before me.

Thus forcibly impressed, before I had even touched the American shores, an habitual fondness for investigation, has subsequently impelled me to study the progressive history of mechanical navigation, from the obscure hints of the first projectors of the steam-engine, to the more finished works of Fulton. In the course of my pursuits, the latent principles of action were developed, and it became obvious that, notwithstanding the excellence already attained, the machine was still imperfect—imperfect in its original principle, and that there yet remained a wide unlocated field for the introduction of important improvements.

Comparing the magnitude of vessels with the power ordinarily expended in their propulsion, there seemed to be a great disparity, and the fact became indisputable, when I reflected, that, on the canals in England, barges carrying thirty tons, and themselves weighing at least fifteen tons, making a total gravity of forty-five tons, (measured by the displacement of water), are towed, through still water, five miles per hour by one horse. But here the Brooklyn twin ferry-boat, each half being shaped like the English canal barges, displaces only four times the bulk of water, (i. e. 180 tons,) and yet advances but five and a half miles per hour through the water, her engine exerting a power equal to that of twenty-four horses.

Now it is manifest that the power of a steam-engine must be the same, whether exerted on board a vessel or on shore; and, therefore, if a greater power be

spent on board to propel it through water, than would give it an equal velocity if applied from the shore, the necessity for the excess must proceed, not from any imperfection in the engine, but from circumstances connected with the machinery, actuated by it as a "*primum mobile*," and the medium (i. e. water) upon which it operates.

That power is unavoidably lost in the friction of the wheels giving motion to the water-wheel is obvious, and some allowance must be made on that account, but the amount of that loss bears but a small proportion to the total deficiency—the remainder must therefore be attributable to other causes which I will endeavour to point out.

Let us for a moment suppose the two vessels forming the Nassau ferry-boat, to float, connectedly as they now do, but each in a *separate* canal, divided by a firm bank, and that the water-wheel, instead of acting against water, rolled upon solid ground, as quickly as it now turns, (i. e. 20 times per minute,) the result would be an advance of the boat, as rapid as the revolution of the wheel, which, taking its actual measurement of 12-6 diameter, would give a pace of nine miles per hour. But we find by experience, that although the water-wheel of this boat does actually revolve at the rate of nine miles per hour, the boat never advances through the water, more than five and a half miles. Whence this enormous deficiency?

The paddles of water-wheels impinge upon unsolid matter; that yields to the stroke, and one-third of their velocity is spent in agitating the water into which they dip: thus, every three feet of the wheels' motions imparts two to the boat, and one in opposite course to the water. The powers thus expended, in producing these opposite motions, are, as the squares of their velocities, and, therefore, one-fifth of the *primum mobile*, is thus lost to every useful purpose.

To illustrate this position more sensibly, let us again imagine the vessel placed in the double canal, above instanced, but that the dividing bank, upon which the wheel rolls, consists of loose sand, instead of hard ground, the sand will then slip back with the wheel, and inasmuch as it does slip back, so much will the motion of the boat be less than that of the wheel. The effect in water is similar, except that water, consisting of more minute, smooth-

er, and less tenacious particles, gives way more easily than would the sand just instanced, the loss of power would therefore be still greater when the wheel operated in water as at present.

Having now accounted for the loss of one-fifth of the whole power of the *primum mobile*, let us proceed to consider the effect of the obliquity with which the paddles of common water-wheels pass through the water.

The force of an impinging paddle, like all other oblique forces, is resolvable into two forces, one horizontal, the other perpendicular—of these, the horizontal is calculated to propel horizontally, the perpendicular, to operate perpendicularly.—It must be obvious that the horizontal force can alone promote the progress of a boat, the perpendicular exerted upwards and downwards by the opposite paddles of water-wheels, being utterly *indifferent* to horizontal progression.—It will not therefore be correct to say the perpendicular force operates *against*, or in counteraction of the progressive power, because, being at right angles to it, it cannot *oppose* horizontal propulsion.—It should rather be viewed, as in fact it is, a serious burthen constantly balancing, and in effect subtracting a part of the force of the *primum mobile*, without any other result than to keep up a continual agitation of the water, and strain upon the machinery, and that if freed from the resistance thus uselessly sacrificing a portion of its power, the *primum mobile* will immediately be adequate to actuate a wheel of greater dimensions than at present, and carrying paddles of any constructable dimensions.—These enlarged paddles will revolve faster, and be more firmly resisted by the water, and the boat will advance with increased rapidity.

The comparative value of horizontal force propelling the boat, and of the perpendicular effort in any position of a paddle, may be found by dropping a line from the upper edge or from the level of immersion, if it be not wholly under water, and by drawing another line horizontally from the lower edge until it intersects the perpendicular line, thus forming a right angled triangle, of which the paddle's edge is the hypotenuse. The square of the perpendicular line, measured from the upper part of the paddle or level of immersion, as the case may be, to the point of intersection, will represent the horizontal or propulsive force, and the square of the horizontal line, measured from the same point to the extremity of the paddle, the perpendicular force: the squares of

these two lines being equal to that of the paddle's edge, or third side of the triangle, representing the whole force. It results from many wheels thus tested, that the loss of power from this cause alone is never less than one-sixth of the whole *primum mobile*.

It must, however, be understood that this result is obtained on the assumption that the paddle is resisted equably during its *whole* passage through the water, which really is not the fact.—The greater part of its power being expended at the *instant of impact*, and before the *vis-inertia* of the water has been entirely overcome. But, at the instant of impinging, the paddles are inclined in an angle of 45° nearly, where, upon the principle already developed, half their power is lost perpendicularly—any remaining power being scarcely more than sufficient to counteract the perpendicular resistance occasioned by the gravity of the water lifted by the emerging paddles. I therefore estimate the total loss of power, from perpendicular resistance, at one half the *primum mobile*.

But there is another circumstance creating a considerable loss of power, which as it is less obvious, so is it the more necessary to be particular in explaining its nature.

Every person who has travelled in a steam-boat must have noticed that, as each paddle of the water-wheel comes in contact with the water, an universal vibration prevails through the vessel. Let us imagine this effect did not occur, but that it was *desired* to produce it—would it not require a great extra exertion of power? and if it require a great extra exertion of power to produce it, if desired, must not its existence when deprecated, be accompanied with an expense of power that is worse than useless? But in what part of the apparatus does this loss take place?—the water-wheel.—Suppose, for sake of argument, the materials of the water-wheel and other parts moving in conjunction, are constructed to be nearly devoid of weight, they would also be nearly devoid of *vis-inertia*, as each paddle met the water, the wheel's motion would be almost annihilated by the force of the concussion, which would then bear an immense proportion to the *vis-inertia*, as with an oar falling flatwise on water. It would afterward, gradually recover and proceed with accelerated velocity, till another paddle striking impeded it as before, and so on successively, the wheel moving constantly by starts; make the wheel heavier and its *vis-inertia* be-

ing increased, the retardation will be diminished,—add again to its weight, and a farther reduction will take place; thus, as the wheel becomes more ponderous its motion becomes more equable, but yet can never be quite equable, and the retardations of its motion, though not susceptible of ocular demonstration, exist, and require to be constantly compensated by borrowing from the vis-inertiæ of the component materials, a power which it is necessary, as constantly to re-supply by subtracting from the power of the *primum mobile*. The loss of force thus caused, it is difficult, perhaps impossible to ascertain with precision; but when we reflect that it occurs eight times to every revolution of the wheel, it must be considerable. As it is necessary in the present instance to give it some value, I assume, one-twelfth of the *primum mobile*; but in case of rapid motion, apprehend it becomes much more considerable.

If then this loss of power be added to that proceeding from perpendicular resistance, and to that already shown to arise from the unsolid nature of the matter upon which the paddles operate, it will appear that at least three-fourths of the whole power expended by the *primum mobile*, is to every useful end exerted in vain. Let us, therefore, suppose a proportionate subtraction from the power of the engine of the Brooklyn ferry-boat, and the remainder equal to that of six horses, to be applied directly without waste, as in towing from land, the boat will then make the same progress as at present; and that result, making due allowance for the additional velocity of half a mile imparted to the boat, will nearly accord with the effects manifested in the canals in England.

Having shown from what causes arise the losses of power in propelling boats by mechanism, as now applied, let us inquire how far it is possible to remedy these inconveniences.

The loss of power proceeding from perpendicular resistance was, I am informed, a circumstance that seriously weighed upon the mind of Mr. Fulton; but being unacquainted with any feasible contrivance for preventing it, he had recourse to the costly expedient of employing engines of such immense powers as, that after submitting to every loss, the remainder, not exceeding *one-fourth* of the original force, was still sufficient to produce a satisfactory result.

Can any reasonable person imagine the power of eighty horses, applied from the land, would be necessary to pro-

pel the boat “Chancellor Livingston,” or seventy-five the “Paragon?” But, notwithstanding the enormous sacrifice, Mr. Fulton reduced to its *minimum* the inconvenience of a system *radically defective*.

The obvious loss of power, as above explained, was the first circumstance that excited my attention, and I endeavoured to prevent it by contriving a water-wheel with upright paddles, upon a new and simple construction. On putting this wheel in operation on board the York ferry-boat, with paddles of as great surface as those of the old wheel, her speed was increased about one-tenth, but the engine then made nineteen strokes per minute, being four more than with the old wheel. This circumstance proved that the upright paddles were not so firmly resisted by the water as the oblique, an effect not unexpected, but more considerable than I had anticipated. This, on reflection, I found to proceed from the fact, that after starting, the stream projected behind the wheel was constantly driven horizontally in the direction of that already created, and which, of course, presented an insufficient resistance, while the operation of the common wheel in that part of its journey where the greatest effect is produced, is not attended with that particular inconvenience. This evil may, however, be obviated by making the upright paddles of such *ample* dimensions as to bear against a *very great section* of water, an expedient that may not always be convenient. Thus, excepting that the wheel operated admirably among ice, little was effected where I had expected much, and I began to suspect a fundamental error in the ordinary application of the *primum mobile*.

Convinced from the facts and reasonings already developed, that the great waste of power was solely connected with the operation upon the water, I resolved to persevere, and made a variety of experiments to ascertain the effects of placing the water-wheel within a *horizontal* trough, open at each end, but enclosed at the sides and bottom, making, occasionally, various apertures therein. The effects were curious, but unattended with profitable result, except that of leading me ultimately to reject the *immediate* use of power, and inducing the contemplation of a negative application, which is astonishing in its effects, and opens a new era in one of the most important arts yet practised by mankind.

It would be impossible for me to detail the successive gradations of idea that led

to the conception of a discovery, great in its consequences. Impeded by mental inertia, it came slowly at first, and with reluctance, but when once in motion, it rushed forward with the accelerated impetus of truth, and carried conviction before it.

Every attempt, not excepting my own, has heretofore been made on a *false basis*, namely, that of operating upon the water with a view to benefit from the resistance of its inertia. The only advantageous method is to *reverse the system*, and to make the water-wheel revolve within a raceway, fitting it closely on each side and beneath, and *rising behind it to the surface of the water*, the forward end closed above so as to convert it into a tube, the whole being made to extend some feet before and behind the wheel.

Now, if this raceway were enclosed at the forward extremity, it would be not unlike a boat. Let it be imagined, for illustration, that by some means (no matter what) a boat be so circumstanced that the water, in which it is immersed, does *not press against the head*, will not the natural pressure of the water astern produce forward motion? Suppose the raceway, above described, to be a boat—the water within it, when all is quiescent, resists the pressure of the external water ahead—put the wheel in motion, and the water contained in the raceway is expelled at an expense of power, equal to the lateral pressure of a column of water, of its own height. The pressure of the water, thus expelled, against the inclined part of the raceway, and of the water-wheel against that water, are equal and opposite, and therefore (the water-wheel and raceway being both fixed to the boat) indifferent to motion. But let us now look to the external water, and we shall perceive that, by the removal of the water within the raceway, the external *resistance* to the raceway has been entirely removed, while the external *pressure*, beneath the inclined plane of the causeway, remains unimpaired, and urges it forward with the lateral pressure of a column of water of its own height, and does actually propel the raceway, and with it the boat. The forward internal water would, however, be disposed from gravity to fall backward under the wheel, when the wheel had removed the water beneath itself, but the forward end of the raceway being converted into a tube, the *vis-inertiæ* of the included water, at some little distance in advance of the wheel, operates for a moment, in complete counteraction of the gravity of that in its immediate contiguity,

because a separation of waters cannot take place without the creation of a vacuum, thus the water is for a moment sustained by atmospheric pressure, and cannot instantly fall under the wheel, as it would, were the raceway open above. But the pressure of the external water, beneath the inclined part of the raceway, is in *perpetual action*, and, before the *vis-inertiæ*, above mentioned, can be overcome, has propelled the raceway into *other water*, whose *vis-inertiæ* has also to be overcome, and so on *ad infinitum*. Thus the pressure of the external water is *always in action* beneath the inclined end of the causeway, while at the other extremity, its resistance is in *perpetual suspension*. By this arrangement it is obvious that the power gained, is equal to the power spent, both being measured by columns of water of equal altitude, and, consequently, that the effect resulting from force thus exerted on board a vessel to propel it, must be equal to that proceeding from an equal exertion from the land, an object hitherto deemed unattainable.

Under this system, the application of my water-wheel is useful and important; the object *now* is to *remove* the water from within the raceway as *freely* as possible. The common wheel, though not equally advantageous, may, however, be employed with diminished inconvenience, it does not require to be so deeply immersed, as heretofore, in the water to which it is opposed.

From this explanation it is obvious that the machinery is not to be applied to produce the propulsive power, but merely to remove the natural resistance to a natural pressure, already existing, and disposed by nature to be active. The oblique part of the raceway will admit of an almost infinite variety of shapes. The whole may even be included within the bulk of the vessel, provided its *obliquity* be preserved; for the action of the water-wheel will then *reduce* the resistance ahead, while the pressure astern remaining *undiminished*, *motion must ensue*, with a power equal to the difference: and it has been merely from the omission of this obliquity, which would, to *appearance*, obstruct progression, that all who have hitherto attempted to *propel* vessels, by forcing water through tubes from stem to stern, have not succeeded in their endeavours.

I conclude with an explanatory diagram of the discovery, and *when clearly understood*, court public investigation.

C. A. BUSBY,

No. 2 Law Buildings.

New-York, May 20, 1818.

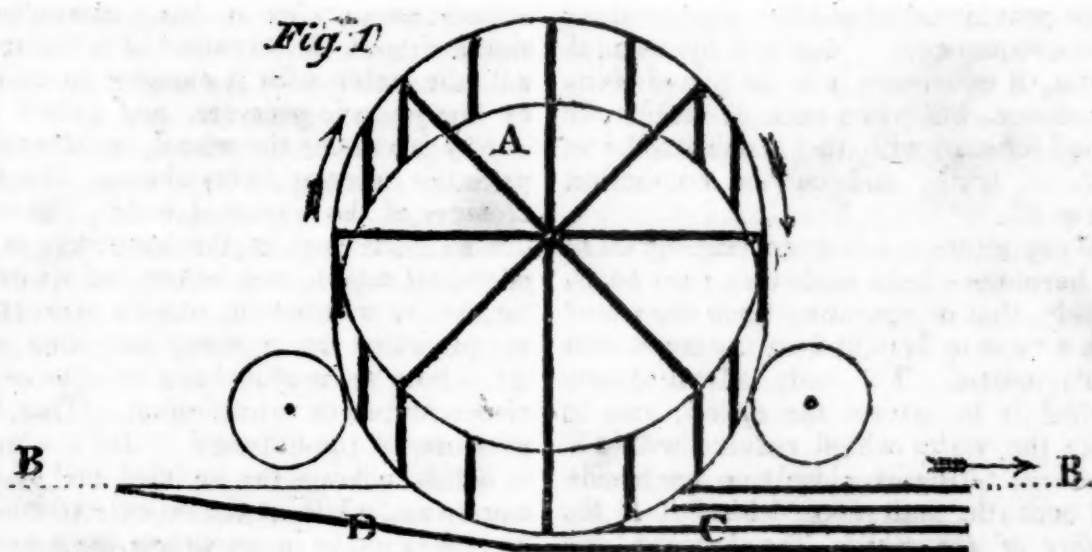


FIG. 1.

- A. The water-wheel with upright paddles, revolving in the direction of the arrows.
 B. B. Surface of the water. The boat advancing in the direction of the horizontal arrows.
 C. D. The raceway. The forward part, C, open at the extremity; the end, D, inclined upwards towards the surface of the water, by which it is impelled.

FIG. 2.

- a. B. C. D. Transverse sections of the raceway. The horizontal planes intersecting the forward and open extremity, D, are for the purpose of bringing the vis-inertiæ of the water and pressure of the atmosphere into effectual co-operation.
 E. E. Surface of the water.

Postscript.—A deliberate review of the subject will exhibit the water-wheel of any vessel navigated mechanically, as at present, as an *undershot* wheel is its most disadvantageous position, *reversed in application*, but retaining all its defects; while the new system will appear to be a

negative and *inverted* use of the principle of the *overshot* wheel, and possessing all its advantages.

In the Philosophical Transactions, vol. li. for the year 1759, there is a paper, by the celebrated Mr. Smeaton, with experiments on mills; from these experiments it appears (p. 129) that the effect obtained by the overshot wheel, is frequently four and five times as great as with the undershot wheel, in the same time, and with equal expenditures of power. The great Dr. Franklin was correct when, in his Essay, read before the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, he maintained that wheels, operating as at present, *could not be used to any advantage*. We are also informed by Mr. Fulton, that, in 1806, the late Lord Stanhope assured him, in London, that a boat could not be *successfully* constructed on the principles and combinations now in use; for can they be said to be employed successfully or advantageously, when, through their inefficient agency, three-fourths of the *primum mobile* is sacrificed?

C. A. B.

ART. 9. LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

IT is announced that Dr. Rees' New Cyclopædia will be completed within the present year.

KOTZEBUE, the celebrated German dra-

matic writer, has just published a collection of *Tales addressed to his Sons*. They will soon appear both in French and English.

BURKHARD, the traveller, died lately at Cairo. This enterprising gentleman, a native of Germany, offered his services some years ago, to the English Society for promoting discoveries in the interior of Africa. Having learned the languages, and collected all the information necessary for such a journey, he proceeded to Cairo in order to join the caravan which travels every year from Tombuctoo, and to penetrate into that country which has hitherto been inaccessible to Europeans. But the agitations which arose in that part of the world, retarded the arrival of the caravan for the space of a year. With the help of his Mussulman dress and his perfect knowledge of the Arabic and Turkish languages, Mr. Burkhard made various new and important discoveries, an account of which will probably be published by the English Society. At length the caravan arrived,—but before Mr. Burkhard could make the necessary arrangements for his departure, he was attacked with the dysentery, and this disorder proved the cause of his death.

Dr. BREWSTER, of Edinburgh, when examining the optical properties of ice, has found that even large masses, two or three inches thick, formed upon the surface of standing water, are as perfectly crystallized as rock crystal, or calcareous spar, all the axes of the elementary crystals corresponding with the axes of the hexædral prisms, being exactly parallel to each other, and perpendicular to the horizontal surface.

During the process of malting, a sweet matter is generated in grain. No light, (says Dr. Thompson) has hitherto been thrown upon this process, though it is essential towards the theory of brewing and distillation. But KIRCHHOFF, (an eminent German chemist,) who discovered the method of converting starch into sugar by means of acids, has lately published an experiment, which constitutes an essential and important step in the theory of fermentation. Barley-meal contains both gluten and starch. If pure starch be infused in hot water, it is not converted into sugar. Neither does gluten become saccharine matter when treated in the same way. But, if a mixture of pure dried pulverized wheat gluten and potato-starch be infused in hot water, the starch is converted into sugar. During the process an acid is evolved, yet the gluten is little altered, and, if the liquid be filtered, most of it remains upon the filter. But it does not answer when employed a second time to convert starch into sugar. It appears, then, that it is the gluten which acts upon the starch, and converts

it into sugar. By melting, the gluten undergoes a change, which enables it to act more powerfully in turning the starch of raw grain into sugar.

From late accounts it appears that Copenhagen contains 100,000 inhabitants: of these 4600 are paupers.

The thirty-second and thirty-third Nos. of the Medico-chirurgical Gazette, edited by Dr. J. N. Ehrhart, at Salzbury, Germany, were lately received in this city. As usual, the numbers are chiefly occupied with notices, and summary reviews of American publications.

Whilst perusing these German pages, our attention was particularly arrested by two remarks, upon which the learned author somewhat expatiates; *The inconsistency of Dr. Pursh's theory of diseases; and—the pertinacity with which the Americans assert, and attempt to prove that the Yellow Fever never originates in America.*

Dr. JUNG STILLING. The death of this extraordinary man is announced in a Swiss Journal, with the following character of the deceased. He was celebrated throughout Germany for his numerous writings and his piety, which, in course of time augmented into *illumism*. In his youth, he followed the trade of a tailor, and afterwards that of a teacher: he then became successively a physician, a moralist, a religious writer, a journalist, a political economist, a visionary, a naturalist, and an excellent oculist. He successfully cured, by surgical operation, two hundred poor people who were afflicted with cataracts. He firmly believed in the existence of ghosts, and wrote a book, in which he seriously explained his doctrine. In his journal, the *Grey man*, he prophesied that the *Antichrist* would appear within the forty years of the present century. His works have been much read in Germany,* because he wrote with simplicity and interest, and possessed the great art of accommodating his style to all classes of society.

Dr. SCHLICHTEGROLL, of Munich, has undertaken the task of editing a very curious literary monument of the middle ages, TALHOFFER's *Book of Combats*, belonging to the ducal library of Gotha. It is a collection of 268 pen and ink sketches, made in 1467, representing the different kinds of judicial combat, which was then the most common ordeal. All these drawings have explanatory marginal inscriptions. This work, which will be printed

* His works, some of which have been republished in the United States, are familiar to most American German readers.

at the lithographic press of the public seminary, called *Feyertags-schule* (Holy-day-school), at Munich, will be rendered highly interesting by the information which it will afford respecting many manuscripts very little known in the libraries of Munich, Vienna, Gotha and Wolfenbüttel, illustrative of the laws and manners of the middle ages. It will be printed in French and German, in numbers containing six plates each, and the publication will commence as soon as 150 copies are subscribed for.

The works which have been published in Germany, in consequence of the Tricentenary of the Reformation, by Luther, are almost innumerable. Our German papers teem with announcements and reviews of such publications. The *Maurerische Buch-handlung*—a single house in Berlin—had 95 of them on sale.

BROCKHAUS, a very respectable bookseller in Leipzig, published his *Urania*, a ladies pocket almanac for 1818. Hitherto his annual volume excited unusual interest. However, as he expresses himself relative to the *Taschenbuch: nach immer höherer Vollkommenheit desselben strebend*, he offered, in April, 1816, three prizes for a poetical tale, a poetical epistle, and an Idyl. The attempt to enrich the pages of his *Urania* in this way, was successful. Among several very superior productions, presented in the volume for this year, the poetical tale by ERNST SCHULZE is peculiarly fine, and obtained a handsome reward. This beautiful piece is entitled, *Die bezauberte Rose*—the enchanted rose. The just commendations of this exquisite specimen of German poetry, contained in a late German journal, are before us; but we waive them, in order to introduce an article upon the same subject from a late number of the London New Monthly Magazine.

“It (the above mentioned poem) is written in the manner of Wieland’s *Oberon*, except that the stanzas are more regular; the whole is more delicate, and, as it were, of pure ethereal texture. It combines all the magic tones of melody. The publisher has announced a separate edition of this poem, on which he designs to bestow every possible typographic and chalcographic embellishment. The young poet died at Celle, in the Hanoverian dominions, in his 28th year, a few days after receiving intelligence of the success of his performance, and just as he was preparing to set out for Italy. He contracted the disease which proved fatal, during the siege of Hamburg, in 1813, when he served as a volunteer in the Ja-

gers. We are promised his posthumous works, together with a memoir of his life, by Professor Bouterwech, of Gottingen.”

The first two volumes of a highly curious and important work have been published at Cassel, by Mr. U.F. Kopp, with the title of *Tachygraphia Veterum exposita et illustrata*, or the Short-hand Writing of the Ancients explained and illustrated. These volumes contain 12 distinct plates, and about 14,000 other engravings on copper and wood. It is a truly important and classical work, and has this farther peculiarity that a great portion of the mechanical department was executed by the author, who not only made the drawings of all the figures but also engraved them, and composed with his own hands the most difficult parts of the letter-press!

PRESENT STATE OF THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.—From the distinguished part which Germany is taking in the pursuits of science and literature in our times, the annexed summary of her learned establishments may be acceptable.—

Germany had, before the year 1802, the following 36 universities:—

Heidelberg founded in 1386, Prague 1348, Vienna 1361, Cologne 1388, Erfurt 1389, Wurtzburg 1403, Leipzig 1409, Ingolstadt, 1410, Rostock 1419, Treves 1451, Greifswalde 1456, Freiburg 1456, Tübingen 1477, Mentz 1477, Wittenberg 1502, Frankfort on the Oder 1505, Marburg 1517, Dillingen 1549, Jena 1557, Helmstadt 1576, Altdorf 1576, Paderborn 1592, Giessen 1607, Rinteln 1619, Salzburg 1622, Munster 1631, Osnaburg 1632, Bamberg 1648, Duisburg 1655, Kiel 1665, Innspruck 1672, Halle 1694, Breslaw 1702, Fulda 1734, Gottingen 1734, Erlangen 1742. Of which there have been dissolved since 1802: Cologne, Erfurt, Ingolstadt, Treves, Mentz, Wittenberg, Frankfort, Dillingen, Helmstadt, Altdorf, Rinteln, Salzburg, Munster, Osnaburg, Bamberg, Duisburg, Innspruck, and Fulda; and in their stead only the following new ones founded: Landshut, merely a continuation of the Ingolstadt university; Breslaw, as a mixed university, to which the professors from Frankfort on the Oder were removed; Ellwangen, but which since the year 1817 is united with Tübingen; and Berlin, the last founded of the German universities. There exist at present in Germany only 19 universities, viz. in the Austrian-German Hereditary States, 1. Vienna, Catholic, with 957 students; 2. Prague, Catholic, with 880 students. In German-Prussia, 3. Berlin, Evangelical, 1817, with 600 students; 4. Breslaw, for both religions, with 366 students; 5. Halle, Evangelical, 1816,

with 500 students; 6. Griefswalde, Evangelical, with 55 students. Add to these the Catholic university of Paderborn, but which has only two faculties. In Bavaria, 7. Landshut, Catholic, with 640 students; 8. Wurtzburg, Catholic, 1815, with 365 students; 9 Erlangen, Protestant, with 180 students. In Saxony, 10. Leipzig, Protestant, 1816, with 911 students. In Hanover, 11. Gottingen, Protestant, 1816, with 1132 students. Wurtemberg, 12. Tubingen, Protestant, with 290 students, now increased by the addition of Ellwangen, for both religions. In Baden, 13. Heidelberg, Protestant, 1817, with 303 students; 14. Freiburg, Catholic, 1817, with 275 students. In the Electorate of Hesse, 15. Marburg, Protestant, 1812, with 197 students. In the Grand Duchy of Hesse, 16. Giessen, Protestant, 1813, with 241 students. In Holstein, 17. Kiel, Protestants, with 107 students; Weimar, 18. Jena, Protestant, 1817, with 600 students. In Mecklenburg-Schwerin, 19. Rostock, Protestant, 1817, with 159 students. Of these 19 universities, there are therefore 5 Catholic, 2 mixed, and the rest Protestant. In all there are about 3500 students. If we take the population of all Germany at $29\frac{1}{2}$ millions, there will be 288 students for every million.

NORTHERN EXPEDITION.—The arrangements for the vessels about to explore the Arctic Regions are now nearly completed, and it is expected they will leave the river about the 24th of March. Every precaution has been taken for the general comfort of the crews; fixed bed places are fitted, with sliding doors, for the men to sleep in, housings to form roofs over the ships in the event of being frozen in, a liberal supply of vegetables, and a proportion of six months beef, slightly corned, with some preserved meat, will be supplied.

The *Isabella* and *Alexander* are intended to proceed in a N. W. direction to Davis's Straits, and explore there for a passage through into the great Pacific Ocean, by the American continent.

The *Dorothea* and *Trent*, proceeding to the eastward of Greenland, will take a northerly direction, in the hopes of reaching the Pole, and from thence to Behring's Straits.

The *Issabella* is of 382 tons, and has a complement of 47 men: captain John Ross, commander.

The *Alexander* is of 250 tons, complement 33 men: lieutenant W. Edw. Parry, commander.

The *Dorothea* is of 369 tons, comple-

ment 47 men: captain David Buchan, commander.

The *Trent* is of 250 tons, complement 33 men: lieutenant J. Franklin, commander.

An ample supply of warm clothing will be provided, and three months advance of pay given to the men. The officers will have their pay doubled, and six months in advance.—A compensation will be granted the purser in lieu of balance bills; indeed, the whole arrangements appear on a scale of liberality that will do justice to the projectors of the expedition.

If unsuccessful, it is expected to terminate about September 1819. If it be successful, and the navigators return by the Indian Seas, a reward of 20,000*l.* will be distributed amongst the crews. Notwithstanding this, and an allowance of 3*l.* per month, a difficulty is found in obtaining suitable hands for the voyage, and the vessels are to complete their crews at the Orkneys, the great rendezvous of seamen for the Greenland service.

“If an open navigation should be discovered across the Polar Basin, the passage over the Pole, or close to it, will be one of the most interesting events to science that ever occurred. It will be the first time that the problem was practically solved, with which the learners of geography are sometimes puzzled—that of going the shortest way between two places lying east and west of each other, by taking a direction of north and south. The passage of the Pole will require the undivided attention of the navigator. On approaching this point, from which the northern coasts of Europe, Asia, and America, and every part of them, will bear *south* of him, nothing can possibly assist him in determining his course, and keeping on the right meridian of his destined place, but a correct knowledge of the *time*, and yet no means of ascertaining that time will be afforded him. The only *time* he can have, with any degree of certainty, as long as he remains on or near the Pole, must be that of Greenwich, and this he can know only from good chronometers; for from the general hazy state of the atmosphere, and particularly about the horizon, and the sameness in the altitude of the sun, at every hour in the four and twenty, he must not expect to obtain an approximation even of the apparent time, by observation, and he will have no stars to assist him. All his ideas respecting the heavens, and the reckoning of his time, will be reversed, and the change not gradual, as in proceeding from the east to the west, or the contrary, but instantaneous.

ous. The magnetic needle will point to its unknown magnetic Pole, or fly round from the point of the bowl from which it is suspended, and that which indicated north will now be south; the east will become the west, and the hour of noon will be that of midnight.

AFRICAN EXPEDITION.—A letter from Sierra Leone mentions the return to that place of the scientific expedition for exploring the interior of Africa. They were completely unsuccessful, having advanced only about 150 miles into the interior, from Rio Nunez. Their progress was there stopped by a chief of the country; and after unavailing endeavours, for the space of four months, to obtain liberty to proceed, they abandoned the enterprise, and returned. Nearly all the animals perished. Several officers died, and what is remarkable, but one private, besides one drowned, of about 200. Capt. Campbell died two days after their return to Rio Nunez, and was buried, with another officer, in the same spot where major Peddie and one of his officers were buried on their advance.

RUSSIAN VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.—Captain Krusenstern in a letter to captain Burney, dated Revel, Oct. 1, 1817, informs him that letters had been received a few days before from lieut. Kotzebue. On leaving Kamschatka in July 1816, he sailed through Behring's Straits, and succeeded in ranging the coast of America to latitude 67° , when he discovered a large inlet extending far to the eastward. He was obliged to quit it without exploring the whole, but intends to resume the labour this year. Captain Krusenstern does not himself believe that a communication exists between the North Pacific and the Atlantic, but remarks that the discovery of this inlet does hold out some hope that one may be yet found.

ANIMAL FLOWER.—The inhabitants of St. Lucia have discovered a most singular plant. In a cavern of that isle, near the sea, is a large bason, from twelve to fifteen feet deep, the water of which is very brackish, and the bottom composed of rocks. From these, at all times, proceed certain substances, which present, at first sight, beautiful flowers, of a bright shining colour, and pretty nearly resembling our marigolds—only that their tint is more lively. These seeming flowers, on the approach of a hand or instrument, retire, like a snail, out of sight. On examining their substance closely, there appear, in the middle of the disk, four brown

filaments, resembling spiders' legs, which move round a kind of petals with a pretty brisk and spontaneous motion. These legs have pincers to seize their prey; and upon seizing it, the yellow petals immediately close, so that it cannot escape. Under this exterior of a flower is a brown stalk, of the bigness of a raven's quill, and which appears to be the body of some animal. It is probable that this strange creature lives on the spawn of fish, and the marine insects thrown by the sea into the bason.

LITHOVASA.—This name is given to a new but useful article, made of a peculiar kind of stone, in the form of vessels adapted to cool wine, preserve butter, &c. They owe their properties to the power of absorption and evaporation possessed by the stone; and are superior to earthenware articles applied to the same purposes, being entirely free from that clayey smell which belongs to unglazed pottery.

The wine coolers require only to be steeped for ten minutes in cold water, when they are fit to receive a decanter of wine.—The butter preservers steeped in the same manner are ready to receive a vessel containing the butter, and will keep it cool in the hottest weather, and retain their moisture for a day or two.

Elegant stone pyramids for growing excellent anti-scorbutic salads, require only to be saturated with water. The seed equally distributed in the external grooves, the central hole filled with water, (and the waste daily supplied,) will, in eight or ten days, produce a fine green crop of very superior quality, which may be eaten clean and fresh from the pyramids placed on the table.—When the crop is plucked from any number of grooves, and the loose seeds brushed off, new may be sown and successive crops obtained.

A curious and interesting MS. of the celebrated Dr. King, of *St. Marys, Oxford*, has lately been discovered, containing *anecdotes and reminiscences of his own times*.

The fourth and last Canto of Childe Harold, is positively announced to appear on the 14th of April.

The Russian poet Shacowsky, who conducts a journal at St. Petersburg, has received from the emperor of Russia, a pension of 4000 roubles for his last work, *the Bard of the Ruins of the Kremlin*.

Madame de Stael's work on the French Revolution will shortly appear; it forms three volumes, and 36,000 francs were paid for the manuscript.

A very fashionable journal has lately

been commenced at Naples, under the title of the *Iris*. It is adorned with lithographic engravings.

Important Surgical Operation.—An operation for Subclavian Aneurism was performed in the New-York Hospital, on the 10th of May, by Dr. Valentine Mott, one of the surgeons of that institution, by tying the *Arteria Innominata*: the patient has reasonable prospects of recovery.—This bold and important operation, which it is believed was never attempted before, not only reflects honour upon the fortunate operator, but is a triumphant step in operative surgery.

Messrs. James Eastburn & Co. of New-York, have published a catalogue of a valuable and extensive collection of standard and rare books, with numerous bibliographical notices, indicating as well the authenticity of the editions as the estimation of the works.

Something useful.—Mr. Anthony Tiemann, of this city, has obtained letters patent for the application of the agency of DOGS as a new power to various useful purposes, such as, for pumping water, irrigating meadows, gardens, &c. grind-

ing paint, corn, bark, and other articles, turning the grindstone, the lathe, carding and spinning machines, washing machines, working churns, assisting rope makers, threshing and cleaning grain, cutting straw, tobacco, shingles, dye-wood, &c. chopping meat, &c. and for a great variety of purposes where the intelligence and activity of the dog will prove highly economical and profitable. The requisite machinery is simple, and constructed with little expense. Able dogs can easily be procured and trained for this object. Those which Mr. Tiemann has employed for some years, have invariably been healthy and robust, and apparently delighted with their employment. It is said that the saving of labour and expense is almost incalculable. By these means a very interesting portion of the animal creation, hitherto more or less prescribed, is made subservient to some of the most useful purposes. Canine agency, applied as before stated, is already in operation in this city and neighbourhood.

Mr. Tiemann intends to apply the same power for propelling boats, for which he has also obtained a patent.

ART. 10. RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

ASIA.

IT seems that christianity is making great progress in the Sandwich and Society Islands. Idolatry is totally abolished in Otaheite, Eimeo, Tapuamau, Teturoa, Huahine, Raiatea, Tahaa, and

Borabora. The sabbath is regularly observed, and places for public worship are erecting. The kings and chieftains are the most zealous among the converts to the true faith.

ART. 11. POETRY.

A DREAMING ODDITY.

MYSELF AND THE DOCTOR.

MYSELF.

AN awful sound, and strange, such as till now
By me was never heard, afflicts my ears.
I turn my eyes to seek the dreadful cause—
A turtle from the water crawls; ascends
The bank, and seeks the city's widest street.
The street at first is broad enough; his flappers
Annoying passengers on either side,
Who seek the doors at his approach. Ere long
His monstrous bulk increases, and he swims,
Heedless of streets. His fins above the clouds
Throw houses, stables, horses, men and women.

From such a spectacle I fly aghast:
And, swift as sight, "smooth sliding without
step,"
Where winds the stream of James the vales
along,

Just o'er the water's surface, seek the sea.
"Twixt Cape May and Cape Charles, from land
afar,
Palpable odours stop my further course:
Palpable odours; such as if, were all
Arabia's fragrance, from the time when first
From Chaos' womb Earth came, each year
distilled,
And kept confined, hermetically sealed,
Till this blest hour, then all at once let loose—
My body seemed all nostrils: all parts prest
Alike by one resistless storm of sweet.
My fingers feel it, and before my face
I cannot ken a yard. What splendour now!
—Tall, not too tall; and slender, but not lean;
"In naked innocence," save that a robe
Of gaudy texture, dyed in gold and azure,
Height'ning the charms of what it would conceal,
Flowed o'er her limbs; and by the soft breeze
fanned,
Far from her flung its folds; with such an eye
Of dignity and virtue, truth and grace,

As only heaven can give—a lady comes,
From wave to wave-top lightly tripping on;
Her looks were love and honour; and with grace
Familiar she approached, and seized my arm.

Gales of tempestuous pleasure from the north
Now bore us sudden, with resistless force
And rapture, forward to more sunny climes;
The tiptop wave now touching, now above.
—Hatteras and the gulfy stream are past—
The trade winds check our passage—locked our

arms,
We seem recumbent on the gentle ocean,
Or on the swell, or sunk in easy vale.
—She's gone! Heaven help me, she has left my

arms,
And sunk—I strive in vain to follow her—
—I weep, I rage—so sudden came we here;
Thus sudden has she fled, I know not where.

I grow at once earth's half in bulk—one foot
I place on Cuba—thousands now of miles
Upward I leap, in fantasy of ire,
Then fall at once, th' Atlantic's length; my sides
Dashing the ocean over Europe's face,
And o'er Columbia's, to the peaceful sea:
My heels in rage against the icy pole
Beating full hard; while to the low south moon
My clinching fists are stretched. From posture

prone
I spring, and with a butcher's cleaver cut
The globe in twain. The parts unite. Enraged
I take a tray and chopping-knife; and soon,
First plucking Luna from her changeful course,
Make fair mincemeat of all—then leaving all,
Tray, cleaver, chopping-knife, and earth and

moon,
I scud away in th' dark: for dark it seems,
Yet seems not long. I lose my pantaloons;
And in my great coat pocket find a pair
Of Holland skates well strapt. Before me lies
The brilliant surface of a cold glass ocean,
Level, outspread t' infinitude all round.
—The earth and moon seemed not; but all the

stars,
The planets and their master spirit Sol,
Are almost in my grasp. With skates equipt
I fly the surface, making distance nought.

What stands before me? 'Tis an aged oak
Full of fresh blossoms. Let me see its fruit.
Ha! tempting full ripe plums, and nasty toads,
With open mouths, each pendant by a leg.
I set me in a chair, and in the shade
I rest. What figures play about the tree?
Heads without bodies. Lo! the chin of this
Touches his eyebrows. There another flits,
Whose ears grow from his shoulders. Round

the trunk
Walks one whose head two ankle necks support,
All face and feet. And there stands one whose

visage
Is horizontal, ever looking up,
Stuck on a neck that never turns, though turns
Constant the head, round, round, and round
again.

Here is a foot race. See the youthful look
Of that, prepared to start: he has six legs,
And his competitor but one, or two made one,
Like two snakes twisted close in lust or rage.
The sexiped is distanced. There's a sheep
With long green wool, how glossy, like the silk
Pendant from cartop of the rip'ning corn.

She drives away the wolves. What fair forms
these?

Ladies of tender looks. Oh! what an eye
Of piercing black: next blue so languishing:
Three, four, five, six, sev'n, eight, nine, ten,
eleven:

“What, will the list stretch out to th' crack of
doom?”

Still they succeed each other; beauteous all;
But none like her who left me on the flood.

At what are yonder horses laughing there?
The horse-laugh's common; but a grinning horse
Till now I never knew. Begone, begone.
There is a Madagascar bat, that bites
One of these laughing steeds—Lord, how he bites.

Deaths here I see, six, eight, a dozen deaths,
A score of deaths with horns: in each right hand
Is a dead infant, in the left a goblet
Full of black wine. Black, broadbrim'd, flap-

ping hats
They wear. See how with glee they dance; how

shake
Their loose and rattling bones. They vanish all,
“Searing my eye-balls.” Now, with lightning

speed
On skates I haste; the same smooth sea before

me;
The planet Venus right ahead. Stop, stop:
Where are my pantaloons? To Venus go
Without them? No. My coat I cannot button.
—How the wind blows beside me, urging on,—

In spite of effort to remain, I haste.
I pass a fellow with an empty meal bag
Striving to gather wind. He's out of sight.
I strike on Venus: bushes, brush and trees—
Is this the silv'ry Venus? bush and brush
So like old earth? Dwells no man hereabouts?
—I'll not stay here 'n the woods—I'll straight

away.
But where's the glassy plain? Gone; who knows
where?

I seem to take a nap; and, dozing, dream
Of being on the earth. Am much in doubt
Whether I dream or not; and whether I
Am here or there. At length I seem to wake;
But, since I've been asleep, where, where is gone
This planet Venus? Sunk, and from me fallen
A million million leagues; a trifling distance
For those who ride on light. Here in midspace
I swing self-balanced; neither this way moved
Nor that. Mars, Jupiter, the Sun, the Bear,
Saturn, Orion and the Pleiades,
And nameless others, seeming all within
The flight of half an hour; I gaze intense.
Now start I for the globe of Sol. I fly
By mere volition: and, approaching, see
Whence are his spots. The summits some vast

tracts
Of new land have been clearing: after burning
The wood and brush, an awful, foul, black smoke
Spreads over many a thousand solar leagues,
Still shifting with the wind. There's such a stench
Far off salutes my nose, I'll not endure it.
—I'm off. And now for Jove. When half way

there
I'm much impeded by a thousand swarms
Of septemdecem locusts. Here a gate
Before me stands; and o'er it leans a sage,
“His head all white, his beard all hoary gray,”
Who me, approaching, with gold headed cane,
Strikes. Stunned, down to the earth I quickly fall.

And when revived, I find myself outstretched
 Upon a green and sloping meadow fair,
 Which, Doctor, I now see as visibly
 As that nose on your face. Now up I rise
 And stretch myself: when lo, the lovely maid,
 Whom couching on the billows I had lost,
 I see advancing, fairer than before.
 How joy my eyes to ken so much of heaven.
 —There with her comes a married youth, who
 leads
 His beauteous spouse, at whose side, robed in
 white,
 A child, his right hand round his mother's fingers
 Clinging, runs doubling her maternal steps.

At once a slim tall villain rushes forth,
 Seizes the child, and quite across a stream,
 In width at least a rod, he tosses it
 On the rough stones upon the other side.

I bid the nimble youth the scoundrel seize,
 Who hastes away. He overtakes him. Blows
 Num'rous succeed ere I arrive. "And see,"
 Exclaims the youth, "how he has given me
 An eye the colour of my hat." I seize
 The villain by the collar, raising high
 My left hand. Aiming at my eye he strikes
 My forehead. With my right clenched fist I
 twice

Aim at his lights with all their force my *knuckles*;
 But, WAKING, find against the solid wall
 I've warred in vain; while from each knuckle
 joint

Comes the red fluid, (as you, Doctor, see,
 Skin off and blood now dried.) On end I spring,
 Sans intermission laugh near half an hour;
 But laugh in pain: then travel o'er awake
 The paths and scenes which sleeping I'd pur-
 sued.

Strong the impression: for full well the whole
 Distinctly I remember, and can never
 Forget those strange sights. Doctor, now the
 cause?

Dreams mostly I forget; my sleep is sound.
 Then why such incoherent objects wild?
 Or why retain I such remembrance strong
 Of all that I have felt or seen or known?

DOCTOR.

What ate or drank you ere you went to bed?

MYSELF.

Of beef-steak half a pound; half a fine shad
 (A rarity almost the season's first,)
 Well barbecued, with trimmings; coffee too,
 Three cups of strong; and plenteous toast; the
 whole
 Washed down and settled with a pint of beer.

DOCTOR.

Aye, there's the cause: 'twas your intemperance
 Let your bruised knuckles henceforth be a lesson,
 Teaching you ne'er hereafter to offend
 'Gainst nature's sober law of "not too much."

MYSELF.

Why, there was truly pleasure in the feasting,
 And pleasure in the dreaming: for such sights
 Incongruous, rapt'rous, awkward, awful, droll,
 (All which are now as much before my eyes
 As if reality,) gave entertainment.
 Nay, I again would suffer knuckle bruising,
 To feast my eyes on such a miracle
 Of beauty, so unearthly as I saw.

DOCTOR.

Who least remembers what he dreams, gives
 proof

Of temp'rate living; and may entertain
 Justly strong hopes of reaching to old age

P.

Richmond, April 20th, 1817.

NOTES.

Of all my dreaming, the foregoing is the most
 singularly wild that I can remember. I threw it
 into chitchat blank verse the forenoon after the
 dream; the image being still as distinctly before
 me as if all had been fact. I have ever thought,
 contrary to the opinion of some, that the think-
 ing power is never wholly suspended. My strong
 argument arises from my own experience: I ne-
 ver wake without some recollection, however
 indistinct, of having dreamed of something.
 Equally confident am I that, almost ever, much
 that has occupied the attention the day and even-
 ing previous, is more or less the subject of wild
 fancy on the pillow. Such was the case in the
 present instance, though there are many scenes
 and images of which a madman would hardly
 entertain an idea.

It has been asserted that no image is presented
 in sleep which was not before known. This may be
 true, though of its truth I am by no means certain.
 That the combinations of images and chain of
 events are often such as never before entered
 the mind, can admit of no doubt.

A turtle from the water crawls, &c. In the
 course of the preceding evening it was observed
 in conversation, that the American snapping,
 or mud turtle, afforded as rich a soup as the
 West-India green turtle.

*And, swift as sight, "smooth sliding without
 step."* Of rapid flights in the air, and Milton's
 "smooth sliding without step," probably every
 reader's dreaming experience has afforded ex-
 amples.

'Twixt Cape May and Cape Charles. We had
 been speaking of a glass-house lately erected,
 and one of the company remarked that the sand,
 of which the glass was mostly made, was brought
 from the shores of the Delaware. This probably
 occasioned the dreaming of a glass ocean, and
 of the place where I seemed to be.

Palpable odours. In going to my lodgings
 after supper, I overtook a female, of what cha-
 racter or complexion I know not, whose abun-
 dance of perfumery vexed my nostrils for several
 rods.

The trade winds stop our passage. While at
 supper, some conversation arose respecting the
 course of herring and shad, the passage of the
 herring from Africa to the gulf of Mexico, &c.
 I can assign no particular cause for dreaming of
 the lady who flew with me, other than that the
 ladies had been, as usual, in part the topic of
 conversation, and that beauty is perhaps too of-
 ten the subject of my contemplations. No words
 can describe the holy beauty and expression of
 the *mens divini* in her imagined countenance.

I grow at once earth's half in bulk. I had ob-
 served to my companions, that I had seen a cal-
 culation, that from one female herring, should
 the offspring all live, in ten years the bulk would
 be many times greater than that of the earth.

What occasioned the wild thought of dividing,
 or making mincemeat of the earth and moon, I
 could not conjecture, till I recollected that we
 had some mince-pie with supper, and one of

the company complained that the chopping-knife had not been sufficiently used.

Before going to sleep I recollect doubting whether I had, or not, seen or heard of a work describing a tour among the planets; and I remembered having read, twenty years ago or more, a whimsical account of a journey with an air balloon, the parachute attached to which was injured by striking against the planet Jupiter.

Figures the most uncouth, and sometimes forms the most beautiful, are familiar to those who have suffered in a high fever, have been taking opium, or have been otherwise indisposed; as are difficulties with respect to one's

clothes, inability to proceed, &c. as well as to dream it is doubtful whether or not we are dreaming.

The married lady appeared to be one with whom I had been intimately acquainted. Not having seen her for two years, I had, the day previous, received a letter from a friend, informing me that she was married, and had lately become a mother. Hence the appearance of the child.

Thus could I trace the causes of part of my dreaming fancies. It was a fact that each knuckle of the fingers and the thumb was sorely bruised, not healing in a fortnight.

ART. 12. MONTHLY SUMMARY OF POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

THE army supplies for the present year were voted, March 2d, in the House of Commons without a division. The establishment is considerably reduced, the number of the land forces, for the present year, being as follows. For England 25,000; for Ireland, 20,000; for the colonies 33,000; for the territories of the East India Company 17,360; for the British contingent in France 20,126. The estimate of expense is 6,494,290*l.* it being less than the expense of the last year by 133,027*l.* The reduction in all the departments of the military expenditure is 418,000*l.*

The following is an official statement of the quarter's revenue, ending the 5th April 1818, compared with the correspondent quarter of last year.

Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain, in the quarters ending the 5th of April, 1817 and 1818.

	1817.	1818.
Customs	1,912,296	2,003,664
Excise	4,642,055	5,151,805
Stamps	1,492,611	1,588,759
Post Office	342,000	336,000
Assessed Taxes	868,104	917,414
Land Taxes	154,550	178,295
Miscellaneous	98,595	73,270
	<hr/> £9,510,211	<hr/> £10,249,207

Arr. of Property Tax 1,623,713, 254,190
From this statement it appears that the quarter just ended is better than the corresponding quarter by the sum of 738,990*l.* If the charge upon the consolidated fund this quarter be estimated at 3,800,000*l.* the surplus this quarter will be 1,449,207*l.* It did not exceed 700,000*l.* in the corresponding quarter. Hence the surplus this quarter is more than double.

The manufacture of broadcloths, milled

during the last year, amounted to 351,122 pieces, or 10,974,473 yards. The narrow cloths, milled 132,607 pieces, or 5,233,616 yards, it being an increase over the manufacture of the preceding year of 2,422,135 yards. In this statement shawls and pelisse cloths are not included.

London, March 31.—Another report has been presented from the select committee on the poor laws. A very valuable appendix is annexed to it.

It gives the assessment for the relief of the poor in 1748, 1749, and 1750, by which it appears that on the average of those three years about 690,000*l.* per ann. was applied to the relief of the poor, in the year 1776, the sum of 1,531,000*l.* was expended on account of the poor; in 1783, 4 and 5, the sum of 2,000,000*l.* per annum; in 1803, 1804, 4,268,000*l.* and in 1813, 14 and 15, the average sum of about 6,130,000*l.* per annum, was expended for the maintenance of the poor. But the sums raised by poor rates and any other rate or rates in these years was, in 1813, 8,651,438; in 1814, 8,392,728; in 1815, 7,460,855. The number of paupers relieved in 1813, was 971,913; in 1814, 953,993; in 1815, 895,973.

The appendix closes with some important observations.

The number of persons relieved permanently, both in and out of any workhouse, on the average of the last three years, appears to be 516,963; ditto, occasionally, being parishioners 423,663; total 940,626; exclusively of any children of those permanently relieved out of the house.

Four thousand and ninety-four parishes, or places, maintain the greater part of their poor in workhouses, averaging for the last three years, 93,142 persons.

The population of England and Wales, as taken from the abstract laid before parliament, in the year 1811, appears

to have been 10,150,615; so that the number of persons relieved from the poor rates appears to have been $9\frac{1}{2}$ in each 100 of the population.

The total of the money raised by poor rates, appears to have averaged for the last three years, the sum of 3,168,340*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.* being at the rate of 16*s.* 1*d.* per head on the population, or 3*s.* 1*d.* in the pound of the total amount of the sum of 51,898,423*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* as assessed by the property tax in the year 1815.

The amount of money expended in suits of law, removals, and expenses of parish officers, for purposes of, and for all other purposes, is, independent of the maintenance of the poor, 2,162,799*l.*

The number of persons belonging to friendly societies appears to be, for the last three years, nearly $8\frac{1}{2}$ in the 100 of the resident population.

The area of England and Wales, according to the latest authorities, appears to be 57,960 square statute miles, or 37,094,400 statute acres; wherefore, the number of inhabitants in each square mile, containing 640 acres, averages 175 persons.

The greater proportion of the population of England and Wales appears to be employed in trade and manufactures, there being 770,199 families returned employed in agriculture, and 959,632 in trade, manufactures and handicraft; besides 413,316 other families.

The duke of Richmond has been appointed captain general and governor in chief of the Canadas, Nova Scotia, &c. &c. in place of sir John Sherbrooke, who returns home in consequence of ill health, he having suffered a paralytick stroke. Sir Peregrine Maitland goes out as governor of Upper Canada. He is son-in-law to the duke.

The marriage of her royal highness the princess Elizabeth, (third daughter of their majesties) with Philip Augustus Frederick, the hereditary prince of Hesse Homburg took place at the queen's palace on the 7th instant.

On the 15th April, lord Castlereagh, in consequence of a message from the prince regent, brought forward a proposition in the House of Commons, for some further provision for the dukes of Clarence and Cambridge, on their intended marriage, the former with a princess of Saxe Meiningen, and the latter with a princess of Hesse. A proposition to reduce the amount was carried against ministers by a vote of 193 to 184.

The London papers state, that, about 1 o'clock, on the 8th of April, lieutenant

David Davis, of the 62d regiment of foot, went to the war office, and inquired of lord Palmerston's messenger if his lordship was in the office. The messenger informed him that he was not, that he expected him in every moment; he desired him to walk into the waiting-room and write his name on the list of visitors, as is usual. Lieut. Davis declined doing so, and waited about the lobby, frequently asking if his lordship would soon come.—A little before two, his lordship arrived at the war office, alone, and was going up the stone stairs when the messenger informed lieut. Davis, that "he was lucky, for his lordship was come, and there was no visitor before him." Lieut. Davis immediately followed his lordship up the stairs, and taking a pocket pistol from under his coat, fired it at his lordship. The assassin ran down stairs with the pistol in his hand, saying, "I've done for him." The messenger immediately seized him, and with the assistance of others, secured him until a constable of St. Margaret's Parish, Westminster, arrived, and conveyed him to Queen-square police office. His lordship was taken into the office, his top coat was taken off, and Mr. Astley Cooper being immediately sent for, he very soon arrived, and examined his lordship's wound, from which, we are happy to say, there is not the slightest danger. The pistol was loaded with ball, which lacerated his lordship's right side: the ball did not lodge in the flesh, but passed through it, and fell on the stone stairs. Mr. Cooper attended lord Palmerston to his house, in his carriage. In the mean time lieut. Davis had been conveyed to Queen-square by the constable, assisted by the messenger, where he was examined before Mr. Markland, the magistrate. Crowds of persons collected round the office.

FRANCE.

A report made by the committee of finance to the chamber of deputies, on the 21st of March, estimates that the amount required for the payment of the principal and interest of the public debt for the year 1813 will be *f.* 180,782,600

For the ordinary expenses of government	500,195,600
Extraordinary expenses of do.	312,263,422

Total 993,244,022

A proposed reduction of the expenses of government, will leave the total amount of expenditure for the year 1813.

f. 974,224,878

The whole amount of revenue which it is estimated will be received this year, is about

753,000,000

Leaving a balance unprovided for of about

221,000,000

The valuation of debts to be liquidated is finished; they amount to 1,700,000,000 francs—equal to \$318,750,000.

The interesting nature of the following extract from the report of M. Beugnot, one of the commission of finance, made to the Chamber of Deputies on the 23d. of March, will excuse its length.

After giving the estimates, and detailing the manner in which the ways and means had been provided, he goes on to say:—"It was at first difficult to procure subscribers to the loan in France, but afterwards persons who had witnessed and were surprised at the speculations of foreigners, were satisfied to purchase at sixty francs that for which six months before they had refused fifty; but, considering the whole of the risks and trouble which the original leaders were put to, to make good their treaty, the profits were not more than $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, which could not, under all the circumstances, be considered exorbitant, nor could the cost of the loan be deemed as very heavy on France, when the results of it were taken into consideration. Trade was assisted by it; circulation of money was quickened, and the payments of the government were made with a punctuality beyond all former precedent.—By the treaties for the loan in the last year, 9,999,000 of francs of rentes were sold for the first loan; 8,000,000 for the second; and 9,000,000 for the third. In the present year ministers wanted a credit of 16,000,000 of rentes to make good the deficit of the revenue.

"Henceforth" continued the reporter, "there will be a competition among the contractors. The French capitalists, encouraged by the past, will no longer have occasion for the assistance of foreigners.—This resort to our market from the funds of different nations, will have the most beneficial effects. But at whatever rate of interest the loan is made, it shows our distress, it accuses the present, and threatens the future. Thus your commission has sought, with the most watchful anxiety, the means of ascertaining the limits of such great and deplorable sacrifices.

"Your commission, perfectly persuaded that there is no longer credit, nor, perhaps, existence in France, but by an alleviation of the burden which depresses her, has been anxious at length to ascer-

tain the period of our financial emancipation, as inseparable from our political liberation. It wished to have given you, above all, some positive information with respect to the individual demands of foreigners, demands whose vagueness and uncertainty still fetter our most useful works, arrest the rising wing of credit, and impress on peace itself the character of hostility.

"Your commission have applied to the ministers of the king, in whom they discovered hearts entirely French; but they have not been able completely to satisfy us.

"According to the very terms of the treaty of November the 20th, the enfranchisement of our territory can only be in consequence of a deliberation, which the allied sovereigns have reserved to themselves the right of holding, on the expiration of the first years of occupation. But can this result be doubtful? Those sovereigns will ennoble policy in rendering it subordinate to justice.

"The occupation of our territory could not exceed two years, unless France were a prey to convulsions which endangered Europe. France is calm; she wishes peace: she wishes it as ardently as she waged war.

"There remains to us, gentlemen, a last motive of conviction, but it is a painful one; it is this, that France has now arrived at a degree of exhaustion, in which it would be impossible for her much longer to support the burdens that have pressed her down during the last three years. It becomes our duty to declare this to you, since the inquiry in which we have been engaged for three months past, has forced upon us an intimate persuasion of its truth. Here is the termination of our sacrifices, because here is the termination of our means. We may, therefore, now calculate on the retreat of the foreign troops at the expiration of the present year.

"Fixing the amount of the claims of strangers on France is at present the subject of a negotiation. There is room to hope that you will know the result before the end of the session, and that it will put an end to those exaggerations which have had so unpleasant an influence on our credit. But it is necessary to supply the demand for the present service, without which, all, even hope would be compromised."

France has recognised the accession of Bernadotte to the throne of Sweden; he is now acknowledged by every civilized power.

A private letter from Paris, received

in London, states that, "there has been formed at Paris a political club, under the presidency of old general Lafayette. The number of its members at present amounts to 36. It is not a loose association, like that of the libereaux, Messrs. Lafitte, Perrier, or Davilliers; but a club eminently political, where the highest questions of state are discussed.

"Among the principal members are mentioned, Messrs. Lanjuinais, and the Duc de Broglie, peers of France, the deputies D'Argenson, Bhaudel, Dupont de l'Eure, and Bignon; the men of letters, Benjamin Constant, Jay, Roujoux, and Aignau.

"In one of the last meetings of this club, the members discussed the advantages of a republican government, like that of the United States, and it was unanimously agreed that it was far superior to the highly boasted government of Great Britain. I mention it with regret, but I am forced to confess, that the republican party make considerable progress in France, and especially at Paris."

In the year 1816, there were consumed in Paris 71,115 oxen, 306,967 sheep, 62,400 calves, 4,136 cows. In 1817, 69,626 oxen, 300,422 sheep, 64,327 calves, and 4798 cows. The value of the purchase price of these quantities for the year amounted to 36,359,249 francs—\$7,271,849 50, and for 1817, 36,439,277 f.—\$7,307,855 60.

SPAIN.

It is stated in the London papers of March 26th, that the Spanish government, to enable them to fit out the Russian squadron, had determined to allow the merchants to ship on board two thousand tons of merchandise at low duties, who are made to understand that the force will be so overwhelming, that resistance on the part of the patriots must be vain. The clergy urge the necessity of taking away the heretical character of the ships, by a solemn baptism before the benediction of heaven can be secured.

The finances of Spain are in the most impoverished condition.

A letter of the third of March from Gibraltar, says, "the fleet the Spaniards received from the Russians, is laid up in *dry dock*, and will there rot. They have neither money to fit them out, nor seamen, and no provisions for the seamen; and of course no means to procure any."

PORTUGAL.

It is stated that the differences between Spain and Portugal have taken an unfavourable turn in the European committee sitting at Paris, and appear to threaten

an immediate rupture. The British cabinet is awakened to the subject, and is carrying on an active correspondence with the other great powers to prevent hostilities if possible.

A letter from Gibraltar of the 23d March says, "The treaty between the Portuguese and Tunisians has expired, and as no treaty has been concluded upon, the Portuguese detain all Tunisians; at least they cruise off here and prevent vessels under that flag from going through the Straits. Two Portuguese frigates, and some smaller vessels are here watching the Tunisians. Two sloops of war and a schooner under that flag are here, and afraid to move."

ITALY.

A French paper says, "the sovereign pontiff, according to established custom, gave orders to the congregation of Rituals to proceed in the beatification and canonization of the venerable servant of God, Maria Clotilda Adelaide Xaviere of France, queen of Sardinia, and sister of the kings Louis XVI. and XVIII. The discussion took place in the presence of cardinal Mattei, dean of the sacred college, and of cardinal Della Somaglia, vicar of his holiness. The votes were unanimous in the affirmative. Consequently, this virtuous princess will be declared a saint in the next consistory."

Letters from Italy state that the protestant religion is to be tolerated in the estates of the Church and in Naples.

On the 20th of February last, a violent earthquake was felt in Sicily, which occasioned much damage. In Catania, a great part of the cathedral and of the seminary were shaken down, and many ecclesiastics were crushed under their ruins. In Zaffarana the people were assembled for public worship, when the church fell, and crushed the preacher and fifty persons under its ruins. All the villages on the side of mount Etna were ruined; but as the houses were light buildings few lives were lost.

GERMANY.

Much discussion is excited in this country on the subject of the liberty of the press. A censorship, with some restrictions upon the press, has been established in the grand duchy of Weimar. However, the project of a law respecting the freedom of the press, has been rejected by the second chamber of the States General. One of the orators who had spoken against the project, chiefly grounded his arguments on the diplomatic declaration made by the earl of Liverpool to the minister of Bonaparte, in London,

to wit, that the king of England could not make any concession to a foreign power contrary to the constitutional freedom of his kingdom. Constitutions are arranging throughout Germany, and by degrees the representative system will be organised without trouble or noise. It appears that the diet will establish the basis of this grand edifice, by enacting principles to be common to all the governments respecting *individual liberty*, the *liberty of the press*, the *equality of men in the eye of the law*, and the privilege of *not being taxed without their own consent*. In the several states, notwithstanding the apparent relaxation of effort for establishing representative constitutions of government, there is much solicitude on the subject.

In Hanover they are occupied in framing a new mode of representative government. The diet is also occupied on financial and political subjects.

In Prussia the labours of the legislative body have been so far matured as to be presented to the council of state. The lines which separate the classes are the principal difficulties.

In Hesse the elector is attached to the ancient institutions; but the diet has resolved to reassemble to accomplish the work of a liberal legislation.

In Hesse Darmstadt, and Baden, the preparations for representative governments are accomplished, and only wait for the co-operation of the other states of Germany.

The liberal constitution established at Saxe Weimar, is in full activity.

In other parts of Saxony and Mecklinburg, they appear tardy.

In Wurtemberg the constitution presented by the king is adhered to.

In Bavaria the subject is yet before the council of state; the apparent purpose is to give the new institutions the form of provincial assemblies, rather than a central and general representation.

In Austria the only intention perceptible, is a new organization of the existing provincial administrations.

SWEDEN.

It will be recollected that the wife of Bernadotte has for a long time been separated from him, and residing at Paris. The cause of this separation was not any domestic difference, but is traced to the disrespect with which she was treated by the wives of the nobility after her husband was made crown prince; the mortification and embarrassment which this treatment occasioned to both herself and her husband, determined her to retire from Sweden.

The population of Sweden, according to the computation of 1815, amounted to 2,464,941. There are 1,765,397 peasants, 9,523 nobility, 15,202 of the priesthood, 64,755 citizens represented at the Diet; besides these there are about 50,000 persons not noble in civil and military offices, literati, land and mine holders, with about 500,000 persons in inferior employments. The population of 86 towns amounts to 148,029 of whom there were 36 towns under 1000 persons, 25 of from 1 to 2000, eight, from 2 to 3000, eight, from 3 to 4000, six from 4 to 10,000. Carlscrona, 11,860; Gottenburg, 21,723, and Stockholm, 72,939.

The system of paper money in Sweden has produced much embarrassment; and is said to be fast incurring the odium of the community. Ten persons have failed, in Gottenburg, for \$2,240,000.

It is said the Baltic was open on the 1st of March; a circumstance that has not occurred for two hundred years.

RUSSIA.

The emperor has, by a special decree, abolished the cruel punishment heretofore in general practice of *slitting the nostrils* before transportation to Siberia. The Ukase reprobates the barbarous practice adopted as calculated to increase rather than prevent crimes and never to correct them; since by defacing the victim and fixing an indelible disgrace, there was neither hope nor happiness in prospect to invite repentance; and experience had proved that the punishment had no effect in prohibiting the number of crimes.

The Russian Consul at London, March 25, gave official notice that although the port of Odessa has been some months ago declared a free port, yet the period of the opening of the port has not arrived. The works requisite for forming the moat, and establishing the barriers around the city will necessarily delay the opening of the port until September next, at least, and perhaps longer.

The following is an extract of a letter from Petersburg.—“As paper here is dear and not so good as we could wish, we (the Russian Bible Society) had petitioned his majesty to allow us to import some Holland paper for the current year, and showed him that it would this year save us fifteen thousand rubles. He refused our request *for the sake of Russian paper manufactories*; but that the society might not lose thereby, *presented us with fifteen thousand rubles.*”

ASIA.

EAST INDIES.

The war in India between the British

forces and the natives is very desultory and widely spread, but the important results are generally, thus far, in favour of the former. The Mahratta war, against the Peishwa, was considered as nearly terminated by the dispersion of the forces of the latter; but no very late news have been received from that quarter.

Holkar had taken the field to support the Peishwa, with a large army, and a strong British force under lieut. gen. Hyslop, and maj. gen. Malcolm proceeded against him.—They brought him to action Dec. 21, and completely defeated him. The British loss amounted to 400 or 500 men, and that of the enemy is stated at 3000 men, with all his artillery, amounting to 40 pieces, and baggage.

Two victories had been also obtained over the Rajah of Nagpore who had followed the example of the Peishwa. On the 16th of December, Gen. Doveton defeated the Rajah, dispersed his army, took his whole artillery, and entered Nagpore. Dec. 19. brig. gen. Hardyman defeated another army of the Nagpore Rajah, near Jubbulpore, and captured 4 pieces of artillery.

No decisive event had occurred in the expedition against the Pindarees. The main force was still employed in this quarter.

It was reported about the 1st of Jan. that an army of Birmahs was preparing to invade the British territory on the Sylhet frontier, and that 15,000 men were assembled. Some precautionary rumours were thought necessary, but it was ascertained that this assembling of men was occasioned by a dispute between two rival Rajahs, and that no hostilities against the British were meditated.

AFRICA.

ALGIERES.

The last accounts confirm the report that the new dey, Ali Hodgja, who has established his sway by the assistance of a considerable number of Moors, sets no limits to his fury and tyrannical deeds; that all the European powers, without distinction, are indignant at his brutality; that the consuls are menaced and kept in awe, by a numerous horde of negroes, which compose his guard; that they are obliged to confine themselves in their habitations, and that even this asylum is no security.

The plague continues to rage, carrying off 50 persons in a day, after an illness of 24 hours—it has spread into the interior. Recent accounts state the savage dey, Ali Hodgja, is dead, and that his former minister, Cogia Cavilla, has succeeded him.

AMERICA.

VENEZUELA.

By official despatches recently received in the United States, it appears that the patriots go on prosperously. Bolivar has published proclamations of amnesty to all who shall retire from the cause of the royalists, and report themselves at any one of his military stations, and also that they shall retain, in the service of the republic, the same rank which they may have held, while in the employment of the Spanish government. In his proclamation, he also states that the armies of Morillo and Boves have been almost entirely cut to pieces, and congratulates the friends of independence upon the auspicious progress of the patriot cause. Admiral Brion has been as successful on the water as Bolivar has been by land; and he represents himself to be well supplied with well-appointed vessels. The following is the report, made to him by Antonio Diaz, commandment of a flotilla, of the vessels captured at St. Fernando.

Return of the public and private vessels captured at St. Fernando, on the Apure.

Gun boat Venganza, 14 pounder, brass, 2 swivels; do. Guyaniga, 18 pounder, brass; do. Dolores, 14 pounder; do. Isabella, 18 pounder, on the bow, 18 pounder, stern, both brass, 8 swivels; do. St. Francisco, 14 pounder; do. St. Carlos, 16 pounder; 3 Flecheras, with 3 swivels each, 14 pounder, iron, 2 do. brass, 70 muskets; found on shore, 4 swivels, 5 sloops, 3 perogues, 70 row boats.

ANTONIO DIAZ.

St. Fernando, 3th Feb. 1813.

BRAZIL.

An extract of a letter from some one of the gentleman attached to the U. S. frigate Congress, speaks to the following effect.

“Buenos Ayres, March 4, 1813.

“The Portuguese are still in possession of Monte Video. They have there four or five thousand men. Artegas, who is in possession of the surrounding country, keeps them cooped up within their lines, which extend about 3 miles from the city. Without these they dare not venture, unless in considerable bodies. The Portuguese and Buenos Ayrean government are on good terms: Artegas is at war with both. The Buenos Ayreans sent lately several hundred men against him: these, it is said, he defeated. He carries on a sort of partizan warfare; his soldiers are little better than savages, generally mounted men, admirable riders, inured to hardship and danger. It is impossible for an army to operate successfully against

them. They make an attack or an incursion, and are off in a moment."

The following compendious history of the present king of Portugal, Brazil, and the Algarves, and of his political condition, will be found interesting: it was first published in the *Boston Weekly Messenger*, as translated from the "*Biographie des Hommes Vivans*."

John VI. (Maria Joseph Lewis) king of Portugal, Brazil, and of the Algarves, born the 13th of May, 1767, son of Don Peter, king of Portugal, and of Maria-Frances-Elizabeth, daughter of his predecessor; married in 1790, Charlotte Joachim, daughter of Charles IV. king of Spain, and declared himself regent of the kingdom on the 10th of March, 1792, on account of the mental derangement of his mother. He at first took no part in the war of the revolution, and contented himself with putting, in 1793 and 1794, a small corps of auxiliary troops, at the disposal of Spain, for the defence of the Pyrennes. By a pretty common result of this moderation towards France, and this co-operation of good neighbourhood with Spain, the prince regent saw himself, after the treaty of 1797, the object of the enmity of both those powers, forced to submit to a humiliating yoke, which was a little after to render more aggravating the treaties of Badajoz, (the 6th of Jan. 1801,) of Madrid and of London, by which Portugal ceded to Spain Oliveza, with a portion of the province of Alentejo, and received a new arrangement of boundaries in her American provinces. She also added to France a part of Portuguese Guiana. After the breach of the peace of Amiens, which had a little modified the burdensome conditions of the preceding treaties, the prince regent obtained, by great pecuniary sacrifices, a promise of neutrality, which Bonaparte was not slow in violating, under the pretext of succours which he reproached the prince with having furnished to the English fleet, which had departed from the Cape of Good Hope, for the conquest of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video. Notwithstanding the considerable advantages which the commerce of Portugal procured to France, for the importation of colonial products, and of materials necessary for its manufactures, Bonaparte also manifested an intention of marching an army upon Lisbon;—a threat, the execution of which, the war with Prussia obliged him to defer till after the peace of Tilsit. At this time, the prince regent was summoned, by a diplomatic instrument, which allowed him a delay of only three weeks—

1st, to shut his ports against England; 2d, to detain all English subjects residing in his kingdom; 3d, to confiscate all English property. In submitting to the first of these requisitions, and rejecting the two others, the court of Lisbon displeased both France and England. The consequence was, an invasion of the Portuguese territory, by a French and Spanish army, and the blockade of Lisbon by an English fleet.

The prince regent, who till this time had given very little attention to preparations for a retreat to Brazil, to which place he had thought of sending his son, the prince of Beira, now took the only determination which could place his person in safety. Seconded by the good dispositions of lord Strangford, minister plenipotentiary from the English government, and of rear-admiral sir Sidney Smith, who commanded the blockading squadron, the prince, by a decree published the 26th of November, 1807, announced his intention of retiring to the city of Rio Janeiro, until the signature of a general peace; and named a regency to administer the affairs of the kingdom during his absence. He set sail with his family on the morning of the 29th of November, with a fleet composed of eight large vessels of the line, four frigates, three brigs, and a schooner, and left the Tagus to perform his voyage. General Junot had so hastened his march, that his advanced guard, already arrived at Lantarem, a little village, two leagues from Lisbon, were able to view from the neighbouring heights, the Portuguese vessels, which with difficulty passed the bar. Had it not been for the difficulties of the country and the season of the year, occasioned to the troops, harrassed with fatigue, that general would have been at hand to watch the gates of Lisbon, and to dispute the retreat of the prince regent. Bonaparte had flattered himself, that he should have in his power the person and the family of the prince regent. He did not believe him capable of so much resolution; but the arrival at Lisbon of a *Mémorial*, in which it was announced, that "the house of Braganza had ceased to reign," had put an end to his indecision.

The fleet, although assailed by violent winds, arrived safely at Rio Janeiro. By an act of his authority, dated at this city, the 1st of May, 1808, the prince regent declared null and void, all the treaties concluded with the emperor of France, and named those of Badajoz, and of Madrid in 1801, that of neutrality in 1804, adding, that he would never lay down arms, but in concurrence with his friend and

ally the king of Great Britain, and would not consent in any case to a cession of Portugal, which formed the most ancient part of the heritage and rights of the house of Braganza. In the month of August following, in answer to a memoir which was presented to him by the princess his spouse, and the infant Don Redis Carlos of Bourbon and Braganza, who had followed him to Brazil, for the purpose of imploring his protection for the maintenance of their rights to the crown of Spain, usurped by Bonaparte, this prince published a declaration, by which he engaged to co-operate to the extent of his power, for the establishment of these rights, "forgetting," he added, "my just resentment against the conduct of Spain, which granted a passage to the French troops, and joined with France for the invasion of Portugal." We shall not relate here, the various events which have passed in Portugal since the departure of the prince for Brazil. We will only say, that by the convention of Cintra, the French army, commanded by gen. Junot, was forced, by the English army, to evacuate the country; that marshal Massena invaded Portugal, in 1810, but after various success, he was defeated by lord Wellington, aided by the Portuguese troops, who fought with great courage. Since that time the French have entirely abandoned Portugal, and it has always remained under the dominion of the prince of Brazil, who took the title of king, after the death of his mother, which happened in 1816.

In his trans-atlantic government, the prince has neglected nothing for the prosperity of his vast empire, where the comparative feebleness of the population, and the imperfection of the commerce, the manufactures, and the arts and sciences, left him every thing to create. He has proclaimed the principles of religious toleration, he has softened the rigors of the negro slavery, and granted lands, implements, and privileges, to merchants, cultivators, artists and labourers, of every nation, which came from Europe to establish themselves in the cities and uncultivated lands of his kingdom. Towards the end of 1815, the prince regent concluded with the court of Spain, the double marriage of the two princesses his daughters, with Ferdinand VII. and his brother, the Infant Charles Isidore. Notwithstanding these new family ties, the court of Rio Janeiro occupied, by a body of troops, in the month of January, 1817, Monte Video, and a part of the Spanish possessions, after having given assurances

that the king did not pretend to dispute with the court of Madrid any of her rights to the territory of Monte Video, but that he found himself under the necessity of taking military possession, until the contest between the Spanish colonies on the La Plata, and the mother country should be terminated. Spain did not seem satisfied with these declarations; but had the matter referred to the courts of Austria, Russia, France, Prussia, and England, who declared themselves mediators between the two powers, by a note signed by their respective ministers, at Paris, March 26, 1817.

This event was followed by a violent insurrection, which broke out against his authority in Pernambuco, where, after the murder of an officer, the factions, having at their head a man named Martinez, proclaimed a republic. The evil seemed to threaten the city of Bahia, and some other places in Brazil, with which, it was supposed the revolutionists had a good understanding. The king displayed much firmness to destroy the insurrection in the bud. He pressed upon Pernambuco by land and by sea, with such rapidity, that the insurgents having been forced to fly from the place before the royal troops, which came to attack them, the marine profitted by the absence of the chiefs, to seize the city; so that their bands, broken by the first shock, met with death or imprisonment in the same place where they had established a republic. Martinez was taken and shot.

About the same time, another conspiracy was discovered at Lisbon, of which the object seemed to be, as at Pernambuco, the establishment of a republic, on the ruins of the royal authority,—and the means to accomplish it, the murder of the civil and military chiefs, as well English as Portuguese, residing at Lisbon and throughout the kingdom. The same success here signalized the triumph of the king, by the arrest of a great number of conspirators, of whom some belonged to the first families of the nation.

John VI. by his ambassador at Vienna, M. de Marialva, concluded, in the first month of 1817, the marriage of his son the prince of Beira, with one of the daughters of the emperor of Austria, the archduchess Leopoldine, who was espoused at Vienna, in the name of the prince, by the Portuguese Ambassador. She sailed from the port of Leghorn, for Rio Janeiro, in the month of August following. John VI. was crowned king of Portugal and Brazil, at Rio Janeiro, the 6th of April, 1817.

REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

Since our last, the important news has been received of the death of Alexander Petion, president of Hayti. He died on Sunday, March 29th, after an illness of only eight days. It is supposed that his malady was brought on by distress of mind, occasioned by an attempt, on the part of a desperate wretch, to assassinate him, which wrought in him an incurable despondency, that left him without a wish to live. He was buried with much pomp, on the 31st. His body was interred under the liberty-tree, opposite to the capitol;—his bowels, which had been previously taken out, were deposited in the national fort, and his heart was given as a bequest to his daughter. He is universally deplored. By the people to whom he gave independence, he is styled their Washington. Immediately upon his death, general Boyer was appointed his successor. The decree of the Senate, making the appointment, is as follows:—
Liberty. *Equality.*

REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

DECREE OF THE SENATE,

Directing the nomination of the general of division, Boyer, to the office of president of Hayti.

The Senate, considering, that since the foundation of the republic, it has never experienced an event which was so painful, or deplorable as that which has just afflicted unfortunate and steadfast Hayti,

Considering that it would be to expose the republic to evident danger, to defer the election of the citizen who shall henceforth direct the executive power, in the place of the virtuous Alexander Petion, deceased, the same who was the idol of the Haytians, and who, on that account, merited the surname of Father of his Country ;

Wherefore, exercising the rights conferred by the 123d article of the Constitution, it decrees as follows :

Article I. Citizen John Peter Boyer, general of division, commanding the guard of the government, and the arrondissement of Port-au-Prince, is named president of Hayti.

Article II. The present decree shall be addressed to the secretary of state, exercising the executive authority, to have his execution to follow it, and to be printed and published throughout the whole extent of the republic.

At the national palace of Port-au-Prince, the 30th March, 1818, 15th year of Independence.

PANAYOTY, President,
LAMOTHS, Secretary.

For the sake of exhibiting to many of our readers the manner in which the business of state is transacted by this government, in addition to the above, we give the following public documents :

IN THE NAME OF THE REPUBLIC.

The secretary of state, provisionally charged with the executive power, having seen the vacancy of the presidency, orders that the above act of the Senate of the republic, be printed, published and executed according to its form and tenor, and that it be invested with the seal of the republic.

Given at the national palace of Port-au-Prince, 31st March, 1818, 15th year of the independence of Hayti.

JN. CME. IMBERT,

By the chief of the executive power.

The secretary general,

B. INGINAC.

The chief judge,

A. D. SABOURIN.

Liberty.

Equality.

REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

ORDER OF THE DAY.

John Peter Boyer, president of Hayti.

We cannot, we think, commence the exercise of the power which the nation has delegated to us, better than by imitating the goodness that characterised all the actions of our illustrious predecessor. We have cast our eyes on suffering humanity, on those who, although culpable, have need of a moment of indulgence : wherefore we have thought fit to proceed agreeably to received principle, and not in opposition to the spirit of our laws, by enlarging all prisoners who are not stationed by capital crimes bearing the penalty of death. This favour is extended, for this time, to those under sentence, either on account of an offence against public order, or a fault against military discipline ; the prisoners for debt shall also be enlarged, on furnishing security.

We trust, that by this act of clemency every one of those who shall receive the benefit of it, will consider himself bound to conform to the laws, never relapse into his faults, and prevent us for the future from employing a just severity. Declaring that nothing shall ever divert us from the greatest watchfulness over the public order, the respect due to the laws ; and that we will always be inflexible against those who dare to contravene them.

Done at the national palace of Port-au-Prince, the 2d of April, 1818, the 15th year of the independence of Hayti.

BOYER.

By the president :

The secretary general,

B. INGINAC.

Boyer is a coloured man, about 40 years old; he was one of the commanders who expelled the French invaders of St. Domingo under Le Clerc and Rochambeau, and although he is not supposed to possess as high talents and as comprehensive views as Petion, yet he is reputed to be a man of great energy and precision in business, and accounted a skilful and intrepid general.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The war with the Seminole Indians has been vigorously prosecuted by gen. Jackson, who appears to have nearly subdued or annihilated them. Gen. J. is said to have demanded permission of the governor of Pensacola to transport to the head of the bay of Escambia, provisions for his troops. A most horrid massacre of friendly Indians, on the Georgia frontier, has been perpetrated by a partizan corps under the command of one Wright, *soi-disant* captain.

Appointments.

Indian Agents, appointed by the president, under the act passed at the late session of congress, and confirmed by the senate.

David B. Mitchell, agent to the Creek nation.

John M'Kee, agent to the Choctaw nation.

R. J. Meigs, agent to the Cherokee nation.

Henry Sherburne, agent to the Chickasaw nation.

Thomas Forsyth, agent to the Missouri territory.

John Johnson, agent to fort Wayne and Pique.

William Prince, agent to Vincennes.

Richard Graham, agent to Illinois territory.

Reuben Lewis, agent to Arkansas.

Nicholas Boilvin, agent to Prairie du Chien.

John Jamieson, agent to Natchitoches.

Charles Jourett, agent to Chicago.

John Bowyer, agent to Green Bay.

Alex. Wolcott, Jun. agent to the lakes.

Jacob Tipton, agent to Michilimackinac.

Superintendent and Factors to the United States' trading houses, appointed as aforesaid.

Thomas L. M'Kenney, superintendent of Indian trade, Georgetown, D. C.

George C. Sibley, factor, Osage trading house, Missouri.

John W. Johnson, factor, Prairie du Chien, N. W. territory.

Isaac Rawlings, Jun. factor, Chickasaw Bluffs, Tennessee.

Matthew Irvin, factor, Green Bay.

Jacob B. Varnum, factor, Chicago.

John Fowler, Sulphur Fork county, of Natchitoches.

Geo. W. Gaines, factor, Choctaw trading house, Mississippi.

Daniel Hughes, factor, fort Mitchill, Georgia.

Appointments by the president, with the concurrence of the senate.

Albion K. Parris, judge of the United States for the District of Maine.

Henry Y. Webb, of North Carolina, judge of the Alabama territory.

Victor Adolphus Sasserno, consul of the United States at Nice, in the kingdom of Sardinia.

John P. Marberry, of Ohio, receiver of public moneys at Marietta.

John C. Wright, attorney of the United States for the district of Ohio.

Augustus Chouteau, commissioner to treat with the Illinois, Kickapoos, Pottawatamies, and other tribes of Indians within the Illinois territory.

Robert Walsh, attorney of the United States for the Missouri territory.

George Washington Campbell, of Tennessee, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Russia.

William Clark and Augustus Chouteau, commissioners for holding a treaty with the Quapaw tribe of Indians.

Jonathan Jennings, Lewis Cass, and Benjamin Park, commissioners for holding a treaty with the Indians in the state of Indiana.

Isaac Shelby and Andrew Jackson, commissioners for holding a treaty with the Chickasaw nation of Indians.

John M'Kee, William Carroll, and Daniel Burnet, commissioners to treat with the Choctaws.

John Brown, of Tennessee, agent for taking the census of the Cherokee Indians on the east side of the Mississippi river.

Wm. Young, of Tennessee, agent for taking the census of the Cherokee Indians on the west side of the Mississippi river.

Henry Hitchcock, secretary for the territory of Alabama.

Samuel Hodges, Jun. of Massachusetts, consul of the United States for the Cape de Verd Islands.

James Schee, of Delaware, consul of the United States for Genoa.

Alexander M'Rae, of Virginia, consul of the United States for Amsterdam.

C. A. Murray, consul of the United States for Gottenburg.

Decius Wadsworth, formerly of Connecticut, register of the land office for the district of Howard county, in the Missouri territory.

ART. 13. DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

THE sea serpent has returned to his old haunts on the coast of this state; and, if we may credit well-attested accounts, has very much increased in bulk since his last visit.

Frederick Tudor, Esq. has obtained from the French government the exclusive privilege of supplying the islands of Guadaloupe and Martinique with ice, for ten years, commencing on the first of Jan. 1819. The use of this article has been introduced at hospitals, and it is expected, will have the happy effect of counteracting the fatal diseases of tropical climates.

CONNECTICUT.

Oliver Wolcott has been re-elected governor of this state for the ensuing year.

NEW-YORK.

The ship Sea-Fox, under the command of capt. Fanning, has performed a voyage from the port of New-York, to the South Sea and back, in the short period of seven months and twenty-three days, having filled herself from stem to stern with oil and skins. Capt. F. states that an extraordinary change of weather has taken place in the vicinity of Cape Horn, and on the coast of Patagonia during the last summer: the winds, which usually prevailed from the westward, have, in that time, almost uniformly blown from the eastward, with frequent gales.

The snow on the Catskill mountains is stated to have been 18 inches deep on the 17th of April.

PENNSYLVANIA.

In this state are published more than 84 newspapers, of which 15 are printed in the German language.

The following interesting letter was published in a Philadelphia paper.

TO MR. POULSON.

Having some fine grape vines in my garden which afforded a luxuriant crop of grapes last fall, I was led to ascertain, with a few of the remaining branches, how long I could leave them on the vine, notwithstanding the frosts of the season.—For this purpose, I selected about half a dozen bunches, and pulled them at various dates, from the earliest part of October to the latter part of November.—They continued unaffected by the frosts which, during that time, took place:—the only effect produced was a very slight shrivelling, and which might have been anticipated from the advanced season of the year. In taste, I think them equal, if not superior, to those antecedently gathered.

But an extension of the experiment occurred to me, perhaps of more utility than the above, and which may give rise to the preservation of this delightful fruit among ourselves, for winter use, as we preserve apples and other articles of horticultural and agricultural industry. On the 12th of October, I carefully cut off a very fine

bunch, and placed it in an earthen-jar, covering it with dry white sand, and put it away to be opened on Christmas day. On the 29th of the same month, another of the few remaining bunches was cut off and put away in a similar manner, and was intended to be opened on the 1st of February. On Christmas day, about twelve weeks from the time I gathered the first bunch, it was taken from the jar, as firm and as fresh as when first deposited. The other was forgotten until the 22d of February, when it was found quite as sound and perfect as when pulled—from its having been on the vine so much longer than the first, it was, when pulled, rather shrivelled; but this had not increased from its long confinement of nearly three months. As to its taste and excellence it is equal to any before eaten, and infinitely superior to those which, at so much expense and trouble, are brought to us from Spain and Portugal.

JOHN R. COXE.

Philadelphia, March 5, 1818.

DELAWARE.

"Agricultural Society of New Castle County." Under this title, pursuant to the provisions of a law of the 31st Dec. 1817, there has been a society organized, and a committee of five appointed to draft ordinances, by-laws, and regulations for perpetuating, well ordering and governing the affairs of the society. A resolution was passed on the 4th, adjourning the meeting to the last Saturday of May, inst.—then to meet at the court-house of New-Castle county, to receive the report of the committee, &c.

A letter from the upper part of this state says, the late frosts have entirely destroyed the favourable prospects of a wheat crop.

MARYLAND.

It was estimated that, on the 29th April, in one day, 2,000,000 of herrings, besides great numbers of shad, were taken near Havre de Grace.

VIRGINIA.

A melancholy instance of hydrophobia occurred in Richmond a few weeks ago. A boy of fourteen, who was bit in the hand, was attacked with all the symptoms of the disease about six weeks after the wound was entirely healed. He died in the greatest agony upon the fourth day. The India stone, generally applied in such cases, was placed upon the wound a few hours after the accident happened, and other medical remedies were also given. He appeared to experience no uneasy sensations from the time he was bit until the symptoms of the hydrophobia appeared; but attended school as usual.

This furnishes another proof to many others, of the inefficacy of the India stone, which has frequently sold for several thousand dollars.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The president and directors of the Neuse river navigation company, have entered into a contract with Mr. *John D. Delacey*, to open and render the river at all times navigable, from judge Stone's mill to Newbern, for boats of seven tons burthen, within six months, and for boats of fourteen tons burthen, within three years. Another contract, it is expected, will be made to bring navigation much nearer to the city.

Died.] In Richmond county, on the 13th day of April, at the seat of colonel T. Pate, Thomas Hathcock, aged 125 years.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Letters from Columbia, in this state, under date of 28th April, say, the weather, during the last week, has been extremely cold for the season; in some parts the coldest since Christmas. The damage done by the frost is incalculable. In the low country, where the cotton had attained a considerable growth, the crops have been entirely cut off; and in the up-country, the small grain has felt its effects, equally severe. Our vegetable and flower gardens have also suffered severely; and all nature bear marks of its destructive ravages. What adds much to the evil, is the great scarcity of cotton-seed for re-planting, not a tenth of which it is feared can be procured.

GEORGIA.

The season has been very cold, and the frost has done great injury to the crops, in this as well as the other southern states.

The capital employed in the steam-boat company of Georgia, is 800,000 dollars, divided into 1600 shares of 500 dollars each.

By a statement, extracted from the custom-house books, and published in the Savannah Museum, it appears that no less than 61,797 bales of cotton, 13,680 tierces of rice, and 1,500 hhds. of tobacco, were exported from Savannah, from the 1st of October to the 31st of March last. The value of these exports is estimated at \$6,264,697.

An association for improving the navigation of Savannah river—another for building a *steam-ship*, to ply as a packet between Savannah and Liverpool, and a third for a building and insurance *bank*, have all been fully subscribed for at Savannah.

ALABAMA TERRITORY.

The inhabitants of Huntsville, (which, by the late division of territory between Mississippi and Alabama, is located in the latter) have subscribed \$7,200 to clear out Indian creek and make it *navigable* to the Tennessee river.

MISSOURI TERRITORY.

The rapidity with which this remote country is populating is astonishing. Distance cannot awe the spirit of American enterprise. Arkansas county contains 10,000 males, and Boone's settlement 8000. The whole population of the territory is now estimated at 60,000. Old col. Boone, (says Mr. Niles,) the first settler of the powerful state of Kentucky, yet living, we believe, who lately seated himself so far up the Missouri as to possess a well grounded hope that a teeming population would not again compel him to seek a new abode, to enjoy unmolested his favourite manner of life, may yet be driven to the rocky mountains, and even there be *disturbed* in 8 or 10 years, if he lives so long.

ART. 16. ANALECTA.

From the Philosophical Magazine.

ON A CASE OF FORMATION OF ICE ON AN ALKALINE SOLUTION. BY MR. GAVIN INGLIS.

To Mr. Tilloch.

DEAR SIR,

A CURIOUS case came under my observation this morning, of a formation of ice on a solution of ashes. It had so much attracted the attention of the servants before I got sight of it, that a number of them were ranged round the boiler in a state of admiration, looking at what they called *the pattern*, alluding to beautiful six-pointed stars of the most regular formation which covered the surface of the liquor, each point bearing a most striking resemblance to the termination of a full-spread fern leaf. The most beautiful and perfect were in the centre, towards the sides the same form of a leaf continued, but they were laid rather like a parcel of stars, previously formed, thrown confusedly over one another. The complete stars measured from the centre to the point of the figure $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The first

glance of this ice struck me as bearing a strong and marked resemblance to the snow observed by Dr. Clarke during his stay in St. Petersburg. I immediately sent for that volume of his Travels, and on the spot compared the figure given in vol. i. p. 12, and found it was impossible to give a more exact representation, than by extending the dimensions of Dr. Clarke's fig. 1. The beautiful radiations of this ice must have proceeded from the component parts of the solution which was made from ashes recovered from waste lees highly carbonated, containing some ammonia and a portion of nitre. The latter is formed in considerable quantity in the lees during the operation of bleaching, particularly when cottons are under operation. The specific gravity of this solution was 1.115. Two other boilers containing a solution of carbonate of potash, the specific gravity 1.057 and 1.073, were covered with a coat of ice, soft and porous, better than an inch in thickness, rather resembling wet snow slightly compressed,

having no regular figure, and little more adhesion than to admit its being taken off in flat pieces: no appearance of lamination whatever, whereas the laminated ice was thin, solid, and shining.

Dr. Clarke, in his *Travels*, 4th edit. vol. i. p. 11, marked on the margin "Extraordinary Phenomenon," says, "the season began to change before we left Petersburg, the cold became daily less intense, and the inhabitants were busied in moving from the Neva large blocks of ice into their cellars. A most interesting and remarkable phenomenon took place the day before our departure; the thermometer of *Fahrenheit* indicating only nine degrees of temperature below the freezing point, and there was no wind. At this time snow, in the most regular and beautiful crystals, fell gently upon our clothes, and upon the sledge as we were driving through the street. All of these crystals possessed exactly the same figure and the same dimensions. Every one of them consisted of a wheel, or star, with six equal rays, bounded by circumferences of equal diameters; having all the same numbers of rays branching from a common centre. The size of each of those little stars was equal to the circle presented by the section of a pea into two equal parts. This appearance continued during three hours, in which time no other snow fell; and as there was sufficient leisure to examine them with the strictest attention, we made the representation given in fig. 1.

"Water in its crystallization seems to consist of radii diverging from a common centre, by observing the usual appearances on the surface of ice:—perhaps therefore it may be possible to obtain the theory and to ascertain the laws from which this structure results.

"*Monge*, president of the National Institute of Paris, noticed in falling snow, stars with six equal rays descending, during winter, when the atmosphere was calm. *Hauy* records this in his observations on the *mu-riate of ammonia*."

As all regular crystallization must be governed by, and depend on, some unalterable laws in nature, I have no doubt but the Russian snow observed by Dr. Clarke, and the Parisian stars noticed by M. Monge, and the above radiations on this alkaline solution, were identically from the same cause—the presence of ammonia and nitre in both. The quantity of ammonia produced in large cities must be immense: independent of every other source, what must be formed in the ordinary culinary operations of the kitchen? this must be driven into the atmosphere. From the same source nitrogen *per se* may be supplied in no mean quantity, or liberated by the decomposition of a portion of the ammonia. May not condensation be of use in atmospherical combinations, and nitrates as well as ammoniacal salts formed, and the aqueous vapours impregnated with these saline productions,

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prior to freezing or forming into snow, and the beautiful regularity of this phenomenon proceed from the habitudes of ammoniacal crystallization as recorded by *Hauy*? May not this also account for the extraordinary quantity of nitre found in some soils where deep vegetable mould predominates? The nitrogen descending with rain or snow, may combine with the potash of decayed vegetables already existing in the soil, and become the parent of this native salt. Or can it be possible that the mere abstraction of caloric has any share in the formation of potash, and hence nitre? It is well known that frost alone produces in potatoes a saccharine matter that renders them sensibly sweet to the taste. It is also known to you, that potatoes once gone into putrefaction by the effects of frosts, contain *nitre* in such quantity as to answer the purpose of making match paper: before the potato undergoes these changes by the effects of frost and putrefaction, no saccharine matter is perceptible, nor nitre to be found: from whence come *they*?

I remain, dear sir, yours,

GAVIN INGLIS.

Feb. 6, 1818.

— DRY ROT.

The Eden British sloop of war (new), which was lately sunk in Hamoaze, to endeavour to cure her of the dry rot, has been raised, commissioned, and taken into dock. On opening her, she has been found defective in every part, and must undergo a thorough repair. The *Topaz* frigate, also ordered for commission, which was repaired not long since, is found to be in the same state. The *Dartmouth* frigate, built at Dartmouth, three years old, never at sea, is also undergoing a complete repair. Not a ship is taken into dock but is found to be nearly rotten. The very best ships do not average more than twelve years existence. The *San Domingo*, 74, was ripped up (four years old) at Portsmouth. The *Queen Charlotte*, 110, was built at Woolwich, sent round to Plymouth, found rotten, and underwent a thorough repair; she was also several months under the care of Dr. Lukin, an admiralty chemist, who received 5000*l.* for his ineffectual labours to stop the progress of vegetation in the ship. After a short cruise, the *Queen Charlotte* was laid up at Portsmouth, where she remains in a very defective state.

— NEW OPINION IN REGARD TO POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

It is, at present, the general belief that the two celebrated cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were overwhelmed and destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79. It is now, however, maintained, that this was not the case. Pompeii is said to be covered by a bed of lapillo, of the same nature as that we observe daily forming by the agency of water on the shore at Naples; while Herculaneum is covered by a series of

strata, altogether forming a mass sixty feet thick, of a tuff having the characters of those tuffs formed by water. From the facts just stated, it is conjectured that the cities were destroyed by a rising of the waters, which deposited over them the stratified rocks, and not by matter thrown from Vesuvius. It is also said, that no eruption of Vesuvius took place in the year 79.

MANUSCRIPTS OF HERCULANEUM.

A letter from Naples says—"Among the manuscripts discovered at Herculaneum, there is a copy of Justin, and one of Aulus Gellius, in such a state of preservation that the persons appointed to decypher these manuscripts are able to read them almost without any difficulty. This discovery is the more valuable, on account of the alterations that are known to have been made in the texts of these two authors; and because the eighth book of the *Noctes Atticæ* of Aulus Gellius, which was lost, is now recovered.

NEW COMET.

A new comet has been discovered in the constellation of the Swan. It was first observed on the 26th of December last, by M. Blanpain, at Marseilles, who has communicated to the Bureau of Longitude at Paris his observations upon it down to the 18th of January. The astronomers of Paris have been since constantly on the watch; but, in consequence of a very cloudy state of the heavens, they have not yet been able to discern it. The movement of the comet, as described by M. Blanpain, is very slow, its right ascension increasing only seven minutes in twenty-four hours, and its declination, in the same time, not diminishing more than from thirty-three to thirty-five minutes. The observations of M. Blanpain embrace but a very small arc. M. Nicollet has, however, deduced from them a parabolic orbit, which, though only a mere approximation to correctness, may enable observers for some time to trace pretty exactly the course of the comet. According to his calculations it would pass its point nearest to the sun on the 3d of March last, at fifteen minutes past eleven. Its perihelion distance will be equal to 1.12567, that of the earth to the sun being taken for unity.

The inclination of its orbit
to the ecliptic - - - - - = $88^{\circ} 38'$

Longitude of the ascending
node - - - - - = $68^{\circ} 5'$

Longitude of perihelium,
calculated by the orbit - - = $187^{\circ} 32'$

Its heliocentric movement is direct.

As yet, there is nothing very interesting in its physical appearances. In the first days of January it resembled a small nebulous body, not of any determined form, and of a very feeble light. On the 18th it appeared sensibly augmented, both in size and brilliancy.

POLAR ICE.

Professor Parrot, in Dorpat, has written on the freezing of the salt water, in respect to the origin of the polar ice. Though navigators say that the polar ice contains no salt, yet the author thinks and proves that mere tasting cannot decide the problem. If the ice in the polar regions contains no salt, it cannot be frozen sea water, but ice of glaciers, which cover the pole of our earth, and to which our European glaciers are mere mole hills. The unsalt water flowing from the glaciers is lighter than the sea water, and consequently keeps on the surface, makes the latter less salt, and thus more liable to freeze. Therefore, the ice which covers the polar regions must increase, and continue to increase, every year, in height and extent; for this reason the climate of Iceland and Greenland becomes continually more severe, and those countries lose more and more of the inhabitable surface, &c.

COUNT VON KUNHEIM.

The following article is from a German Journal:—

Lieutenant-general count Von Kunheim, an officer in the Prussian service, the last branch of the family of Dr. Martin Luther, died recently at Königsberg, at the advanced age of 88. The general was descended in a direct line from the daughter of Luther, who, in 1555, married George Von Kunheim, lord of Mulhausen, Sasseineu, &c. by whom he had nine children. It is well known that the line of the male descendants of Martin Luther became extinct with Martin Gottlob Luther, an advocate of the regency of Dresden; but there still remain in Prussia several descendants of Margaret Luther, the only daughter of the reformer, from whom general count Von Kunheim descended in a direct line. Margaret Luther was born in 1534, and was twelve years of age at the death of her father. She herself died in 1570.

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

The storm of the 23d of February, from the effects of which our shores were exempted, spread its ravages over the greatest part of Europe. At Turin, it was attended with two shocks of an earthquake. Genoa, Savona, Alanco, and San Remo, were thrown into the greatest consternation for two days by repeated concussions, and several houses were partly demolished at Alazes, but happily no lives lost. At Antibes, in Provence, the whole day (the 23d of February) had been very tempestuous.—About four minutes past seven in the evening a most tremendous rush of wind took place, and was followed by an instantaneous calm. A dull subterranean noise was heard, the sea suddenly dashed against the rocks, and in the space of three seconds three oscillations of the earth were felt in a direction from the S. E. to the N. W. The wind then rose again, and all the violence of the storm

revived. At twelve o'clock a fresh concussion was experienced: and at a quarter past eleven the next morning a fourth, which was also preceded by the same deep and solemn rumbling. Before seven o'clock on the morning of the 25th, a fresh phenomenon presented itself: a parhelion was distinctly observed north of the rising sun; but the earliness of its appearance prevented its being generally noticed, and added to the terrors of the people. The shocks were felt throughout all Provence, where no earthquake had been experienced for eleven years.

Letters from the Tyrol announce that the Glacier of Ortler in the vicinity of Chivvenha has increased this winter in a most extraordinary manner, notwithstanding the general mildness of the season. From the depths of the ice, incessant and tremendous roarings are heard. The Suldenbach stream, which formerly issued from this glacier, has been dried up ever since Michaelmas 1817, and great apprehensions are entertained for the neighbouring countries, should the heats of summer re-open a passage to the waters which seem to have collected within the bosom of this immense mass of ice. Similar phenomena have been observed in the glacier of the valley of Naudersberg.

On Saturday the 7th of March, a waterspout burst at Stenbury, near Whitewell, in the Isle of Wight, which did considerable injury. It was preceded by a violently agitated atmosphere, the noise of which, for half an hour, resembled a roar the most dismal and appalling. When the cloud poured forth its contents, it seemed to the inhabitants of Stenbury farm as though the flood-gates of the sea had broken, and their destruction was inevitable; the water rolled down the hill in such irresistible torrents, that it beat down a lofty wall, flooded all the lower apartments of the farm, and set the cattle loose among the streams—the affrighted inhabitants seeking shelter, with their children, in the upper rooms. The terror and painful feelings are indescribable.

COFFEE.

A new enemy of coffee has recently appeared on the medical horizon. Doctor Michel Petoez, of Presburgh, has fulminated a large and erudite volume against the perfumed bean of Arabia.

Fontenelle's bon-mot respecting coffee is well known: and since his time much has been written both for and against a beverage, which some prescribe as salutary, and others declare to be the most pernicious that can possibly exist.

Dr. Petoez maintains his opinion with a degree of confidence which reminds us of the paradox of the advocate *Linguet*, who attempted to prove, with *Hippocrates* in his hand, that bread was neither more nor less than slow poison. He likewise bears some little resemblance to Dr. Hufeland, who, in

his *Macrobatic*, or *the Art of living to an advanced age*, declaims against the use of cheese, of which he himself eat a prodigious quantity every day of his life.

We may quote from the *Austrian Chronicle*, a short specimen of the declamation of this new enemy to coffee.

The series of disorders which ordinarily result from poison, become manifest, he says, sooner or later, in those individuals who accustom themselves to drinking coffee: vapours, palpitation of the heart, insomnia, hemorrhoids, hemoptysis, shivering fits, vertigo, and asthenia, are always observable in coffee-drinkers. An infinite list of chronic disorders, such as obstructions, carcinoma, gout, consumption, &c. prove how greatly the use of coffee tends to vitiate the humours in the human body.

According to Dr. Petoez, it is so evident that these disorders are all occasioned by coffee, that should a physician wish to calculate the degree of duty he may have to perform among his patients, he must first ascertain whether they make a practice of drinking coffee; if so, he may be sure that his visits to them will be tolerably frequent.

Why does the plague prove so fatal to the inhabitants of the Levant? Because they drink coffee. The scrupulous observers of the Koran, who abstain from wine, and deny themselves the use of any agreeable drink, and consequently coffee, never suffer from that distemper.

The Arabs are the greatest coffee-drinkers in the universe. Consequently Arabia, though formerly the birth-place of philosophers and celebrated physicians, is now in a state of the profoundest ignorance. The heating properties of coffee have paralyzed the intellectual faculties of the Arab, and withered the flowers of his genius. Finally, coffee is the source of every disorder, and were it not an incontestable fact, that *Pandora* emptied her box before the use of coffee became known, the doctor would probably assert, that that charming mischief-maker needed only to have employed it as the means of producing all human miseries.

All this is excellent, and surely no one will attempt to deny the following convincing reasoning!

"Were I," says the Hungarian physician, "to instance an unfortunate being who grew old in the abuse of coffee, I should point to the bust of Voltaire. Would you wish to know how this poisonous beverage directed his ideas, by means of exalting his imagination? Read his works!!!"

In the kingdom of Naples, in the very centre of Græcia-Magna, there is an Italo-Greek college, in which upwards of a hundred young men of Epirus and Albania are instructed, chiefly *gratis*, in the Greek language and philosophy. There is in Naples a vast number of establishments for promoting Latin and Greek literature.

RUSSIAN EMBASSY TO PERSIA.

Extract of a Letter from Captain Moritz von Kotzebue, in the Imperial Russian General's Staff (attached to the Russian Embassy in Persia), to his Father, dated from Sultanie, (the summer residence of the Schach of Persia) the 14th of August, 1817.

Persia, which we had imagined to be so beautiful, is, as far as we know it, a dreary desert, inhabited by famished and unhappy people. The best description of Persia is that given by Chardin, about one hundred and fifty years ago. It does not contain any thing remarkably interesting, but the splendour of the court was at that time unequalled in its kind. Now, an old man who is in every respect superannuated, seeks only to amass treasures in his coffers. The character of the nation seems to us to be rather unamiable. How should it be otherwise, since they not only do not value the women, but even despise them?

On the 17th of April we left Tiflis, in a heat of 25°. The trees were already out of blossom; but after a march of three days, we came near the mountains, where nature was still in her winter's sleep. The highest mountain of this chain forms, with another which lies opposite to it, a kind of gate, which the inhabitants call the *Great Mouth*. But we ourselves made *great eyes* (a Germanism for staring,) when a whirlwind, which is very common in these mountains, seized the whole embassy, and almost obliged them to dance a waltz. It is sometimes so dreadful, that neither men nor horses can stand against it.

On the 25th we passed a cavern close to the road, which is large enough to afford shelter to some hundred cattle. Not far from this frightful cavern stands a simple white tomb-stone on an eminence; which is surrounded by several other graves. Here rests a brave soldier, colonel Montresor, who was in our service eighteen years ago, when Prince Sizianoff blockaded Eriwan. Provisions became scarce among the blockading troops, and the next magazine was in Karaklis, one hundred and sixty wersts distant. The way was very mountainous and intersected, and swarming with enemies. Meantime it was necessary to send a detachment thither, and the prince appointed, for this purpose, colonel Montresor, with 200 grenadiers and a cannon. Amidst incessant skirmishes, the little troop approached the above-mentioned cavern within ten wersts of Karaklis, reduced to one half of its original number, and with but one shot left in the gun of each soldier, which was reserved for the last necessity. Unluckily there was a Tartar among the troops, who escaped during the night, and betrayed Montresor's desperate situation to the Persians. They attacked him at day-break with the more boldness, and sustained the single fire, and after a desperate resistance the Russians were all cut to pieces just as relief came from Karaklis, (where the firing had given

notice of their approach,) but alas! only to bury those that had fallen. I have been made acquainted with several examples of incredible bravery, of which Georgia was the theatre; but the distance is so great, the European papers have made no mention of them. In order to obtain glory, much depends upon the place where glorious actions are performed.

On the 29th we reached the Persian frontiers, and for the first time saw mount Ararat. Here we were received by Asker Chan, (formerly ambassador at Paris) at the head of some thousand men on horseback, who introduced himself to the ambassador as our Mamendar, that is, as our purveyor, during our stay in Persia. This, however, costs the government nothing, because all the villages on the road must furnish us gratis with what we want; if they fail, the peasants get beat, or have their ears cut off. We had till now slept in our kibitki (carriages); we now received handsome tents.

A day's journey from Eriwan, we put up at a splendid and extremely rich Armenian convent, where the patriarch resides. The convent must pay dear to the government for its protection; it is squeezed and pressed on every occasion, and sighs for its deliverance. It is said, that on this spot Noah planted his first vine. We were magnificently entertained, and it must be confessed that the wine we drank does honour to Noah's memory. On the 3d of May, we went in state to Eriwan. About half-way 4000 cavalry met us, and manœuvred before us. Some thousand infantry, with cannon, paraded near the city, in spite of violent rain, by which we were here surprised.

The governor of the province (Serdar) received us at the gate. This man is accused of various *peccadillos*: for example, that a short time before our arrival, he had a merchant hung up by the legs, in order to obtain possession of his money and wife, (a beautiful Armenian.) Such things are said to happen daily. I cannot vouch for them; only so much I know, that he not only is lodged very well, drinks well, and is richly dressed, but, to my astonishment, that he sleeps very well. Our quarters were the best in the town, yet wretched. We dined with the Serdar, where every thing was in abundance; but I sought in vain for the celebrated Asiatic magnificence. Three little tumblers danced themselves out of breath, and performed various feats to amuse us. On the second day we entertained each other in a newly erected summer house, where our music, our punch, our ice, and our liquors, illuminated the Persian heads. The doctor of the governor had chosen a little corner for himself where he enjoyed himself at his ease. The Serdar is said to be in secret a great friend to Bacchus; at least, he asked the ambassador for eight bottles of liquors, which he most likely emptied in the company of his sixty wives and twenty-four * * * * *

After we left Eriwan, the heat increased considerably, but the nights were insupportably cold, and occasioned every kind of sickness. On the 13th of May, we passed the celebrated river Araxes, which is now remarkable for nothing, except that, as they say, the plague never extends beyond it.

On the 15th we arrived at Meranda, where it is said that Noah's mother is buried. The good old lady, I fear, does not enjoy much rest in her grave, for there is a public school built upon it. On the 19th we arrived at Tauris, the residence of Abbas Mirza, Crown Prince of Persia. A mile from the town we were received by 1000 troops, besides artillery. It is well known that Persia, *with the help of the English*, has lately introduced regular troops. It is scarcely possible to refrain from laughing, on seeing the long-bearded awkward Persians, in half English costume, presenting arms, while "God save the king" is played. Some English officers followed our suite at a distance; among them was major Lindsey, a kind of war minister to Abbas Mirza. Fainting with the saltry heat, and suffocated by the dust, we arrived at Tauris, where the first minister had given up his house for our abode.

After the visits of ceremony, the Crown Prince gave a display of fire-works, in honour of the embassy, and also reviewed several thousand cavalry. One afternoon we drank tea in a newly-erected summer-house, when he pointed out to us a small habitation, which projected into the garden, and disfigured it very much, but which the possessor would not sell on any terms, and Abbas Mirza would not take it from him by force. This indeed does him great honour. He is in general highly spoken of, for the good qualities both of his mind and heart, and it is to be hoped that he will one day make Persia happy.

Though we were allowed to walk freely about the city, yet the importunities of the beggars on one hand, and insults on the other, caused us to refrain from such indulgences. When, indeed, a fellow who had insulted us was taken, he was half beat to death; but this gave us no pleasure, and we therefore rather remained at home. We received from Teheran the unpleasant intelligence, that in consequence of the fast (of Ramasan), the Schach could not receive us till the expiration of two months; on the other hand, he would welcome us in Sultanié, which lies ten marches nearer to Tauris. As we longed for the fresh air, being, as it were, shut up in Tauris, Abbas Mirza offered us his own country house, for which we joyfully departed on the 26th, and took possession of our new habitation on the 28th.

Persia is altogether dreary and mountainous, and one rejoices like a child at seeing some green trees. It very seldom rains, but constant winds fill the air with clouds of dust. The villages and towns have a

melancholy appearance; the mode of building is miserable; the low houses are made of kneaded clay, and some chopped straw mixed up with the clay, that they may not fall to pieces in the first rain, or the wind blow away a whole village. After every rain, there is a general patching of houses throughout Persia. The country seat of Abbas Mirza is an exception, owing to its being built with the help of the English. The whole is very pretty, only the trees are yet small, and in this month the winds still too cold to inhabit it with pleasure. We however remained there till the 5th of June, and then went two marches farther, to the village of Sengilabat, where water fit for drinking, and shady trees, are found. Here, to our great joy, there arrived a convoy from Tiflis, which brought our own wine; for it is very difficult to get wine here, and yet it is indispensable, on account of the bad water. In Persia, a place which has good water, is famed far and wide.

The surrounding villages were soon cleared of provisions. We left Sengilabat on the 20th, made several short days journeys, and passed the town of Miana on the 24th, which is celebrated for its bugs, the bite of which proves mortal in a few hours, but is said not to affect the inhabitants. They only show themselves by night, are of an ash colour, quite flat, and have eight feet. They are not mentioned in any natural history. We have taken some of them with us in spirits. We quickly passed through this town of bugs, and did not stop till we reached a large and beautiful bridge, built by Schach Abbas, 5 wersts further.

The following day we passed over the Caplantic mountains, and enjoyed the beautiful prospects, among which I particularly remarked the Virgin's Castle, which was built by Artaxerxes, and is said to have received this name from a beautiful but haughty virgin, who was here imprisoned. Beyond the mountains we met with another handsome bridge over the river Kosilusan. Every thing worth seeing in respect to architecture, is from the time of Schach Abbas the Great. His successors have ruined much, but built nothing.

The country now became more desolate, the heat greater, and we thanked God when we arrived on the 30th in the town of Sanggan, where Abdul Mirza, another son of the Schach's, governs. The people here seemed less shy than those in Tauris. We saw many women, though wrapt up in veils; yet they knew how to throw them aside on occasion. But they would have done better to have let it alone, for then we should still have fancied them beautiful: we thought their large black eyes handsome, although they have more of a savage than a feeling expression. Their dress, especially their pantaloon, spoils their figure. Our habitation was close to that of the prince, whose women appeared every evening on a tower, to hear our evening music; but the tower was

so high, that we could see nothing but painted eye-brows.

On the 5th of July, we left Sangan, and encamped five miles further on, near the ruins of a village, where we had good water, and cool breezes. We were now ten wersts distant from Sultanie, and the ambassador determined to wait here for the Schach. The second minister came to compliment us. During our stay here, I took a ride to Sultanie, and found the palace miserable, the neighbourhood dreary and desolate, but covered with most magnificent ruins, such as are no where else to be found, except at Persepolis. I have myself counted the trees round the country seat: there are no more than fifteen.

On the 19th of July, the Schach came with 10,000 men, and two Englishmen, (Wilok* and Campbell.) On the 26th we repaired to a great camp, half a werst from the palace. On the 31st we had the first audience, when the ambassador received an honour, which it is said was never before conferred in Persia, namely, a chair was placed for him, and we all appeared in boots. [Here the writer gives an account of the audience, in substance the same as that which has already appeared in the newspapers.]

The scene was in a great tent at the bottom of the mountain on which the palace stands: round about was an open space surrounded with curtains, on which were painted some thousand of Persian soldiers. From hence to the tent stood the persons of distinction, in two rows, broiled by a sun in 28° of heat. At the entrance of the tent stood a long-bearded fellow, with a thick silver staff. The form of the throne resembles our old arm chairs. At the right side of the Schach stood one of his sons, a child, by whose appearance it might be judged that his elegant dress was too heavy for him. Seventeen older sons had nothing particular in their physiognomy.

When the ambassador was personally presented to the Schach, he paid us all the compliment of saying, that we were now as good as in his service, as eternal friendship was made with our monarch. To young count Samoiloff, he said, he was a handsome boy; and to our doctor, that he should now be his doctor. He always spoke in the third person: and to me he said, when he heard that I had sailed round the world, "The Schach congratulates you, now you have seen every thing." He then mentioned, that as our emperor was a friend to travelling, he should expect him in Persia. "I will even go and meet him!" cried he repeatedly, very loud.

Among the presents, a large toilet glass pleased him so much, that he said, "If any body was to offer the Schach his choice between 500,000 (most likely pieces of gold,) and this looking-glass, he would choose the latter."

* Evidently misspelt. Ed.

A great saloon is to be built at Teheran, purposely for this glass, and the first who brings the welcome news of its safe arrival is to have a reward of 1000 Tuman, (2500 ducats.) But on the contrary, who ever breaks any of the presents, is to have his ears cut off. It is not yet settled when we shall return home. The Schach goes daily a hunting, and very often sends us game, which he has shot with his own royal hand. We made the whole journey on horseback, and have suffered very much from the heat. I endured the most from the astronomical watches, which I have in my care, and which will absolutely not bear the horse to go more than a walking pace.

THE GREEK CHURCH.

Although the following extract may not convey any novelty to a number of our readers, yet as it embraces, within a short compass, information of an useful kind for others, less conversant with such matters, we take the liberty of quoting, from the Bishop of Landaff's work, an account of the chief tenets of the Greek Church. It is contained in a letter to an English lady, whose conscience was tender, whatever her heart might be, on receiving a proposition of marriage from a Russian prince.

"The Russian Greek Church does not use in its public service what is commonly called the *Apostles' Creed*; nor what is improperly called the *Athanasian Creed*; but simply that which we use in our communion service, which is usually denominated the *Nicene Creed*; though it is not, in every point, precisely that which was composed at the Council of Nice, in Bithynia, in the year 325. I do not presume to blame the Russian Church for the exclusive use of the Nicene Creed in its public service, especially as it does not prohibit the private use of the other two. Nor do I blame it for differing from the Romish Church in one article of this creed, respecting the Holy Ghost proceeding from the Father alone; though all the reformed churches agree with the Church of Rome in maintaining the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son, notwithstanding its being well known that the words—*And the Son*, were only added by a pope in the tenth century, without the authority of a council. The doctrine may be true; but not being a part of what was established at the Council of Nice,* it is not admitted by the Greek Church.

"The Russian Church differs from the Romish Church, in not acknowledging a purgatory; in not denying the sacramental cup to the laity; in allowing their priests to marry; in explaining transubstantiation in a mystical manner; in not invoking saints

* The decision of the same Council, in regard to the reckoning of time, is also still adhered to in Russia, which has not adopted even the Gregorian approximation to accuracy.

and the Virgin Mary as mediators; acknowledging Jesus Christ as the only mediator; and in many other points. In these, and in other particulars, the Greek Church seems to have a leaning to the principles of protestantism rather than of popery."

On these grounds the Bishop sees no impediment to the marriage.

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.

In a German Journal, called the *Miscellanies from the newest productions of Foreign Literature*, we find the following remarkable but not improbable account. "A merchant not only heard the name of Bonaparte in the deserts of Tartary, but also saw a biography of this tyrant in the Arabic tongue, which contained a great many falsehoods and exaggerations, and ended with his marriage in the year 1810. This biography was printed in Paris, and thence it was sent to Aleppo, to be circulated in the East. It may be presumed, that this was not done merely to spread the glory of the hero, but most probably to prepare the way for some great undertaking."

FRENCH TRANSLATION.

The French translator of Franklin's Correspondence, has made a true French blunder. Franklin somewhere says: "People imagined that an American was a kind of Yahoo." Upon this the translator makes the following note: "Yahoo. It must be an animal. It is affirmed that it is the Opossum; but I have not been able to find the word Yahoo in any dictionary of Natural History"!!!—This reminds us of an anecdote also founded on one of Swift's admirable works. A gentleman saw a person poring over an atlas, and seemingly disconcerted by some want of success. "Can't you find what you want," said he, "or can I assist you?" "I don't know (was the reply) for I have been looking two hours through all latitudes and longitudes, and cannot discover this cursed Lilliput any where"!!!

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Several officers of the Prussian general staff have begun to publish an interesting

military Journal, in the first number of which there is a day-book of General Lauriston, which was found on the field of battle of the Katzebach, with several other papers. Though it is only a fragment, the rain having destroyed several leaves, it is still perfect enough to lead to some interesting observations.

The accounts of count Schulenberg, of his campaign in Poland and Saxony, in the years 1703—1706, acquire a particular literary value, from several inedited letters of Voltaire. Among other things, he writes to the count, "Have you never thought, marshal, how detestable, though it may be necessary, your profession is? I have been assured, for example, that general Renschild, after the battle of Fraustadt, had from 12 to 1800 Russians massacred in cold blood, who six hours after the battle begged for quarter on their knees. The historian Adlerfeld affirms, that there were only 600, and that they were killed immediately after the action. From you I expect to hear the truth, which is as dear to me as your glory." But Schulenberg did not answer.

There is at present published in the French language, at St. Petersburg, a periodical work entitled, *Les Ephemerides Russes, Politiques et Literaires*, by M. Spada. M. Paul Swinni edits *Le Description de Petersbourg, et de ses Environs*, in Russian and French. There is, besides, another periodical French work published in that capital, entitled *La Lanterne Magique*.

Italy has lost her most celebrated professor of agriculture and botany, count M. Filippo Re, who died lately at Modena. Among the vast number of works which he has bequeathed to posterity, we may distinguish his *Elementi di Agricoltura*, the only Italian production in which the most solid principles of chemistry are applied methodically and clearly to practical agriculture.

A continental journal states, that a fisherman of Philisberg, has found in the Rhine, the fore-foot and shoulder-blade of a mammoth, which have been deposited in the Cabinet of Nat. Hist. at Carlsruhe.

ART. 15. REPORT OF DISEASES.

Report of Diseases treated at the Public Dispensary, New-York, during the month of April, 1818.

ACUTE DISEASES.

FEBRIS Intermittens, (*Intermittent Fever*), 2; Febris Remittens, (*Remittent Fever*), 7; Febris Continua, (*Continued Fever*), 9; Febris Infantum Remittens, (*Infantile Remittent Fever*), 4; Phlegmone, 2; Ophthalmia, (*Inflammation of the Eyes*), 5; Otitis, (*Inflammation of the Ear*), 1; Cynanche Ton-

sillaris, (*Inflammation of the Tonsils*) 3; Cynanche Trachealis, (*Hives or Croup*), 2; Catarrhus, (*Catarrh*), 6; Bronchitis, (*Inflammation of the Bronchia*), 4; Pneumonia, (*Inflammation of the Chest*), 32; Pneumonia Typhodes, (*Typhoid Pneumony*), 4; Pertussis, (*Whooping Cough*), 2; Gastritis, (*Inflammation of the Stomach*), 1; Enteritis, (*Inflammation of the Intestines*), 2; Hepatitis, (*Inflammation of the Liver*), 2; Rheumatismus, (*Rheumatism*), 3; Hæmoptysis, (*Spit-*

ting of Blood,) 2; Cholera, 1; Rubeola, (Measles,) 1; Erysipelas, (St. Anthony's Fire,) 2; Variola, (Small-Pox,) 1; Vaccinia, (Kine-Pock,) 70; Convulsio, (Convulsions,) 1; Dentitio, (Teething,) 2.

CHRONIC AND LOCAL DISEASES.

Asthénia, (Debility,) 3; Vertigo, 2; Dyspepsia, (Indigestion,) 6; Obstipatio, 3; Colica, (Colic,) 4; Hysteria, (Hysterics,) 1; Epilepsia, (Epilepsy,) 1; Mania, (Madness,) 1; Ophthalmia Chronica, 3; Catarrhus Chronicus, 2; Bronchitis Chronica, 3; Asthma, 1; Phthisis Pulmonalis, (Pulmonary Consumption,) 3; Rheumatismus Chronicus, 10; Pleurodyne, 2; Lumbago, 5; Hæmorrhoids, 1; Menorrhagia, 2; Diarrhœa, 4; Amenorrhœa, 5; Anasarca, (Dropsy,) 1; Vermes, (Worms,) 8; Syphilis, 10; Urethritis Virulenta, 5; Hernia, 2; Contusio, (Contusion,) 17; Stremma, (Sprain,) 2; Luxatio, (Dislocation,) 2; Fractura, (Fracture,) 5; Vulnus, 3; Ustio, (Burn,) 4; Abscessus, (Abscess,) 2; Ulcus, (Ulcer,) 5; Scabies et Prurigo, 14; Porrigio, 3; Herpes, 1; Psoriasis, 1; Eruptiones Variæ, 2.

The weather during this interval has been almost uniformly unpleasant; frequently cloudy or rainy, accompanied with sleets of hail or snow, and generally with a coldness or chilliness in the atmosphere unusual at this season of the year; wind blowing the greater part of the time from the northwest, north, and northeast—giving a character to this month resembling March.

From the frequent frosts, and the want of genial warmth, there is little appearance of vegetation. Cold unseasonable weather appears to have prevailed throughout the United States. At Buffaloe, in the state of New-York, snow fell on the 17th and 18th of the month, measuring six or eight inches on a level; and in South-Carolina and other southern situations, much injury is said to have been done to vegetation, particularly to the cotton crops, by a heavy frost on the night of the 19th. The thermometrical range in this city has been considerable. The highest temperature at sunrise in any morning has been 45°, lowest 29°; highest temperature in any afternoon, 65°, lowest 39°; highest temperature at sunset of any day 48°, lowest 34°; greatest diurnal variation 25°. Barometrical range from 30.12 to 30.86.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, this period has not been unusually productive of diseases. The classes of morbid affections have continued much the same as in the preceding month; but there has been a marked increase of pneumonic inflammations and of fevers of the typhoid form. The deaths from pneumonia, which, according to the bills of mortality, amounted in January to sixteen, in February to fifteen, and in March to no more than ten, have, during this month, increased to twenty-six, and those from typhous fever to

twenty-one in number. The cases of typhous fever have been of the kind denominated by writers the *typhus mitior*; and in some instances the disease was accompanied with pulmonic irritation, being attended with cough, or with symptoms of pneumonic inflammation or local congestion. A disposition to run into typhous was apparent in many cases of pneumonia, which showed early signs of debility that forbid the free and repeated use of the lancet, which experience has demonstrated to be, in general, so indispensably necessary in pneumonic affections in this climate. Some cases of well marked *pneumonia typhodes* have been under treatment. In a disease of this mixed character, which sometimes makes a rapid progress through its stages, it has perhaps been too common a practice, in order to obviate the symptoms of putrescency, which ultimately take place, to resort to the stimulating or cordial plan of cure too early, and thus eventually to accelerate the progress of the very symptoms which it was intended to retard. It is in some of these critical cases that the most cautious practice is required; and it is only by a nice estimation of the forces of the system that we can determine how far the antiphlogistic treatment may be called for, or when it may be necessary to resort to the opposite plan.

The New-York Bills of Mortality for April give the following account of deaths from different diseases:

Abscess, 2; Apoplexy, 5; Asthma, 1; Burned, 1; Colic, 1; Consumption, 44; Convulsions, 12; Contusion, 1; Cramp in the Stomach, 1; Debility, 2; Diarrhœa, 2; Dropsy, 13; Dropsy in the Chest, 5; Dropsy in the Head, 8; Drowned, 2; Fever, Hectic, 2; Fever, Intermittent, 2; Fever, Inflammatory, 3; Fever, Remittent, 3; Fever, Typhous, 21; Gravel, 1; Hæmoptysis, 1; Hives, 13; Herpes, 1; Hooping Cough, 6; Inflammation of the Chest, 26; Inflammation of the Bowels, 3; Inflammation of the Liver, 3; Insanity, 1; Intemperance, 2; Measles, 1; Mortification, 1; Old Age, 9; Palsy, 6; Pneumonia Typhodes, 2; Rheumatism, 1; Salt Rheum, 1; Scirrhus of the Liver, 1; Scrophula, 1; Sore Throat, 2; Spasms, 3; Still-born, 16; Stranguary, 1; Suicide, 5; Syphilis, 2; Tabes Mesenterica, 13; Teething, 3; Ulcer, 2; Unknown, 4; Worms, 1.—Total 259.

Of this number there died 67 of and under the age of 1 year; 24 between 1 and 2 years; 12 between 2 and 5; 7 between 5 and 10; 9 between 10 and 20; 25 between 20 and 30; 32 between 30 and 40; 40 between 40 and 50; 17 between 50 and 60; 11 between 60 and 70; 8 between 70 and 80; 5 between 80 and 90; 1 between 90 and 100; and 1 of upwards of 103 years.

JACOB DYCKMAN, M.D.

New-York, April 30th, 1818.